The Spirit of French Letters

Mabell S. C. Smith

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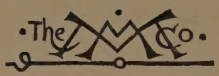
THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH LETTERS



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TORONTO

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH LETTERS

BY
MABELL S. C. SMITH

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TO

E. M. S.

With loving admiration

PREFACE

THE purpose of this book is to give such a survey of French letters as will show their connection with the conditions—political and economic—of each period which produced them. This brief survey is supplemented by translated extracts of outstanding examples, the choice sometimes being made to illustrate the author's reflection of the times and sometimes to exhibit his spirit or his workmanship.

Acknowledgment is made gratefully to publishers who have given courteous permission for reprinting, and to friends who have offered helpful criticisms and made translations.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Through the Winter Days and After	1
II.	In Lyric Mood	14
III.	Stirrings of Democracy and The Great Awakening	39
IV.	When the Printing Press Came	63
V.	The Century of Beginnings—The Sixteenth	85
VI.	The Great Century—The Seventeenth	124
VII.	Drama through the Centuries	188
VIII.	The Century of Discussion—The Eighteenth	226
IX.	The Century of Inventions—The Nineteenth	278
X.	Today	366
Index		369

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH LETTERS

CHAPTER I

THROUGH THE WINTER DAYS AND AFTER

When Cæsar set forth to Gaul in 58 B. C. to take possession of his proconsulate, he was by no means ignorant of the mettle of the people who had more than once come southward over the mountains and wrought destruction even upon Rome itself. Of their courage and hardihood and love of liberty he gained a personal knowledge during the nine years before he made their final conquest; of their ways of living, their customs, their beliefs he learned with the interest of the explorer and of the conqueror; and to the advantage of posterity he wrote down all that he did and all that he learned for seven years in the *Commentaries* which are our first record of Gallic history.

He found the people speaking Celtic. During the succeeding four hundred years of Roman occupation the Gauls came to use that mixture of classical Latin and the speech of the common people which was the language of the later Roman Empire, and which is known as Low or Vulgar Latin.

With the fifth century came the dramatic outpouring of the Franks across the face of northern Europe. Like other peoples whose energy expresses itself in action these Teutons limited their conquest to the physical and made no effort to impose their language on the conquered. In the course of the next five hundred years, however, Low Latin was more and more superseded by a popular language which was called

Romance, and, since it differed as much from the invaders' German as from the tongue of its origin, was the real ancestor of the French language of to-day. Of this Romance language an example remains in the oath by which Louis the German, a grandson of Charlemagne, pledged himself to support his brother Charles against his brother Lothair. The oath was sworn at Strasburg in the presence of the armies of Louis and of Charles in March, 842.

Its Romance form, of great interest to students of the growth of language, is neither Latin nor French, yet shows traces of both. It stands:

Pro Deo amur et pro Christian poblo et nostro commun salvament, d'ist di in avant, in quant Deus savir et podir me dunat, si salvarai eo cist meon fradre Karlo et in adjudha et in cadhuna cosa, si cum om per dreit son fradra salvar dift, in o quid il mi altresi fazet, et ab Ludher nul plaid nunquam prindrai, qui meon vol cist meon fradre Karlo in damno sit.

In translation the oath runs:

For the love of God and for the common salvation of the Christian people and ourselves, from this day on, in so far as God grants me to know and to be able, I shall support this my brother Charles, both by aid and in all else as one ought by right to support his brother, provided he shall do the same for me, and I shall never enter into a bond with Lothair which, of my will, shall be a harm to Charles.

The Romance language had many dialects. Spain and Italy made their impress upon it, and, within the boundaries of France, there were as many differences as there were large sections separated from each other by hill and morass, and by many a mile to be travelled wearily in those days. These French dialects, however, submit to a rough grouping, for those which belong south of the river Loire used "oc" for "oui" ("yes"), and those north of that dividing stream employed "oil" for "oui," and so the language of the south came to be called the Langue d'oc (Tongue of oc) while that of the

north was called the Langue d'oil. By the end of the twelfth century it was clear that the northern dialect spoken in the Île de France—the district around Paris—was destined to be the French of the future.

Yet the alchemy of speech was to work many variations before the language crystallized into anything like the form it wears to-day. Romance was in a state of constant flux. When the twelfth century began, certain changes seem to have fixed themselves in the tongue so definitely that it may be considered to have passed into a new stage. This stage is called Old French. After three centuries more another era had become sufficiently marked for students to consider the fifteenth century as the beginning of the use of Modern French.

The early invaders from the north, a youthful race, pressing south and west in a mad and joyous fury, brought to their advance the destructiveness of the young. Where the Romans had built roads and cities, palaces and public utilities, there the barbarians found the chosen outlet for their cruel energy. A lust of destruction was on them. Towns equipped for such fair living as that period knew were stormed and captured, churches were burned, aqueducts broken, rivers and harbors made unnavigable, commerce killed. Even in the comparative calm that followed the first onslaught there was everywhere the seething unrest of a life where every man was on the alert to defend his own possessions, and there was no understanding of unity and of what unity might accomplish. Chiefs won to power by murder, and the law of violence allowed no law of justice.

In the eighth century the Saracens crossed the Pyrenees and brought new destruction until the mighty battle hammer of Charles Martel beat them down on the field of Tours.

Charlemagne (768), grandson of the hammer wielder, dreamed of a splendid empire and of a united people, and he

did his best to bring peace by the sword and to convert to Christianity by bloodshed and by bribes. His methods were those of his time; his ideas ran far ahead of it. After his death his domain fell apart, such centralization as he had brought about giving way to feudalism which was based on landholding conditions Roman in origin, combined with the Teutonic military democracy that granted power to the many provided they were strong enough to win it and to keep it. The Strasburg oath in which Charlemagne's grandson Louis swore to support his brother Charles was the forerunner of a treaty by which the great king's empire was divided, Louis taking Germany, Charles France, and Lothair Italy. France was far from being a political unit and though Charles had a royal title he had little more power than any one of the twenty-eight dukes and counts who were his vassals in name, but who governed their sections of the country despotically and with small reference to his wishes.

Some forty years later the crowns of Germany, France, and Italy were united again when Charles the Fat came to the throne, but France itself was always more and more subdivided. Into this group of separate feudal states dashed Rollo the Northman (in 885) and once more the land was burned and harried and its people given over to slaughter. Paris itself was besieged for a year and a half, though it stood unfallen, and was ready, a little later when the Northmen had become useful settlers in the land of their invasion, to contend for supremacy with Laon, the capital of the Carlovingians, the Kings descended from Charlemagne. Paris and the feudal lords conquered when (in 987) Hugh Capet, Count of Paris, was chosen King. With him began the real Kingdom of France, though "France" still meant only a small district around Paris plus the fidelity of a very few important vassals.

Of cruel temper were these centuries from the fifth to the

tenth, yet considered in their relation to the centuries that followed, they may be likened to the winter time, when nature is conserving her forces for the work of the spring and the summer and the autumn—for germination and blossoming and fruitage.

"O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Piercing the gloom of the winter days was an occasional ray of light. In the monasteries glimmered a spark of the old tradition and a knowledge of ancient tongues which, like the never-extinguished flame of the Vestal Virgins, kept alive from ancient days the continuity of literature.* Charlemagne, illiterate, intelligent, constructive, built as vigorously as he fought, and esteemed letters and men of learning with the admiration of the sagacious unlearned. In the marauders themselves, Franks and Normans, was a curiosity, irresponsible, vigorous and charged with a savage good-temper when unthwarted, that proved fuel for a new literary blaze when the fury of destroying had exhausted itself. Of increasing strength, too, was the religious influence that converted the barbarians to the belief of the people among whom they were settling—the influence that was to sweep them with the rest of Europe into the Crusades, with all that they meant of the instruction that comes from contact with a past of abundant richness.

Though the stormy advent of the Teutons made almost no impression on the language of the country they invaded, yet some of their customs caught the fancy of the people with whom they fought and among whom they lived. One habit which pleased the western folk was their singing of tumultuous songs which cheered the onrushing troops or made them forget their weariness around the campfire, with chanted tales of the valorous deeds of mythical heroes and of

* See selection from Guizot in Chapter IX.

actual warriors. The French began to compose something like this epic poetry in the short popular songs which they called Cantilènes. The oldest existing bit of verse of this sort is also the oldest remaining poem in the Langue d'oil. It is attributed to about the year 880, and is called

CANTILÈNE OF ST. EULALIE*

Eulalie was a young and virgin maid
Her body lovely, soul more lovely still.
To conquer her the foes of God essayed
And strove to make her serve their evil will;
But to these counsels bad she gave no heed,
To forsake God who dwells in Heaven on high,
No dresses fine nor gold nor silver meed
Nor prayer nor threat of king could make comply
This child, with their demands the service to forsake
Of God who reigns o'er all the earth and sky.
Before Maximian Eulalie did they take,
King of the Pagans, who did sternly try
To force her to renounce the Christian name;
But ere do this she willingly would die,
And rather than give up her virgin fame,
She tortures did endure right willingly,
And thus an honest death she soon did win.
They cast her in a great and blazing fire,
Yet burned she not for she was free from sin:
This marvel nowise slaked the pagan's ire
Who for a keen-edged sword did quickly call
And smote her head off. She no plaint did say;
Since Christ so willed feared she not death at all
And like a dove to Heaven she winged her way.
We beg that she for us will deign to pray
That when we die, through Christ's great clemency
Our souls to him likewise may take their way.

From songs like this, appealing to the popular ear and readily memorized, the Chansons de Geste (Songs of Action) were an easy development. Beginning with some burst of

* Translated by J. Ravenel Smith

description or of praise sung by accredited bards in times of war, they grew, generation by generation, to be of a length suitable only to be sung at the fireside when the audience had plenty of time to listen. The singer, too, changed with the centuries. At first he was the minstrel-warrior who shouted his song as he charged with his brother fighters. Such a leader was Taillefer who is described by the chronicler Wace as advancing against the English at the battle of Hastings (1066) which won England for William of Normandy.

> Taillefer, who sang very well,
> On a horse that ran swiftly,
> Went before the duke singing
> Of Charlemagne and of Roland,
> Of Oliver and of the vassals
> Who died at Roncesvalles.

In the north the poets were called trouvères, in the south, troubadours. Often they were of noble birth. As the life of the people altered, however, from that of rovers in the open to that of town- and castle-dwellers the man of martial deeds and song of the early days became the wandering musician dependent upon the whims of some baron. In his hall he spent the long summer months, each evening adding a new chapter to the adventures of his hero, and, in later days when his occupation had fallen into disrepute, injecting variety into his entertainment by feats of jugglery.

Under three general heads come the subjects of the trouvère's mercilessly long chansons: tales of Charlemagne and his paladins, in which there was some seed of historic truth, since the great king's day was not so long gone by that fact had turned to fable in the telling; tales of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, based on the Welsh and Breton legends which have given inspiration to poets from Chrestien de Troyes to Tennyson; and tales presenting in new form the traditions of Greece and Rome which had persisted through

changes of language and of racial thought into a time and among a people of far different spirit. Enraptured by these popular themes all western Europe from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries came under the spell of the Chanson de Geste as France sang it and heard it. France led the literary world.

Of the many poems of action of these vigorous years the best beloved was the Song of Roland, built up in the eleventh century to a length of 4200 lines and attributed to one TUROLDUS. It is this song, though undoubtedly a short version or an extract, that Taillefer sang at Hastings, cheering on the Normans to equal the valor of the mightiest hero of their land. The first section tells of the embassy sent to Charlemagne by the Saracen, Marsile, who holds Saragossa, the only town unconquered by the emperor at the end of seven years of warfare in Spain. Charlemagne knows that his men are eager to return home and he decides to accept the proposals looking toward peace, although his nephew, Roland, urges him to refuse them. Roland brings on himself the enmity of his step-father, Ganelon, by suggesting that he undertake the return embassy, which is considered dangerous. Ganelon arranges with Marsile the betrayal of Charlemagne and induces the emperor to withdraw from the country.

He departs, according to the account of the second section, leaving Roland in command of the rearguard, and with him his dear friend Oliver, to whose sister, Aude, he is betrothed, and Turpin, the Archbishop.

As Roland and his men march through the Pass of Roncesvalles the blare of the Moorish clarions is borne to them on the wind.

. . . . . * Says Olivier:
"Rollând, companion, hearken! Soon, methinks,
"We shall have battle with the Saracens!"

*Reprinted by permission from Chanson de Roland; translated by Léonce Rabillon. Copyright, 1885, by Henry Holt and Company.

To which Rollând: "God grant it may be so.
"Here must we do our duty to our King;
"A man should for his Lord and for his cause
"Distress endure, and bear great heat and cold,
"Lose all, even to his very hair and skin!
" 'Tis each man's part to strike with mighty blows,
"That evil songs of us may ne'er be sung.
"The wrong cause have the Pagans, we the right.
"No ill example e'er shall come from me."
Aoi.

. . . . . .

Count Olivier is posted on a hill
From whence Spain's Kingdom he descries, and all
The swarming host of Saracens; their helms
So bright bedecked with gold, and their great shields,
Their 'broidered hauberks, and their waving flags,
He cannot count the squadrons; in such crowds
They come, his sight reached not unto their end.
Then all bewildered he descends the hill,
Rejoins the French, and all to them relates.
Aoi.

Olivier said: "So strong the Pagan host;
"Our French, methinks, in number are too few;
"Companion Rollând, sound your horn, that Carle
"May hear and send his army back to help."
Rollând replies:—"Great folly would be mine,
"And all my glory in sweet France be lost.
"No, I shall strike great blows with Durendal;
"To the golden hilt the blade shall reek with blood.
"In evil hour the felon Pagans came
"Unto the Pass, for all are doomed to die!"
Aoi.

The Archbishop blesses the French, and they plunge into awful hand-to-hand combat with valiant foes who outnumber them many hundred times. In four charges the French were victorious; in the fifth they met a cruel fate. With almost all of his companions lying slain about him Roland decides at last to sound his horn.

Rolland says:—"I will blow mine olifant,
"And Carle will hear it from the pass. I pledge
"My word the French at once retrace their steps."
Said Olivier:—"This a great shame would be,
"One which to all your kindred would bequeathe
"A lifetime's stain. When this I asked of you,
"You answered nay, and would do naught. Well, now
"With my consent you shall not;—if you blow
"Your horn, of valor true you show no proof.
"Already, both your arms are drenched with blood."
Responds the Count:—"These arms have nobly struck."

Aoi.

. . . . . .

The Archbishop heard their strife. In haste he drives
Into his horse his spurs of purest gold,
And quick beside them rides. Then chiding them,
Says:—"Sire Rolland, and you, Sire Olivier,
"In God's name be no feud between you two;
"No more your horn shall save us; nathless 'twere
"Far better Carle should come and soon avenge
"Our deaths. So joyous then these Spanish foes
"Would not return. But as our Franks alight,
"Find us or slain or mangled on the field,
"They will our bodies on their chargers' backs
"Lift in their shrouds with grief and pity, all
"In tears, and bury us in holy ground:
"And neither wolves, nor swine, nor curs shall feed
"On us—" Replies Rolland:—"Well have you said."

. . . . . .

The Count Rolland in his great anguish blows
His olifant so mightily, with such
Despairing agony, his mouth pours forth
The crimson blood, and his swoll'n temples burst.
Yea, but so far the ringing blast resounds;
Carle hears it, marching through the pass, Naimes harks,
The French all listen with attentive ear.
"That is Rolland's horn!" Carle cried, "which ne'er yet
"Was, save in battle, blown!—"

. . . . . .

Charlemagne gives orders for a return and rescue. Meanwhile the fight continues. Oliver, wounded unto death,

mistakes his friend for one of the enemy and strikes a blow that cleaves his crest, yet Roland pardons him and swoons with grief as Oliver lies dead before him. Recovering and fighting on Roland blows another blast.

As hero fights the Count Rollând; but all
His body burns with heat and drips with sweat;
His head is torn by pain; his temple burst
By that strong blast he gave the olifant.
Still would he know if Carle returns; once more
He blows his horn—Alas, with feeble blast.
Carle caught the distant sound, and, list'ning, waits:
"Seigneurs," cried he, "great evils fall apace;
"I hear his dying blast upon his horn.
"If we would find him yet alive, we need
"Urge on our steeds. Let all our trumpets blow!"
Then sixty thousand trumps rang forth their peals;
The hills reëcho, and the vales respond.
The Pagans hear—and stay their gabbling mirth.
One to the other says:—" 'Tis Carle who comes!"

Aoi.

Roland's horse is killed under him and Turpin is wounded. The Count gathers the bodies of his comrades around the Archbishop who gives them his benediction before joining them in the world beyond. While himself awaiting the approach of death Roland is attacked by a Saracen who tries to take from him his sword, Durendal. With desperate strength the dying knight fells the robber with his horn, and then makes a determined effort to break his weapon that it may fall into no other hands.

Now feels Rollând that death is near at hand
And struggles up with all his force; his face
Grows livid;—[Durendal, his naked sword]
He holds;—beside him rises a grey rock
On which he strikes ten mighty blows through grief
And rage—The steel but grinds; it breaks not, nor
Is notched; then cries the Count:—"Saint Mary, help!
"O Durendal! Good sword! ill starred art thou!

"Though we two part, I care not less for thee.
"What victories together thou and I,
"Have gained, what kingdoms conquered, which now holds
"White-bearded Carle! No coward's hand shall grasp
"Thy hilt: a valiant knight has borne thee long,
"Such as none shall e'er bear in France the Free!"
Aoi.

Rollând smites hard the rock of Sardonix;
The steel but grinds, it breaks not, nor grows blunt;
Then seeing that he cannot break his sword,
Thus to himself he mourns for Durendal:
"O good my sword, how bright and pure! Against
"The sun what flashing light thy blade reflects!
"When Carle passed through the valley of Moriane,
"The God of Heaven by his Angel sent
"Command that he should give thee to a Count,
"A valiant captain; it was then the great
"And gentle King did gird thee to my side.—"

Upon the grey rock mightily he smites,
Shattering it more than I can tell; the sword
But grinds.—It breaks not—nor receives a notch,
And upwards springs more dazzling in the air.
When sees the Count Rollând his sword can never break,
Softly within himself its fate he mourns:
"O Durendal, how fair and holy thou!
"In thy gold-hilt are relics rare; a tooth
"Of great Saint Pierre—some blood of Saint Basile,
"A lock of hair of Monseigneur Saint Denis,
"A fragment of the robe of Sainte-Marie.
"It is not right that Pagans should own thee;
"By Christian hand alone be held. Vast realms
"I shall have conquered once that now are ruled
"By Carle, the King with beard all blossom-white,
"And by them made great emperor and Lord.
"May thou ne'er fall into a cowardly hand."
Aoi.

The Count Rollând feels through his limbs the grasp
Of death, and from his head ev'n to his heart
A mortal chill descends. Unto a pine
He hastens, and falls stretched upon the grass.

Beneath him lie his sword and olifant,
And toward the Heathen land he turns his head,
That Carle and all his knightly host may say:
"The gentle Count a conqueror has died. . . ."
Then asking pardon for his sins, or great
Or small, he offers up his glove to God.

With the death of the hero the third section ends. The fourth tells of Charlemagne's return to find his rearguard utterly destroyed. In a fearful battle he takes vengeance upon the foe, and storms Saragossa. Then he turns once more toward France.

From Spain at last the Emperor has returned
To Aix, the noblest seat of France; ascends
His palace, enters in the stately hall,—
Now comes to greet him the fair [lady] Aude,
And asks the King:—"Where is Rollånd the chief
"Who pledged his faith to take me for his wife?"
Sore-pained, heart-broken, Carle, with weeping eyes,
Tears his white beard.—"Ah! sister well beloved,
"Thou askest me of one who is no more.
"A worthier match I give thee in exchange;
"Loewis it is. I cannot better say.
"He is my son, and will protect my realms."
Aude answers:—"To my ear these words are strange.
"May God, His saints, His angels, all forfend
"That, if Rollånd lives not, I still should live."
Her color fades, she falls prone at the feet
Of Charlemagne—dead . . . God's mercy on her soul!
Barons of France mourn her with pitying tears.
Aoi.

How Ganelon the traitor was captured, tried, and punished is the theme of the fifth section that ends the Song of Roland.

Dignified and beautiful in expression, charged with an elevated spirit of enduring courage and loyalty, and telling the story of a friendship that has become famous in history this chanson must be placed not among historical curiosities but in the ranks of real literature.

CHAPTER II

IN LYRIC MOOD

At the same time that legends of antiquity and long accounts of the deeds of heroes were pleasing a people whose standards were those of successful fighting, feudalism was nursing ideals of loyalty and devotion, of truth-telling and of respect for women, which were applicable to everyday life. Now everyday life is divided into twenty-four hour periods whose active part is shortened by some seven or eight hours of slumberous inactivity. That is, living is a succession of experiences of the waking day, a succession of brief experiences. In correspondence with this view the poetic expression of everyday life is not sustained, as in the epic, but is brief, and thus is born lyric verse to give utterance to a cry of affection, a shout of victory, a plea for courage, a declaration of belief. The emotions cannot be kept at a high tension for a long time—the song must be sung at a burst.

The joy of picturing life and its everyday feelings and incidents in lyric verse was entered upon early by the trouvères in the north and the troubadours in the south. Perhaps it was a reaction from the suffering and dread of the preceding years that made the poets of the centuries immediately following that time of welcome surprise tell short stories of love and romance and compose short poems, gay or sorrowful in spirit, concise in workmanship. In the twelfth century the productions of the north and the south are distinguishable from each other in tone, the trouvères composing songs of occupations—the spinner's song, the shepherd's song—or romantic tales recited to amuse the workers as they toiled,

while the troubadours showed their southern ardor in those songs of love which bespoke a lady's favor or argued about the quantity and the quality of the passion. A hundred years later the Teutonic and the Roman strains were becoming united, north and south had met in the Crusades, and common interests produced a more uniform verse.

Not alike, however, were the poets themselves, for men of all classes from king to page, burned with the divine fire.

Among the trouvères THIBAUT IV, King of Navarre (1201–1253), wrote with precision and elegance himself and gathered about him a group of friends of like tastes. The verses below, composed as he set out upon a crusade, show that there were drawbacks even to war's enthusiasms.

* Lady, the fates command and I must go,—
Leaving the pleasant land so dear to me:
Here my heart suffered many a heavy woe;
But what is left to love, thus leaving thee?
Alas! that cruel land beyond the sea!
Why thus dividing many a faithful heart,
Never again from pain and sorrow free,
Never again to meet when thus they part?

I see not, when thy presence bright I leave,
How wealth or joy or peace can be my lot;
Ne'er yet my spirit found such cause to grieve
As now in leaving thee; and if thy thought
Of me in absence should be sorrow-fraught,
Oft will my heart repentant turn to thee,
Dwelling in fruitless wishes on this spot,
And all the gracious words here said to me.

O gracious God, to thee I bend my knee,
For thy sake yielding all I love and prize;
And O, how mighty must that influence be,
That steals me thus from all my cherished joys!

* From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe."

Here, ready, then, myself surrendering,
Prepared to serve thee, I submit; and ne'er
To one so faithful could I service bring,
So kind a master, so beloved and dear.

And strong my ties, my grief unspeakable!
Grief, all my choicest treasures to resign;
Yet stronger still the affections that impel
My heart toward Him, the God whose love is mine.
That holy love, how beautiful! how strong!
Even wisdom's favorite sons take refuge there;
'Tis the redeeming gem that shines among
Men's darkest thoughts,—for ever bright and fair.

RAOUL, COMTE DE SOISSONS, a friend of Thibaut's, wrote the following lines when he, too, probably, was about to bid farewell to the lady of his admiration:

* Ah! beauteous maid
Of form so fair!
Pearl of the world,
Beloved and dear!
How does my spirit eager pine
But once to press those lips of thine!—
Yes, beauteous maid,
Of form so fair!
Pearl of the world,
Beloved and dear.

And if the theft
Thine ire awake,
A hundred fold
I'd give it back,—
Thou beauteous maid,
Of form so fair!
Pearl of the world,
Beloved and dear.

ADAM DE LA HALLE (who died in 1286), a dramatist as well as a lyric poet, was an untitled follower of Robert II,

* From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe."

Count of Artois. The poem quoted here is a variation from his usual vein of happy compliment. As he wore the nickname of "The Hunchback of Arras," he probably felt toward it the mixed emotions that he records in his song.

FAREWELL TO ARRAS

(Translated by Henry Carrington. Courtesy of the Oxford Press)

Arras! Arras! town full of strife,
With calumnies and hatred rife;
You were a noble town of yore;
Your fame, 'tis said, they will restore.
But unless God your manners mend,
I see not who'll effect this end;
Gambling is all that you pursue,
So, fifty thousand times adieu.

Elsewhere the gospel I shall find;
I leave your lying tongues behind.

Love, and glad life, I bid farewell,
Where do such mirth and pleasure dwell,
As save in Paradise unknown
To me you have some profit done;
In studying once you made me slack,
But now 'tis you that bring me back,
'Tis you that make me now desire
Honour to gain, renown acquire;
For rude and empty was my mind,
Discourteous, base, and unrefined.

My tender friend, much loved and dear,
I feel and show but little cheer;
Deeply on your account I grieve,
Whom I am forced behind to leave.
You will be treasurer of my heart,
Although my body must depart
Learning and science to attain,
And be more worth, so you shall gain.

In the south the large groups of troubadours included the picturesque figure of RICHARD THE LION HEARTED (1157–

1199), King of England and vassal of the French King by virtue of his holdings in France. Richard composed spirited and correct verse in the langue d'oc, far better than that of his faithful minstrel, BLONDEL DE NESLE (1193), who, the story goes, sang his way through Austria until an answering voice betrayed the prison in which Richard lay, hidden by his enemies and forgotten by his friends. Here is the King's lament over his friends' inactivity:

* Richard, Coeur de Lion—in prison
No captive knight, whom chains confine,
Can tell his fate and not repine;
Yet with a song he cheers the gloom
That hangs around his living tomb.
Shame to his friends!—the King remains
Two years unransomed and in chains.

Now let them know, my brave barons,
English, Normans, and Gascones
Not a liege-man so poor have I
That I would not his freedom buy,
I will not reproach their noble line,
But chains and dungeon still are mine.

The dead,—nor friends nor kin have they!
Nor friends nor kin my ransom pay!
My wrongs afflict me,—yet far more
For faithless friends my heart is sore.
O, what a blot upon their name,
If I should perish thus in shame!

Nor is it strange I suffer pain,
When sacred oaths are thus made vain,
And when the king with bloody hands
Spreads war and pillage thro' my lands,
One only solace now remains,—
I soon shall burst these servile chains.

Ye Troubadours and friends of mine,
Brave Chail, and noble Pensauvine,

* From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe."

Go, tell my rivals, in your song,
This heart hath never done them wrong.
He infamy—not glory—gains,
Who strikes a monarch in his chains.

Less humble than Blondel both in birth and in character was BERTRAND DE BORN (1150–1210), an intimate friend of Richard and the lover of his sister, Eleanor. De Born was a tempestuous spirit and a versatile. He incited Richard and his brothers to rebel against their father, Henry II of England, yet when Henry captured him he won his release by offering the audacious argument that he was the best friend of the unfilial sons. He was fierce in love and hate and Dante gives him a horrible punishment in the "Inferno," yet his tastes were not entirely ungentle. He wrote much verse and wrote it well in a strong, swinging rhythm. Here are some lines in which his frankness declares him to be of no passive disposition.

* The beautiful spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood.
And I love to see all scattered around
Pavilions, tents, on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.

It pleases me when the lancers bold
Set men and armies flying;
And it pleases me, too, to hear around,
The voice of the soldiers crying;
And joy is mine,
When the castles strong, besieged, shake,
And walls uprooted, totter and crack;
And I see the foemen join,

* Translation by Edgar Taylor.

On the moated shore all compassed round
With the palisade and guarded mound.

Lances and swords and stained helms,
And shields, dismantled and broken,
On the verge of the bloody battle-scene,
The field of wrath betoken;
And the vassals are there,
And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead,
And where the mingled strife is spread,
The noblest warrior's care
Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head,—
The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer,
Or banqueting or reposing,
Like the onset cry of "Charge them!" rung
From each side as in battle closing,
Where the horses neigh,
And the call to "Aid!" is echoing loud;
And there on the earth the lowly and proud
In the fosse together lie.
And yonder is piled the mangled heap
Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons, your castles in safety place,
Your cities and villages too,
Before ye haste to the battle-scenes!
And, Papiol, quickly go,
And tell the Lord of "Oc and No" *
That peace already too long hath been.

Another friend of Richard's, and a less harmful adviser, was PIERRE VIDAL (about 1215), who followed the Lion Heart to the Holy Land. Vidal was a nature lover as well as a fighter. He sang:

† Of all sweet birds I love the most
The lark and nightingale;
For they the first of all awake,
The opening spring with songs to hail.

* Richard "Yea and Nay," the Lion Hearted.
† From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe."

And I, like them, when silently
Each Troubadour sleeps on,
Will wake me up and sing of love
And thee, Vierna, fairest one.

. . . . . .

The rose on thee its bloom bestowed,
The lily gave its white,
And nature, when it planned thy form,
A model framed of fair and bright.

For nothing, sure, that could be given,
To thee hath been denied;
That there each thought of love and joy
In bright perfection might reside.

When succeeding crusades were fulfilling the debasing promise of the Third, which Richard led, PEYROLS (1145–1200), a southern poet, praised the earlier days and the leaders of the earlier Holy wars, gone like "the snows of yester year." The troubadour says in

A CRUSADER'S SONG

(Translated by T. Roscoe)

I have seen the Jordan river,
I have seen the holy grave;
Lord, to thee my thanks I render,
For the joys Thy goodness gave,
Showing to my raptured sight
Where Thou first didst see the light.

Vessel good, and favouring breezes,
Pilot trusty, soon shall we
See again the towers of Marseilles
Rising o'er the briny sea.
Farewell, Acre! farewell, all
Of Temple or of Hospital!

Now, alas! the world's decaying!
When shall we again behold
Kings like lion-hearted Richard,
France's monarch, stout and bold,
Montserrat's good Marquis, or
The Empire's glorious Emperor?

this sober background the penetrating wit and satire which have never died out from France flash and dart like lightning shafts; against it beams steadily chivalrous love which adored from afar and which to-day takes the form of a cult of the "beau sexe"; against it plays the love of country which the crusades fostered by bringing strange men together in strange lands where home seemed precious because far away.

Modern in feeling, too, was the craftsmanship that always has distinguished the Frenchman, whether artisan or artist. No trouble is too great, no time too long to spend in securing perfection. That is why French literature, though not so rich in eminent names as is the roster of English writers, is more even in its mass of talent-showing production.

The origin of the different verse forms which marked the early lyrics lay in the different purposes for which they were composed. The pastoral song must not be confused either in sound or sense with the rondeau which accompanied a dance or the serenade that soothed a lady's slumbers. The rhythm of a new dance developed a new metre and a new arrangement of strophes. The poet delighted in binding himself by rules which called for a plan of ever increasing intricacy. The ten- or twenty-fold repetition of identical "assonances" which marked the early epics gave way to a more generous variety of rhymes.

Of the many forms devised by the ingenuity of the poet craftsmen the rondel or rondeau was one of the earliest and was also the parent of several variations. One of these was the triolet. Its rules are simple and the form is short and so will serve as an example of the carefulness with which these lyrics were constructed. The quotation is from GUILLAUME DE MACHAULT (about 1284–1369), who sang of love's delights and woes. He wrote in the fourteenth century, but as the triolet form has remained unchanged down to the twentieth century the date is immaterial.

When a man of more than middle age Machault became the recipient of tender attentions from the young Princess Agnes of Navarre, who wanted her name to go down the ages linked with that of the most popular poet of her day. Machault addressed to her the following

TRIOLET

White as a lily, as a rose, red,
Glowing like stones of the East;
Adoring the beauty of your dear head
(White as a lily, as a rose, red),
I am so ravished my heart is led
To serve you with love's richest feast.
White as a lily, as a rose, red,
Glowing like stones of the East.

It takes but a glance to analyze this little poem. There are but two rhymes which are stated at once in lines one and two. Line three rhymes with one, line four is a repetition, usually verbatim, of one. Line five, again, rhymes with one, line six with two, seven and eight repeat one and two. There is but the one stanza, and the form never varies.

The ballade was another form which gave birth to variations. From it developed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the *chant royal*, a long poem in stilted language. When the poem was composed in honor of the Virgin Mary it was shorter and was called a *serventois*. This form lacked the refrain which marks the ballade as written by the prince of ballad makers, Villon. He, too, belongs to a period later than that covered by this chapter, but his ballades are of an excellence which compels the choice of an illustration to be made from them. Dante Gabriel Rossetti translated the famous

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LADIES

Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?

Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
  Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
  Only heard on river and mere,—
She whose beauty was more than human? . . .
  But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloise, the learned nun,
  For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
  (From love he won such dule and teen!)
And where, I pray you, is the Queen,
  Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
  But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
  With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
  And Ermengarde, the lady of Maine,
And that good Joan whom Englishmen
  At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
Mother of God, where are they then?
  But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
  Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword,—
  But where are the snows of yester-year?

Although the virelai belongs to the fourteenth and fifteenth century, it must be mentioned in this glance at special forms. It was a rustic dance song and was made up of a succession of the shepherdess's songs called *bergerettes*. Froissart lightened his more serious historical labors by composing this

VIRELAI

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

Too long it seems ere I shall view
The maid so gentle, fair, and true,
  Whom loyally I love:

Ah! for her sake, where'er I rove,
All scenes my care renew!
I have not seen her,—ah, how long!
Nor heard the music of her tongue;
Though in her sweet and lovely mien
Such grace, such witchery is seen,
Such precious virtues shine:
My joy, my hope, is in her smile,
And I must suffer pain the while,
Where once all bliss was mine,
Too long it seems!

O tell her, love!—the truth reveal,
Say that no lover yet could feel
Such sad, consuming pain:
While banished from her sight, I pine,
And still this wretched life is mine,
Till I return again.
She must believe me, for I find
So much her image haunts my mind,
So dear her memory,
That, wheresoe'er my steps I bend,
The form my fondest thoughts attend
Is present to my eye,
Too long it seems!

Now tears my weary hours employ,
Regret and thoughts of sad annoy,
When waking or in sleep;
For hope my former care repaid,
In promises at parting made,
Which happy love might keep.
O, for one hour my truth to tell,
To speak of feelings known too well,
Of hopes too vainly dear!
But useless are my anxious sighs,
Since fortune my return denies,
And keeps me lingering here,
Too long it seems!

Another late form, originating in the latter half of the

sixteenth century was the vilanelle, an imitation of the rustic songs of earlier days. Du Bellay (1550) wrote a

*HYMN TO THE WINDS

The winds are invoked by the winnowers of corn

To you, troop so fleet,
That with winged wandering feet
Through the wide world pass,
And with soft murmuring
Toss the green shades of spring
In woods and grass,
Lily and violet
I give, and blossoms wet,
Roses and dew;
This branch of blushing roses,
Whose fresh bud uncloses,
Wind-flowers too.
Ah, winnow with sweet breath,
Winnow the holt and heath,
Round this retreat;
Where all the golden morn
We fan the gold o' the corn,
In the sun's heat.

The sonnet, never widely varied, has been through the centuries a favorite form for the expression of a single emotional idea. Here is one of Ronsard's (1524), translated by Robert, Earl of Lytton.

Here is the wood that freshened to her song;
See here, the flowers that keep her footprints yet;
Where, all alone, my saintly Augelette
Went wandering, with her maiden thoughts, along.

Here is the little rivulet where she stopp'd;
And here the greenness of the grass shows where
She lingered through it, searching here and there
Those daisies dear, which in her breast she dropp'd.

* Translated by Andrew Lang.

Here did she sing, and here she wept, and here
Her smile came back; and here I seem to hear
Those faint half-words with which my thoughts are rife;

Here did she sit; here, child like, did she dance,
To some vague impulse of her own romance—
Ah, love, on all these thoughts, winds out my life.

At the other extreme of difficulty is the *sestina*, a form invented by the troubadour Arnaud Daniel at the end of the twelfth century. It is unrhymed and its complicated interweaving of final words was more a task for the lover of games than for the poet. In English Swinburne has made a fairly successful attempt at it.

Rather curiously, the real adventure of the Holy Wars did not result in any glorious epic, the result of first hand experience. Their recital was left to be chronicled in prose, while distance cast its glamor over the old stories, and minstrels still recited with ever-increasing verbosity and elaborate genealogical detail the exploits of knights who were the ancestors of the listeners before them. To gratify the demand for long stories the lais and romances came into being. The new love element in the latter form possibly was suggested by the Greek romances with which the crusaders had become acquainted in the east. Of these new romances none is so charming, so touched with appeal, and, withal, so modern in action, setting, character drawing, as the *chante-fable* (song-story), credited to the twelfth century, of

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE

(Translated by Andrew Lang)

'Tis of Aucassin and Nicolete.

Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive grey?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolete,
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woful, worn and sad,
But is healèd, but is glad
'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

How the Count Bougars de Valence made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire, war so great, and so marvellous, and so mortal that never a day dawned but alway he was there, by the gates and walls, and barriers of the town with a hundred knights, and ten thousand men at arms, horsemen and footmen: so burned he the Count's land, and spoiled his country, and slew his men. Now the Count Garin de Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good days were gone over. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one young man only; such an one as I shall tell you. Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau: fair was he, goodly, and great, and featly fashioned of his body, and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes blue and laughing, his face beautiful and shapely, his nose high and well set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all. But so suddenly overtaken was he of Love, who is a great master, that he would not, of his will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him beseemed. Therefore his father and mother said to him;

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy horse, and hold thy land, and help thy men, for if they see thee among them, more stoutly will they keep in battle their lives, and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolete, my true love, that I love so well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not be. Let Nicolete go, a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honourably. Herein hast thou nought to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one:

Aucassin was of Biaucaire
Of a goodly castle there,
But from Nicolete the fair
None might win his heart away
Though his father, many a day,
And his mother said him nay,
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?
Nicolete is glad enow!

Was from Carthage cast away,
Paynims sold her on a day!
Wouldst thou win a lady fair,
Choose a maid of high degree
Such an one is meet for thee."
"Nay of these I have no care,
Nicolete is debonaire,
Her body sweet and the face of her
Take my heart as in a snare,
Loyal love is but her share
That is so sweet."

Then spake they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would avail not to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolete, he went to the Captain of the city, who was his man, and spake to him, saying:

"Sir Count; away with Nicolete thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that if I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honourably. With this had Aucassin thy son nought to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they each from other. Now the Captain was a right rich man: so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolete with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, where through came to them a little air.

Here singeth one:

Nicolete as ye heard tell
Prisoned is within a cell
That is painted wondrously
With colours of a far countrie,
And the window of marble wrought,
There the maiden stood in thought,
With straight brows and yellow hair
Never saw ye fairer fair!
On the wood she gazed below,
And she saw the roses blow,
Heard the birds sing loud and low,
Therefore spoke she wofully:
"Ah me, wherefore do I lie
Here in prison wrongfully:
Aucassin, my love, my knight,
Am I not thy heart's delight,
Thou that lovest me aright!
'Tis for thee that I must dwell
In the vaulted chamber cell,

Hard beset and all alone!
By our Lady Mary's Son
Here no longer will I wonn,
If I may flee!"

Aucassin went to the Captain and demanded of him what he had done with Nicolete. The Captain declared that the lover should never see his lass again, and Aucassin went away sorrowing.

Here singeth one:

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his love so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear,
To the palace doth he fare
Climbeth up the palace-stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear,
For his lady and love so fair.
"Nicolete how fair art thou,
Sweet thy foot-fall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace,
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways
Sister, sweet friend!"

While Aucassin was sorrowing for Nicolete his father was waging war, and waxed wroth that his son joined not his band of fighters. To gain his help he made covenant with the youth that should he come back unharmed from the fray he should see his love even so long as to have of her two words or three, and one kiss. Yet though Aucassin fought bravely and captured the Count of Valence, his father failed to keep his oath and cast his son into a dungeon.

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:

Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm, and long, and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew whereas she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and

before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim was she in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered she till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well. And when she had listened to him she began to say:

Here one singeth:

Nicolete the bright of brow
On a pillar leanest thou,
All Aucassin's wail doth hear
For his love that is so dear,
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,
"Gentle knight withouten fear
Little good befalleth thee,
Little help of sigh or tear,
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.
Never shalt thou win me; still
Am I held in evil will
Of thy father and thy kin,
Therefore must I cross the sea,
And another land must win."
Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold,
Aucassin doth clasp them there,
Kissed the curls that were so fair,
Them doth in his bosom bear,
Then he wept, even as of old,
All for his love!

While Aucassin and Nicolete were disputing on the age old theme as to which loved the other the more the town's guards came down the street charged by Aucassin's father, Count Garin, to slay the maid. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them and thought it great pity to slay so fair a maid.

Here one singeth:

Valiant was the sentinel,
Courteous, kind, and practised well,
So a song did sing and tell
Of the peril that befell.
"Maiden fair that lingerest here,
Gentle maid of merry cheer,
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear
As the water in a mere,
Thou, meseems, hast spoken word

To thy lover and thy lord,
That would die for thee, his dear;
Now beware the ill accord,
Of the cloaked men of the sword.
These have sworn and keep their word,
They will put thee to the sword
Save thou take heed."

The guards passed by and Nicolete let herself slip into the fosse and then climbed the wall and fled into the forest where she fell asleep in a thicket. When she awakened she saw some shepherd lads eating their bread by a fountain and by them she sent word to Aucassin that he should come to the forest to hunt.

Then spake they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Nicolete built her lodge of boughs, as ye have heard, right fair and feteously, and wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves. So lay she hard by the lodge in a deep coppice to know what Aucassin will do. And the cry and the bruit went abroad through all the country and all the land, that Nicolete was lost. Some told that she had fled, and some that the Count Garin had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, no joy had Aucassin. And the Count Garin, his father, had taken him out of prison, and had sent for the knights of that land, and the ladies, and let make a right great feast, for the comforting of Aucassin his son. Now at the high time of the feast, was Aucassin leaning from a gallery, all woful and discomforted. Whatsoever men might devise of mirth, Aucassin had no joy thereof, nor no desire, for he saw not her that he loved. Then a knight looked on him, and came to him, and said:

"Aucassin, of that sickness of thine have I been sick, and good counsel will I give thee, if thou wilt hearken to me—"

"Sir," said Aucassin, "gramercy, good counsel would I fain hear."

"Mount thy horse," quoth he, "and go take thy pastime in yonder forest, there wilt thou see the good flowers and grass, and hear the sweet birds sing. Perchance thou shalt hear some word, whereby thou shalt be the better."

"Sir," quoth Aucassin, "gramercy, that will I do."

He passed out of the hall, and went down the stairs, and came to the stable where his horse was. He let saddle and bridle him, and mounted, and rode forth from the castle, and wandered till he came to the forest, so rode till he came to the fountain, and found the shepherds at point of noon. And they had a mantle stretched on the grass, and were eating bread, and making great joy.

From the lads Aucassin learned that Nicolete had passed through the forest and he rode on his search madly hurling his horse through the briars.

All down an old road, and grassgrown he fared, when anon looking along the way before him, he saw such an one as I shall tell you. Tall was he, and great of growth, laidly and marvellous to look upon, his head huge, and black as charcoal, and more than the breadth of a hand between his two eyes, and great cheeks, and a big nose and broad, big

nostrils and ugly, and thick lips redder than a collop, and great teeth yellow and ugly, and he was shod with hosen and shoon of bull's hide, bound with cords of bark over the knee, all about him a great cloak twy-fold, and he leaned on a grievous cudgel, and Aucassin came unto him, and was afraid when he beheld him.

"Fair brother, God aid thee."

"God bless you," quoth he.

"As God he helpeth thee, what makest thou here?"

"What is that to thee?"

"Nay, naught, naught," saith Aucassin, "I ask but out of courtesy."

"But for whom weepest thou," quoth he, "and makest such heavy lament? Certes, were I as rich a man as thou, the whole world should not make me weep."

"Ha! know ye me?" saith Aucassin.

"Yea, I know well that ye be Aucassin, the son of the Count, and if ye tell me for why ye weep, then will I tell you what I make here."

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "I will tell you right gladly. Hither came I this morning to hunt in this forest; and with me a white hound, the fairest in the world; him have I lost, and for him I weep."

"By the Heart our Lord bare in his breast," quoth he, "are ye weeping for a stinking hound? Foul fall him that holds thee high henceforth! for there is no such rich man in the land, but if thy father asked it of him, he would give thee ten, or fifteen, or twenty, and be the gladder for it. But I have cause to weep and make dole."

"Wherefore so, brother?"

"Sir, I will tell thee. I was hireling to a rich villain, and drove his plough; four oxen had he. But three days since came on me great misadventure, whereby I lost the best of mine oxen, Roger, the best of my team. Him go I seeking, and have neither eaten nor drunken these three days, nor may I go to the town, lest they cast me into prison, seeing that I have not wherewithal to pay. Out of all the wealth of the world have I no more than ye see on my body. A poor mother bare me, that had no more but one wretched bed; this have they taken from under her, and she lies in the very straw. This ails me more than mine own case, for wealth comes and goes; if now I have lost, another tide will I gain, and will pay for mine ox whenas I may; never for that will I weep. But you weep for a stinking hound. Foul fall whoso thinks well of thee!"

"Certes, thou art a good comforter, brother, blessed be thou! And of what price was thine ox?"

"Sir, they ask me twenty sols for him, whereof I cannot abate one doit."

"Nay, then," quoth Aucassin, "take these twenty sols I have in my purse, and pay for thine ox."

"Sir," saith he, "gramercy. And God give thee to find that thou seekest."

So they parted each from other, and Aucassin rode on: the night was fair and still, and so long he went that he came to the lodge of boughs, that Nicolete had builded and woven within and without, over and under, with flowers, and it was the fairest lodge that might be seen. When Aucassin was ware of it, he stopped suddenly, and the light of the moon fell therein.

"God!" quoth Aucassin, "here was Nicolete my sweet lady, and this lodge builded she with her fair hands. For the sweetness of it, and for love of her, will I alight, and rest here this night long."

He drew forth his foot from the stirrup to alight, and the steed was great and tall. He dreamed so much on Nicolete his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drave his shoulder out of his place. Then knew he that he was hurt sore, natheless he bore him with what force he might, and fastened with the other hand the mare's son to a thorn. Then turned he on his side, and crept backwise into the lodge of boughs. And he looked through a gap in the lodge and saw the stars in heaven, and one that was brighter than the rest; so began he to say:

Here singeth one:

"Star, that I from far behold,
Star, the Moon calls to her fold,
Nicolete with thee doth dwell,
My sweet love with locks of gold,
God would have her dwell afar,
Dwell with him for evening star,
Would to God whate'er befell,
Would that with her I might dwell.
I would clip her close and strait,
Nay, were I of much estate,
Some king's son desirable,
Worthy she to be my mate,
Me to kiss and clip me well,
Sister, sweet friend!"

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Nicolete heard Aucassin, right so came she unto him, for she was not far away. She passed within the lodge, and threw her arms about his neck, and clipped and kissed him.

"Fair sweet friend, welcome be thou."

"And thou, fair sweet love, be thou welcome."

So either kissed and clipped the other, and fair joy was them between.

"Ha! sweet love," quoth Aucassin, "but now was I sore hurt, and my shoulder wried, but I take no force of it, nor have no hurt therefrom since I have thee."

Right so felt she his shoulder and found it was wried from its place. And she so handled it with her white hands, and so wrought in her surgery, that by God's will who loveth lovers, it went back into its place. Then took she flowers, and fresh grass, and leaves green, and bound these herbs on the hurt with a strip of her smock, and he was all healed.

Then Aucassin took Nicolete before him on his horse and through the country they rode till they came to the sea shore, and there they were brought aboard a ship and came at last to the haven of the castle of Torelore. Here they found king and queen exchanging duties, and Aucassin did set them right. Then he and Nicolete dwelt in the castle in great delight until a band of Saracens seized them and threw Aucassin into one ship and Nicolete into another. Aucassin's ship bore him to Biaucaire, his own land, where he found his parents dead and himself the overlord. And he held the land in peace.

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

Now leave we Aucassin, and speak we of Nicolete. The ship wherein she was cast pertained to the King of Carthage, and he was her father, and she had twelve brothers, all princes or kings. When they beheld Nicolete, how fair she was, they did her great worship, and made much joy of her, and many times asked her who she was, for surely seemed she a lady of noble line and high parentry. But she might not tell them of her lineage, for she was but a child when men stole her away. So sailed they till they won the City of Carthage, and when Nicolete saw the walls of the castle, and the country-side, she knew that there had she been nourished and thence stolen away, being but a child. Yet was she not so young a child but that well she knew she had been daughter of the King of Carthage; and of her nurture in that city.

Here singeth one:

Nicolete the good and true
To the land has come anew,
Sees the palaces and walls,
And the houses and the halls!
Then she spake and said, "Alas!
That of birth so great I was,
Cousin of the Amiral
And the very child of him
Carthage counts King of Paynim,
Wild folk hold me here withal;
Nay Aucassin, love of thee
Gentle knight, and true, and free,
Burns and wastes the heart of me.
Ah God grant it of his grace,
That thou hold me, and embrace,
That thou kiss me on the face
Love and lord!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When the King of Carthage heard Nicolete speak in this wise, he cast his arms about her neck.

"Fair sweet love," saith he, "tell me who thou art, and be not adread of me."

"Sir," said she, "I am daughter to the King of Carthage, and was taken, being then a little child, it is now fifteen years gone."

When all they of the court heard her speak thus, they knew well that she spake sooth: so made they great joy of her, and led her to the castle in great honour, as the King's daughter. And they would have given her to her lord a King of Paynim, but she had no mind to marry. There dwelt she three days or four. And she considered by what means she might seek for Aucassin. Then she got her a viol, and learned to play on it, till they would have married her on a day to a great King of Paynim, and she stole forth by night, and came to the seaport, and dwelt with a poor woman thereby. Then took she a certain herb, and therewith smeared her head and her face, till she was all brown and stained. And she let make coat, and mantle, and smock, and hose, and attired herself as if she had been a harper. So took she the viol and went to a mariner, and so wrought on him that he took her aboard his vessel. Then hoisted they sail, and fared on the high seas even till they came to the land of Provence. And Nicolete went forth and took the viol, and went

playing through all that country even till she came to the castle of Biaucaire, where Aucassin lay.

On the stair Nicolete set foot, not betraying who she was, and she sang to Aucassin of what had befallen his love.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale:

When Aucassin heard Nicolete speak in this wise, he was right joyful, and drew her on one side, and spoke, saying:

"Sweet fair friend, knew ye nothing of this Nicolete, of whom ye have thus sung?"

"Yea, Sir, I know her for the noblest creature, and the most gentle, and the best that ever was born on ground. She is daughter to the King of Carthage that took her there where Aucassin was taken, and brought her into the city of Carthage, till he knew that verily she was his own daughter, whereon he made right great mirth. Anon wished he to give her for her lord one of the greatest kings of all Spain, but she would rather let herself be hanged or burned, than take any lord, how great soever."

"Ha! fair sweet friend," quoth the Count Aucassin, "if thou wilt go into that land again, and bid her come and speak to me, I will give thee of my substance, more than thou wouldst dare to ask or take. And know ye that for the sake of her, I have no will to take a wife, howsoever high her lineage. So wait I for her, and never will I have a wife, but her only. And if I knew where to find her, no need would I have to seek her."

"Sir," quoth she, "if ye promise me that, I will go in quest of her for your sake, and for hers, that I love much."

So he sware to her, and anon let give her twenty livres, and she departed from him, and he wept for the sweetness of Nicolete. And when she saw him weeping, she said:

"Sir, trouble not thyself so much withal. For in a little while shall I have brought her into this city, and ye shall see her."

When Aucassin heard that, he was right glad thereof. And she departed from him, and went into the city to the house of the Captain's wife, for the Captain her father in God was dead. So she dwelt there, and told all her tale; and the Captain's wife knew her, and knew well that she was Nicolete that she herself had nourished. Then she let wash and bathe her, and there rested she eight full days. Then took she an herb that was named *Eyebright* and anointed herself therewith, and was as fair as ever she had been all the days of her life. Then she clothed herself in rich robes of silk whereof the lady had great store, and then sat herself in the chamber on a silken coverlet, and called the lady and bade her go and bring Aucassin her love, and she did even so. And when she came to the Palace she found Aucassin weeping, and making lament for Nicolete his love, for that she delayed so long. And the lady spake unto him and said:

"Aucassin, sorrow no more, but come thou on with me, and I will show thee the thing in the world that thou lovest best; even Nicolete thy dear love, who from far lands hath come to seek of thee." And Aucassin was right glad.

CHAPTER III

STIRRINGS OF DEMOCRACY AND THE GREAT AWAKENING

THE folk lore of a people is the surest treasure house for knowledge of the temper of the time, and this is as true of the *fabliaux* (composed from about the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century) in France as it is in other countries. The *fabliau* was a short tale in verse, a tale, which, while it related a story, seized the opportunity to make comment upon the action of its characters and thus to satirize or approve the life which they represented. Many were the subjects of the *fabliau;* now it was given to tales of piety and now to jests at the expense of the clergy; at one moment it related experiences of domestic life, coarse both in tone and in telling, as was almost always the character at that time of any story about women; again it was pathetic or tragic or simply humorous. La Fontaine in the seventeenth century borrowed from Gautier Le Long of the thirteenth century a "human interest story" and turned it into modern French as

THE YOUNG WIDOW

The death of a husband goes not unwept; first comes lamentation, then consolation. Sadness flies away upon the wings of Time who brings Pleasure back again. A great difference is to be found between the widow of a day and the widow of a year; it is hard to believe that she is the same person. The former causes people to fly from her, but the latter has a thousand attractions. The first abandons herself to sighs, whether true or false; she always entertains her hearers with the same mournful note. She is inconsolable, so she says; but is she? Let this fable, or, rather, let the Truth speak.

A young beauty lost her husband. Beside his deathbed she cried out in her pain: "Wait for me, wait, I follow. My soul is ready to fly away with yours." The husband, however, made the journey alone. The beauty's father was wise and prudent. He allowed the torrent to run its course. Finally to console her he said: "Daughter, your tears flow too copiously. Do you help the dead by injuring your beauty? We are among the living; cease thinking about the dead. A happier frame of mind might not immediately change these lamentations into marriage, but perhaps later a handsome husband, as young and well-made as the deceased might be found for you." "Ah," she answered quickly, "a cloister is the husband I desire." Her father left her alone to digest her sorrow. A month passed thus; another, and she began to pay more attention to her dress and headgear. At last, growing impatient for gayer clothes her mourning became frankly an adornment. The whole flock of Loves came back to the dove-cote, games, laughter, dancing once more held sway. Morning and evening she plunged into the fountain of Youth. No longer did the father fear the effect of grief. But, as he said nothing to our beauty—"Where, then, is the young husband you promised me?" said she.

Nor was La Fontaine the only borrower from the *fabliaux*, Molière in France, Chaucer and Shakspere in England, Boccaccio in Italy took possession of plots with the calmness of the genius who knows that when an idea has passed through the crucible of his temperament it becomes so changed that it may be truthfully called his own. Such a story as the following tale of filial ingratitude is one whose appeal is not limited to any one country.

THE DIVIDED HORSECLOTH

(Abridged from the translation by Eugene Mason)

Some seven years ago it befell that a rich burgess of Abbeville departed from the town, together with his wife, his only son, and all his wealth, his goods and plenishing. From Abbeville he went up to Paris. There he sought a shop and dwelling, and paying his service, made himself vassal and burgess of the King. The merchant was diligent and courteous, his wife smiling and gracious, and their son was not given over to folly, but went soberly, even as his parents taught him. So this wealthy merchant lived a happy blameless life, till, by the will of God, his wife was

taken from him, who had been his companion for some thirty years. Now these parents had but one only child, a son, even as I have told you before. Very grievously did he mourn the death of her who had cherished him so softly. Then, to put a little comfort in his heart, his father said to him—

"Thou art a young bachelor, and it is time to take thee a wife. I am full of years, and so I may find thee a fair marriage in an honourable house I will endow thee with my substance. I will now seek a bride for thee of birth and breeding—one of family and descent. There, where it is good and profitable to be, I will set thee gladly, nor of wealth and moneys shalt thou find a lack."

Now in that place were three brethren, knights of high lineage, cousins to mighty lords of peerage, bearing rich and honourable blazons on their shields. But these knights had no heritage. The eldest of these brothers had a daughter, but the mother of the maid was dead. Now this damsel owned in Paris a certain fair house, over against the mansion of the wealthy merchant. So the merchant, esteeming her a lady of family and estate, demanded her hand in marriage of her father and of all her friends. The knight inquired in his turn of the means and substance of the merchant, who answered very frankly—

"In merchandise and in moneys I have near upon fifteen hundred pounds. I have besides one hundred Paris pounds, which I have gained in honest dealings. Of all this I will give my son the half."

"Fair sir," made answer the knight, "in no wise can this be agreed to. Had you become a Templar, or a White or a Black Monk you would have granted the whole of your wealth either to the Temple or your Abbey. By my faith, we cannot consent to so grudging an offer, certes, sir merchant, no."

"Tell me then what you would have me do."

"Very willingly, fair, dear sir. We would that you grant to your son the sum and total of your substance, so that he be seised of all your wealth. If you consent to this the marriage can be made, but otherwise he shall never wed our child and niece."

The merchant turned this over for a while, now looking upon his son, now deep in thought. But very badly he was served of all his thought and pondering. For at the last he made reply to him and said—

"Lord, it shall even be done according to your will. This is our covenant and bargain, that so your daughter is given to my son I will grant him all that I have of worth. I take this company as witness that here I strip myself of everything I own, so that naught is mine, but all is his, of what I once was seised and possessed."

Thus before the witnesses he divested himself utterly of all his wealth, and became naked as a peeled wand in the eyes of the world. So when the words were spoken and the merchant altogether spoiled, then the knight took his daughter by the hand and handfasted her with the bachelor, and she became his wife.

For two years after this marriage the husband and the dame lived a quiet and peaceful life. Then a fair son was born to the bachelor, and the lady cherished and guarded him fondly. With them dwelt the merchant in the same lodging, but very soon he perceived that he had given himself a mortal blow in despoiling himself of his substance to live on the charity of others. But perforce he remained of their household for more than twelve years, until the lad had grown up tall, and began to take notice, and to remember that which often he heard of the making of his father's marriage.

The merchant was full of years. He leaned upon his staff, and went bent with age, as one who searches for his lost youth. His son was weary of his presence, and would gladly have paid for the spinning of his shroud. The dame, who was proud and disdainful, held him in utter despite, for greatly he was against her heart. Never was she silent, but always was she saying to her lord—

"Husband, for love of me, send your father upon his business. I lose all appetite just for the sight of him about the house."

"Wife," answered he, "this shall be done according to your wish."

So because of his wife's anger and importunity, he sought out his father straightway, and said—

"Father, father, get you gone from here. I tell you that you must do the best you can, for we may no longer concern ourselves with you and your lodging. For twelve years and more we have given you food and raiment in our house. Now all is done, so rise and depart forthwith, and fend for yourself, as fend you must."

Then the father grieved so bitterly that for a little his very heart would have broken. Weak as he was, he raised himself to his feet and went forth from the house weeping.

"Son," said he, "I commend thee to God; but since thou wilt that I go, for the love of Him give me at least a portion of packing cloth to shelter me against the wind. I am but lightly clad, and fear to die for reason of the cold."

Then he who shrank from any grace of charity made reply—

"Father, I have no cloth, so neither can I bestow, nor have it taken from me."

"Fair, sweet son, my heart trembles within me, so greatly do I dread

the cold. Give me, then, the cloth you spread upon your horse, so that I come to no evil."

So he, seeing that he might not rid himself of his father save by the granting of a gift, and being desirous above all that he should part, bade his son to fetch this horsecloth. When the lad heard his father's call he sprang to him, saying—

"Father, what is your pleasure?"

"Fair son," said he, "get you to the stable, and if you find it open give my father the covering that is upon my horse. Give him the best cloth in the stable, so that he may make himself a mantle or a habit, or any other sort of cloak that pleases him."

Then the lad, who was thoughtful beyond his years, made answer—

"Grandsire, come now with me."

So the merchant went with him to the stable, exceedingly heavy and wrathful. The lad chose the best horsecloth he might find in the stable, the newest, the largest, and the most fair; this he folded in two, and drawing forth his knife, divided the cloth in two portions. Then he bestowed on his grandfather one half of the sundered horsecloth.

"Fair child," said the old man, "what have you done? Why have you cut the cloth that your father has given me? Very cruelly have you treated me, for you were bidden to give me the horsecloth whole. I shall return and complain to my son thereof."

"Go where you will," replied the boy, "for certainly you shall have nothing more from me."

The merchant went forth from the stable.

"Son," said he, "chastise now thy child, since he counts thy word as nothing but an idle tale, and fears not to disobey thy commandment. Dost thou not see that he keeps one half of the horsecloth?"

"Plague take thee!" cried the father; "give him all the cloth."

"Certes," replied the boy, "that will I never do, for how then shall you be paid? Rather will I keep the half until I am grown a man, and then give it to you. For just as you have chased him from your house, so I will put you from my door. Even as he has bestowed on you all his wealth, so, in my turn, will I require of you all your substance. Naught from me shall you carry away, save that only which you have granted to him. If you leave him to die in his misery, I wait my day, and surely will leave you to perish in yours."

The father listened to these words, and at the end sighed heavily. He repented him of the evil that he purposed, and from the parable that his child had spoken took heed and warning. Turning himself about towards the merchant, he said—

"Father, return to my house. Sin and the Enemy thought to have caught me in the snare, but, please God, I have escaped from the fowler. Henceforth you shall live softly in the ceiled chamber, near by a blazing fire, clad warmly in your furred robe, even as I. And all this is not of charity, but of your right, for, fair sweet father, if I am rich it is because of your substance."

And deeply should this adventure be considered of those who are about to marry their children. Let them not strip themselves so bare as to have nothing left. For he who gives all, and depends upon the charity of others, prepares a rod for his own back.

It was during these two centuries of the early middle ages, the twelfth and thirteenth, that there came into being the middle or citizen class, the bourgeois, so called because it lived in bourgs or towns. A fourteenth century chanson called "Hugh the Butcher" recognizes that the origin of the Capetian house through the elevation to the throne (in 987) of Hugh Capet, who was said to be a butcher's son, encouraged the democracy by giving the highest power to a man of low origin. During the crusading years the lords were frequently obliged to grant concessions to towns, many of them already privileged, and to individuals of minor degree in order to secure men and money for their following. These same followers, trained by generations of fighting in the private wars of their feudal masters, developed a power of intelligent thinking which, when increased by the broadening knowledge of men and things that they gained in the East, raised them in their own respect and in regard of the barons whom they served. Knowledge and the arts ceased to be the exclusive possession of the church, and laymen became builders, craftsmen, teachers, artists, musicians, and lawyers. Philip Augustus encouraged the citizen class through gifts and grants with the result that they supported him unswervingly in his efforts to establish the royal authority, whether he united with the barons against the encroachments of the church or with the church against the presumption of the barons. Louis IX—

St. Louis—increased the power of the king by a consistent policy of concentration, which included the lessening of the privileges of the communal or independent towns. The class of citizens whom these towns had fostered, however, did not change with the altered political situation. Rather did their consciousness of their rights as men, which showed itself in the *fabliaux*, and which never has died out through all the tale of French letters, increase, to burst into eruption at the French Revolution, and to live even now as that spirit of Democracy which makes France with its bourgeois rulers, one of the most interesting political exhibits of modern times.

Most of the *fabliaux* were composed either by nobles or by bourgeois rhymesters for people of their own class. The church, too, was not slow to take advantage of the popularity of this homely form, and to use it as a vehicle for religious teaching. When the nobles told the story they pictured all men beneath them as clowns and fools. The bourgeois on the other hand shot shafts of subtle malice and restless scorn at the knights and the clergy of whose superiority they were beginning to feel the sting. This early literature shows the *esprit gaulois*, the "Gallic spirit" of satire, always clever and more often than not good-natured—the spirit which is a real race characteristic and which is as frequent and as marked to-day as ever it was.

No satirist of all the early crew was sharper in his attacks than RUTEBEUF of the thirteenth century whose tone may be gathered from the passage below on the monks.

* By many a shift and many a part
Live they who know no trade or art
To gain their life in honest way,
Some clothe themselves in sackcloth gray,
And some, to show the good they do,
Go without shirts the whole year through.

* Translated by Walter Besant.

The Jacobins, so rich at home,
Rule Paris here, and there rule Rome;
Kings and Apostles both are they,
And year by year still grows their sway.

For when one dies, if in his will
The order be not mentioned, still
His soul may wait without, that so
The Order thus may greater grow.

There were other popular literary forms at this time such as debates, ironical "legacies," and "Bibles," which were works of much erudition. Æsop's Fables were told again in groups called "Ysopets." One of the most pleasing writers of these fables was MARIE OF FRANCE, a French woman of the twelfth century who lived long in England. She left also a group of "lais," cheerful poems, usually two or three hundred lines long, chiefly describing love adventures. One of these, here turned into prose, is called

THE LAY OF THE HONEYSUCKLE

(Translated from the Lays of Marie de France by Eugene Mason)

With a glad heart and right good mind will I tell the Lay that men call Honeysuckle; and that the truth may be known of all it shall be told as many a minstrel has sung it to my ear, and as the scribe hath written it for our delight. It is of Tristan and Isoude, the Queen. It is of a love which passed all other love, of love from whence came wondrous sorrow, and whereof they died together in the self-same day.

King Mark was sorely wrath with Tristan, his sister's son, and bade him avoid his realm, by reason of the love he bore the Queen. So Tristan repaired to his own land, and dwelt for a full year in South Wales, where he was born. Then since he might not come where he would be, Tristan took no heed to his ways, but let his life run waste to Death. Marvel not overmuch thereat, for he who loves beyond measure must ever be sick in heart and hope, when he may not win according to his wish. So sick in heart and mind was Tristan that he left his kingdom, and returned straight to the realm of his banishment, because that in Cornwall dwelt the Queen. There he hid privily in the deep forest, withdrawn from the eyes of men; only when the evening was come, and all things sought their

rest, he prayed the peasant and other mean folk of that country, of their charity to grant him shelter for the night. From the serf he gathered tidings of the King. These gave again to him what they, in turn, had taken from some outlawed knight. Thus Tristan learned that when Pentecost was come King Mark purposed to hold high court at Tintagel, and keep the feast with pomp and revelry; moreover that thither would ride Isoude, the Queen.

When Tristan heard this thing he rejoiced greatly, since the Queen might not adventure through the forest, except he saw her with his eyes. After the King had gone his way, Tristan entered within the wood, and sought the path by which the Queen must come. There he cut a wand from out a certain hazel-tree, and having trimmed and peeled it of its bark, with his dagger he carved his name upon the wood. This he placed upon her road, for well he knew that should the Queen but mark his name she would bethink her of her friend. Thus had it chanced before. For this was the sum of the writing set upon the wand, for Queen Isoude's heart alone: how that in this wild place Tristan had lurked and waited long, so that he might look upon her face, since without her he was already dead. Was it not with them as with the Honeysuckle and the Hazel tree she was passing by! So sweetly laced and taken were they in one close embrace, that thus they might remain whilst life endured. But should rough hands part so fond a clasping, the hazel would wither at the root, and the honeysuckle must fail. Fair friend, thus is the case with us, nor you without me, nor I without you.

Now the Queen fared at adventure down the forest path. She spied the hazel wand set upon her road, and well she remembered the letters and the name. She bade the knights of her company to draw rein, and dismount from their palfreys, so that they might refresh themselves a little. When her commandment was done she withdrew from them a space, and called to her Brangwaine, her maiden, and own familiar friend. Then she hastened within the wood, to come on him whom more she loved than any living soul. How great the joy between these twain, that once more they might speak together softly, face to face. Isoude showed him her delight. She showed in what fashion she strove to bring peace and concord betwixt Tristan and the King, and how grievously his banishment had weighed upon her heart. Thus sped the hour, till it was time for them to part; but when these lovers freed them from the other's arms, the tears were wet upon their cheeks. So Tristan returned to Wales, his own realm, even as his uncle bade. But for the joy that he had had of her, his friend, for her sweet face, and for the tender words that she had spoken, yea, and for that writing upon the wand, to re-

member all these things, Tristan, that cunning harper, wrought a new Lay, as shortly I have told you. Goatleaf, men call this song in English. Chèvrefeuille it is named in French; but Goatleaf or Honeysuckle, here you have the very truth in the Lay that I have spoken.

Of a strongly didactic turn were the Chastisements which discussed, usually with severity, man's faults and foibles. Walter Besant translates the following from a thirteenth century

CHASTISEMENT OF WOMEN

"Love is a free and a lawless thing,
Love fears neither count nor king;
Quails not for glittering sword and steel,
Nor flaming tortures fears to feel.
Dreads not waters deep and black,
Not the whole world turns him back;
Little cares he for father or mother,
Little looks he for sister or brother.
Fears not low, nor stoops to high,
Nor thinks it any dread to die.
Love cares nought for buckler and spear,
For bar and bolt he will not fear;
Loves makes lances shiver and break,
Love makes horses stumble and shake;
Love invents the tourney's fray,
Love makes people happy and gay;
Love ennobles gallantry,
Love hates rude discourtesy;
Love an endless song uplifts,
Love is loaded with precious gifts;
Love hates slothful idleness,
Love makes generous largesse;
Love makes cowards of brave and bold,
Love makes misers lavish their gold;
Love makes peace, and love makes war,
Love makes all the locks unbar;
Love strikes many a gallant blow,
Love descends from high to low;

Love mounts up from low to high,
Nothing too great for love to try.
Love keeps no noble blood intact,
Love suffers many a lawless act;
Love guards not oath or sacrament,
Love despises chastisement;
Love pretends religious zeal,
But cannot keep his reason well;
Love has ruined many a marriage,
Brought low many a warrior's courage;
Love is uncertain, love is vain,
Love puts us all in dolour and pain;
Love is good, and love is bad,
Love makes many a visage sad;
Love to many bringeth sadness,
But to many he bringeth gladness."

More to the liking of all the people were the *bestiaires* or stories of animal lore which came West with the Aryan immigration and entered into the literatures of all peoples of Germanic descent. In America we have the same thing in the "Uncle Remus Stories," for which, however, we are indebted not to any Saxon or Teutonic ancestors, but to the Africans, our enforced colonists. These animal stories of the middle ages were really tales holding up to ridicule the faults and foibles of men disguised under the names of the beasts of the field and the forest. There were many of them, but none to compare in strength or subtlety or form with "Renard the Fox"—or indeed in length, for in the course of the three centuries of its growth it grew to the stupendous size of 320,000 lines. In "Renard the Fox" are united the animal stories and the *fabliaux* of democratic spirit. Its tone had been touched in the eleventh century by Wace, who in his "Roman de Rou" makes the rebellious peasants of Laon who had burned the palaces of the barons and had slain the bishop, say of themselves and of their masters,

"We are men as they are, such limbs as they have we have, we have

bodies as large as theirs, and we can endure as much as they. Nothing fails us except courage. Let us bind ourselves by an oath, and defend our property and ourselves. Let us band ourselves together, and if they want to fight we can oppose to every Knight thirty or forty peasants, vigorous and strong to fight."

A passage in "Aucassin and Nicolete" describes with entire sympathy a peasant's misfortunes. "RENARD THE FOX" had plenty of time in the three centuries of its creation, the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, to discuss almost every phase of life, every social aspect, every occupation, every class foible. The caste of animals includes Noble the lion, the king, Brun the Bear, king's counsellor, Ysengrin the wolf, a lord, Bernart the ass, an arch-priest, Tybert the cat, a friar, Rossel the squirrel, a page, and the monkey who is a jongleur, making jests and cutting capers to amuse the rest. With all these and still other characters on the stage it is easy to see that all mediæval life may be played to the delight of the reader. "Renard" is preëminently the epic of the people, the bourgeois against the nobility. The Fox (the bourgeois), weak but crafty, meets one after another the animals of the forest, and invariably gets the better of the strong (the nobility) through his readiness of wit. The verses do not hesitate at anything. They burlesque church services, they pierce the pious pretensions of the nobles who go to the crusades for their own profit, and they build up a typical hypocrisy which crops out at intervals in all French literature. In the depiction of this "renardie" ("foxiness," hypocrisy) Molière's "Tartuffe" is the most shining example.

In the extracts given below the story of Renard's trial for the murder of the hen, Dame Copée, and of her burial and of the miracles performed at her grave, gives an opportunity for a burlesque of the customs and superstitions of the day.

Renard is already in trouble and has appeared before Noble, the lion, and the other assembled animals.

Renard would have gotten himself out of this difficulty if it had not been for Chantecler and Pinte, she the fifth of her family, who came before the king to lay a charge against Renard. The fire is hard to put out now, for Sire Chantecler, the cock, and Pinte, who lays large eggs, and Black and White, and Reddy were dragging a little wagon with drawn curtains. Within lay a hen whom they carried on a litter like a bier. Renard had so maltreated her, and had so torn her with his teeth that he had broken her thigh and torn a wing from her body.

[The escort cry for justice, Dame Pinte declaring that Renard had devoured all four of her sisters. Overcome by the vigor of her appeal she falls in a swoon upon the ground and so do all the rest.]

To succor the four ladies, dogs, wolves and other animals rise from their seats and throw water on their heads. [When they regain their senses they prostrate themselves before the king who expresses every sympathy with them and declares himself ready to avenge them upon Renard.]

When Ysengrin [the wolf, Renard's eternal enemy] hears the king he rises quickly: "Sire," he says, "it is a valiant act on your part. You will be praised everywhere if you will avenge Dame Pinte and her sister Dame Copée whom Renard has thus maimed. I do not speak from hatred but I say it in behalf of the young lady whom he killed, for God forbid that I do anything out of hatred for Renard!"

[The emperor declares his own displeasure at Renard's behavior, and then gives orders for the burial of Dame Copée.]

"Sire Brun [bear], take the stole, and you, Sire Bellower [the bull] commend to God the soul of this body. Up there in that field dig me a grave between the meadow and the garden. Then we will turn to other business."

"Sire," said Brun, "I obey your pleasure." Then he went and put on the stole, and not only he but at the same time the king and all the other members of the council began to chant the vigils. Sire Tardif [Slow] the Snail, sang three lessons for the dead hen. It was Roonel [the mastiff] who intoned the verses accompanied by Brichemer [the stag]; and Brun the bear repeated the prayer that God may keep the soul from prison.

When the vigils were sung and the meeting had come to a close they carried away the body to bury it. But first they enclosed it in a handsome leaden coffin. Never was richer seen! Then they buried it under a tree and over it erected a stone. On it they inscribed the lady's name and her position, and commended her soul: I do not know whether it was done with chisel or brush. They made no absurd eulogy; they placed an epitaph under the tree at a suitable spot:

"Here lies Copée, sister of Pintain,
according to an arrangement made
this morning by Renard who rules each
day: with his teeth he brought to pass
this cruel martyrdom."

Whoever saw Pintain weeping then must have cursed Renard and consigned him to the infernal regions; whoever saw Chantecler stretch forth his feet must have felt great pity for him.

When the interment was over and the mourning began to abate the barons cried: "Emperor, avenge us upon this glutton who has done so many treacherous acts and so often has broken the peace!" "I want to," said the Emperor. "Go now, Brun, fair, sweet brother, you have no affection for him. Tell Renard from me that I have waited for him three whole days." "Willingly, Sire," said Brun. Then he ambled through a cultivated valley without sitting down or resting.

During his absence there happened at the court a circumstance which made Renard's case much worse. Copée did great miracles. Messire Couard, the hare, who had been shaking with the fever of fear for two days running, by the grace of God was cured of it at Dame Copée's tomb. For he never wished to leave the spot where she was buried, and slept upon the martyr's tomb. And when Ysengrin heard it he said that she was really a martyr and he declared that he had an earache. Roonel, who was his adviser, made him lie down on the tomb, and then he pronounced him cured.

[Renard is sentenced to be hanged, but the King gives him his life on condition that he take the cross and go on a pilgrimage, only he must never return, "for," says the lion, "those who are good when they go away are bad when they come back." Renard consents, for he knows how to escape the punishment.]

Beginning with pure religious enthusiasm and ending in a sordid exhibition of personal greed the Crusades nevertheless brought to Europe an awakening which may well be called a miracle and a blessing. In the East the semi-civilized, stay-at-home crusaders who had been shut up for generations with the unstimulating companionship of selfish broils, came in contact with a civilization rich in artistic production of all sorts. When the westerners returned to France they set about making their own country fair. Great cathedrals were be-

gun, and before the end of the twelfth century Paris was practically rebuilt in the aspiring style that had come to be known as Gothic. Sculpture was wedded to architecture. Of painting there was little; the desire for color took form in the illumination of manuscripts, and in windows of glorious glass which made magnificent the transepts and chancels and naves of the churches that sent their arrow-like spires toward the skies. Literature was an inferior artistic expression at this time, yet the desire for knowledge drove men to take long strides. The eloquence of Abélard, remembered to-day for his love for Héloise rather than for his teaching, had stirred an intellectual as well as moral response in his hearers of the eleventh century. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries his successors, among whom were Duns Scotus and Roger Bacon, led the thinking world in their discussions of theology, philosophy, and science.

Philip Augustus founded the University at Paris; and many others were established in the provinces. Under Saint Louis the Sorbonne came into being. Students flocked to France from the whole of Europe. It was a time of intellectual activity, before the vigorous, simple, self-believing days of feudalism degenerated and carried down with them their vigorous, independent thought.

Almost symbolic of this simple past is VILLEHARDOUIN (1155–1215), whose chronicles were the first original prose productions in French. He narrates events which he himself had seen, touching them with small comment and drawing no conclusions, though his descriptions are lively and amusing. He is the historian of the Fourth Crusade, that early thirteenth century expedition of the soldiers of the cross which never reached the Holy Land but spent its strength in the conquest of Constantinople. Says the chronicler:

After Easter and towards Whitsuntide (June, 1202) began the pilgrims to leave their own country. So they journeyed through Burgundy,

and by the mountains of Mont-Joux by Montcenis, and through Lombardy, and began to assemble at Venice.

THE PILGRIMS LACK MONEY WHEREWITH TO PAY THE VENETIANS

* Thus did Count Lewis and the other barons wend their way to Venice; and they were there received with feasting and joyfully, and took lodging in the Island of St. Nicholas with those who had come before. Goodly was the host, and right worthy were the men. Never did man see goodlier or worthier. And the Venetians held a market, rich and abundant, of all things needful for horses and men. And the fleet they had got ready was so goodly and fine that never did Christian man see one goodlier or finer; as well galleys as transports, and sufficient for at least three times as many men as were in the host.

Ah! the grievous harm and loss when those who should have come thither sailed instead from other ports! Right well, if they had kept their tryst, would Christendom have been exalted, and the land of the Turks abased! The Venetians had fulfilled all their undertakings, and above measure, and they now summoned the barons and counts to fulfil theirs and make payment, since they were ready to start.

The cost of each man's passage was now levied throughout the host; and there were people enough who said they could not pay for their passage, and the barons took from them such moneys as they had. So each man paid what he could. When the barons had thus claimed the cost of the passages, and when the payments had been collected, the moneys came to less than the sum due—yea, by more than one half.

Then the barons met together and said: "Lords, the Venetians have well fulfilled all their undertakings, and above measure. But we cannot fulfil ours in paying for our passages, seeing we are too few in number; and this is the fault of those who have journeyed by other ports. For God's sake therefore let each contribute all that he has, so that we may fulfil our covenant; for better is it that we should give all that we have, than lose what we have already paid, and prove false to our covenants; for if this host remains here, the rescue of the land oversea comes to naught."

Great was then the dissension among the main part of the barons and the other folk, and they said: "We have paid for our passages, and if they will take us, we shall go willingly; but if not, we shall inquire and look for other means of passage." And they spoke thus because they wished that the host should fall to pieces and each return to his own land. But the other party said, "Much rather would we give all that we have and go penniless with the host, than that the host should fall to pieces and fail; for God will doubtless repay us when it so pleases Him."

Then the Count of Flanders began to give all that he had and all that he could borrow, and so did Count Lewis, and the Marquis, and the Count of Saint-Paul, and those who were of their party. Then might you have seen many a fine vessel of gold and silver borne in payment to the palace of the Doge. And when all had been brought together, there was still wanting, of the sum required, 34,000 marks of silver. Then those who

* From the translation by Sir Frank Marzials.

had kept back their possessions and not brought them into the common stock, were right glad, for they thought now surely the host must fail and go to pieces. But God, who advises those who have been ill-advised, would not so suffer it.

THE CRUSADERS OBTAIN A RESPITE BY PROMISING TO HELP THE VENETIANS AGAINST ZARA

Then the Doge spoke to his people, and said unto them: "Signors, these people cannot pay more; and in so far as they have paid at all, we have benefited by an agreement which they cannot now fulfil. But our right to keep this money would not everywhere be acknowledged; and if we so kept it we should be greatly blamed, both us and our land. Let us therefore offer them terms.

"The King of Hungary has taken from us Zara in Sclavonia, which is one of the strongest places in the world; and never shall we recover it with all the power that we possess, save with the help of these people. Let us therefore ask them to help us to reconquer it, and we will remit the payment of the debt of 34,000 marks of silver, until such time as it shall please God to allow us to gain the moneys by conquest, we and they together." Thus was agreement made. Much was it contested by those who wished that the host should be broken up. Nevertheless the agreement was accepted and ratified.

THE DOGE AND A NUMBER OF VENETIANS TAKE THE CROSS

Then, on a Sunday, was assemblage held in the Church of St. Mark. It was a very high festival, and the people of the land were there, and the most part of the barons and pilgrims.

Before the beginning of High Mass, the Doge of Venice, who bore the name of Henry Dandolo, went up into the reading-desk, and spoke to the people, and said to them: "Signors, you are associated with the most worthy people in the world, and for the highest enterprise ever undertaken; and I am a man old and feeble, who should have need of rest, and I am sick in body; but I see that no one could command and lead you like myself, who am your lord. If you will consent that I take the sign of the cross to guard and direct you, and that my son remain in my place to guard the land, then shall I go to live or die with you and with the pilgrims."

And when they had heard him, they cried with one voice: "We pray you by God that you consent, and do it, and that you come with us!"

Very great was then the pity and compassion on the part of the people of the land and of the pilgrims; and many were the tears shed, because that worthy and good man would have had so much reason to remain behind, for he was an old man, and albeit his eyes were unclouded, yet he saw naught, having lost his sight through a wound in the head. He was of a great heart. Ah! how little like him were those who had gone to other ports to escape the danger.

Thus he came down from the reading-desk, and went before the altar, and knelt upon his knees greatly weeping. And they sewed the cross on to a great cotton hat, which he wore, in front, because he wished that

all men should see it. And the Venetians began to take the cross in great numbers, a great multitude, for up to that day very few had taken the cross. Our pilgrims had much joy in the cross that the Doge took, and were greatly moved, because of the wisdom and the valour that were in him.

Thus did the Doge take the cross, as you have heard. Then the Venetians began to deliver the ships, the galleys, and the transports to the barons, for departure; but so much time had already been spent since the appointed term, that September drew near (1202).

THE CRUSADERS LEAVE VENICE TO BESIEGE ZARA

Then were the ships and transports apportioned by the barons. Ah, God! what fine war-horses were put therein. And when the ships were fulfilled with arms and provisions, and knights and sergeants, the shields were ranged round the bulwarks and castles of the ships, and the banners displayed, many and fair.

And be it known to you that the vessels carried more than three hundred petraries and mangonels, and all such engines as are needed for the taking of cities, in great plenty. Never did finer fleet sail from any port. And this was in the octave of the Feast of St. Remigius (October) in the year of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ twelve hundred and two. Thus did they sail from the port of Venice, as you have been told.

On the Eve of St. Martin (10th November) they came before Zara in Sclavonia, and beheld the city enclosed by high walls and high towers; and vainly would you have sought for a fairer city, or one of greater strength, or richer. And when the pilgrims saw it, they marvelled greatly, and said one to another, "How could such a city be taken by force, save by the help of God himself?"

The first ships that came before the city cast anchor, and waited for the others; and in the morning the day was very fine and very clear, and all the galleys came up with the transports, and the other ships which were behind; and they took the port by force, and broke the chain that defended it and was very strong and well-wrought; and they landed in such sort that the port was between them and the town. Then might you have seen many a knight and many a sergeant swimming out of the ships, and taking from the transports many a good war-horse, and many a rich tent and many a pavilion. Thus did the host encamp. And Zara was besieged on St. Martin's Day (11th November 1202).

THE INHABITANTS OF ZARA OFFER TO CAPITULATE, AND THEN DRAW BACK—ZARA IS TAKEN

On the day following the feast of St. Martin, certain of the people of Zara came forth, and spoke to the Doge of Venice, who was in his pavilion, and said to him that they would yield up the city and all their goods—their lives being spared—to his mercy. And the Doge replied that he would not accept these conditions, nor any conditions, save by consent of the counts and barons, with whom he would go and confer.

While he went to confer with the counts and barons, that party, of whom you have already heard, who wished to disperse the host, spoke

to the envoys and said, "Why should you surrender your city? The pilgrims will not attack you—have no care of them. If you can defend yourselves against the Venetians, you will be safe enough." And they chose one of themselves, whose name was Robert of Boves, who went to the walls of the city, and spoke the same words. Therefore the envoys returned to the city, and the negotiations were broken off.

The Doge of Venice, when he came to the counts and barons, said to them: "Signors, the people who are therein desire to yield the city to my mercy, on condition only that their lives are spared. But I will enter into no agreement with them—neither this nor any other—save with your consent." And the barons answered: "Sire, we advise you to accept these conditions, and we even beg of you so to do." He said he would do so; and they all returned together to the pavilion of the Doge to make the agreement, and found that the envoys had gone away by the advice of those who wished to disperse the host.

Then rose the abbot of Vaux, of the order of the Cistercians, and said to them: "Lords, I forbid you, on the part of the Pope of Rome, to attack this city; for those within it are Christians, and you are pilgrims." When the Doge heard this, he was very wroth, and much disturbed, and he said to the counts and barons: "Signors, I had this city, by their own agreement, at my mercy, and your people have broken that agreement; you have covenanted to help me to conquer it, and I summon you to do so."

Whereon the counts and barons all spoke at once, together with those who were of their party, and said: "Great is the outrage of those who have caused this agreement to be broken, and never a day has passed that they have not tried to break up the host. Now are we shamed if we do not help to take the city." And they came to the Doge, and said: "Sire, we will help you to take the city in despite of those who would let and hinder us."

Thus was the decision taken. The next morning the host encamped before the gates of the city, and set up their petraries and mangonels, and other engines of war, which they had in plenty, and on the side of the sea they raised ladders from the ships. Then they began to throw stones at the walls of the city and at the towers. So did the assault last for about five days. Then were the sappers set to mine one of the towers, and began to sap the wall. When those within the city saw this, they proposed an agreement, such as they had before refused by the advice of those who wished to break up the host.

About a century later De Joinville, seneschal of Champagne, wrote in his old age a volume of recollections of Louis IX. He went with the King upon the Crusade of 1248, and he tells with the directness and charm of a simple nature the experiences of the expedition as they touched his companions and especially his master. Louis was his friend as well as his sovereign and their relation was one of frankness

and affection. In the beginning of his Chronicle De Joinville describes

THE PRINCIPAL VIRTUES OF ST. LEWIS

*In the name of God Almighty, I, John, Lord of Joinville, seneschal of Champagne, dictate the life of our holy King Lewis; that which I saw and heard by the space of six years that I was in his company on pilgrimage oversea, and that which I saw and heard after we returned. And before I tell you of his great deeds, and of his prowess, I will tell you what I saw and heard of his good teachings and of his holy words, so that these may be found here set in order for the edifying of those who shall hear thereof.

This holy man loved God with all his heart, and followed Him in His acts; and this appeared in that, as God died for the love He bore His people, so did the king put his body in peril, and that several times, for the love he bore to his people; and such peril he might well have avoided, as you shall be told hereafter.

The great love that he bore to his people appeared in what he said during a very sore sickness that he had at Fontainebleau, unto my Lord Lewis, his eldest son. "Fair son," he said, "I pray thee to make thyself beloved of the people of thy kingdom; for truly I would rather that a Scot should come out of Scotland and govern the people of the kingdom well and equitably than that thou shouldest govern it ill in the sight of all men." The holy king so loved truth, that, as you shall hear hereafter, he would never consent to lie to the Saracens as to any covenant that he had made with them.

Of his mouth he was so sober, that on no day of my life did I ever hear him order special meats, as many rich men are wont to do; but he ate patiently whatever his cooks had made ready, and was set before him. In his words he was temperate; for on no day of my life did I ever hear him speak evil of any one; nor did I ever hear him name the Devil—which name is very commonly spoken throughout the kingdom, whereby God, as I believe, is not well pleased.

He put water into his wine by measure, according as he saw that the strength of the wine would suffer it. At Cyprus he asked me why I put no water into my wine; and I said this was by order of the physicians, who told me I had a large head and a cold stomach, so that I could not get drunk. And he answered that they deceived me; for if I did not learn to put water into my wine in my youth, and wished to do so in my old age, gout and diseases of the stomach would take hold upon me, and I should never be in health; and if I drank pure wine in my old age, I should get drunk every night, and that it was too foul a thing for a brave man to get drunk.

He asked me if I wished to be honoured in this world, and to go into paradise at my death? And I said, "Yes." And he said: "Keep yourself then from knowingly doing or saying anything which, if the whole world heard thereof, you would be ashamed to acknowledge, saying 'I did this,' or 'I said that.'" He told me to beware not to contradict

* From the translation by Sir Frank Marzials.

or impugn anything that was said before me—unless indeed silence would be a sin or to my own hurt—because hard words often move to quarrelling, wherein men by the thousand have found death.

He said that men ought to clothe and arm their bodies in such wise that men of worth and age would never say, this man has done too much, nor young men say, this man has done too little. And I repeated this saying to the father of the king that now is, when speaking of the embroidered coats of arms that are made nowadays; and I told him that never, during our voyage oversea, had I seen embroidered coats, either belonging to the king or to any one else. And the king that now is told me that he had such suits, with arms embroidered, as had cost him eight hundred pounds *parisis*. And I told him he would have employed the money to better purpose if he had given it to God, and had had his suits made of good taffeta (satin) ornamented with his arms, as his father had done.

BIRTH AND CORONATION OF ST. LEWIS

In the name of God Almighty, we have, hereinbefore, written out a part of the good words and of the good teachings of our saintly King Lewis, so that those who read may find them set in order, the one after the other, and thus derive more profit therefrom than if they were set forth among his deeds. And from this point we begin, in the name of God and in his own name, to speak of his deeds.

As I have heard tell he was born on the day of St. Mark the Evangelist, after Easter (25th April 1214). On that day crosses are, in many places, carried in procession, and, in France, these are called black crosses; and this was as it were a prophecy of the great number of people who were to die in the two Crusades, viz., that of Egypt, and the other, in which he himself died, at Carthage, whereby there were great mournings in this world, and many great rejoicings in paradise for such as in these two pilgrimages died true Crusaders.

He was crowned on the first Sunday in Advent (29th November, 1226). The beginning of the mass for that Sunday runs: *Ad te levavi animam meam*, and what follows after; and this means, "Fair Lord God, I shall lift up my soul to thee, I put my confidence in thee." In God had he great confidence from his childhood to his death; for when he died, in his last words, he called upon God and His saints, and specially upon my lord St. James and my lady St. Geneviève.

When the King took the cross his lords followed his example in great numbers. The chronicler tells

HOW THE CRUSADERS EMBARK, AUGUST, 1248

In the month of August we entered into our ship at the Roche-de-Marseille. On the day that we entered into our ship, they opened the door of the ship and put therein all the horses we were to take oversea; and then they reclosed the door, and caulked it well, as when a cask is sunk in water, because, when the ship is on the high seas, all the said door is under water.

When the horses were in the ship, our master mariner called to his

seamen, who stood at the prow, and said: "Are you ready?" and they answered, "Aye, sir—let the clerks and priests come forward!" As soon as these had come forward, he called to them, "Sing, for God's sake!" and they all, with one voice, chanted: "*Veni Creator Spiritus.*"

Then he cried to his seamen, "Unfurl the sails, for God's sake!" and they did so.

In a short space the wind filled our sails and had borne us out of sight of land, so that we saw naught save sky and water, and every day the wind carried us further from the land where we were born. And these things I tell you, that you may understand how foolhardy is that man who dares, having other's chattels in his possession, or being in mortal sin, to place himself in such peril, seeing that, when you lie down to sleep at night on shipboard, you lie down not knowing whether, in the morning, you may find yourself at the bottom of the sea.

At sea a singular marvel befell us; for we came across a mountain, quite round, before the coast of Barbary. We came across it about the hour of vespers, and sailed all night, and thought to have gone about fifty leagues; and, on the morrow, we found ourselves before the same mountain; and this same thing happened to us some two or three times. When the sailors saw this, they were all amazed, and told us we were in very great peril; for we were nigh unto the land of the Saracens of Barbary.

Then spake a certain right worthy priest, who was called the Dean of Maurupt; and he told us that never had any mischance occurred in his parish—whether lack of water, or overplus of rain, or any other mischance—but so soon as he had made three processions, on three Saturdays, God and His mother sent them deliverance. It was then a Saturday. We made the first procession round the two masts of the ship. I had myself carried in men's arms, because I was grievously sick. Never again did we see the mountain; and on the third Saturday we came to Cyprus.

Here is one of the crusaders' experiences in Egypt:

GREEK FIRE HURLED AGAINST THE TOWERS THAT GUARDED THE COVERED WAYS

One night when we were keeping guard over the towers that guarded the covered ways, it happened that the Saracens brought an engine called a petrary, which they had not hitherto done, and put Greek fire into the sling of the engine. When my Lord Walter of Ecurey, the good knight who was with me, saw it, he spoke thus: "Lords, we are in the greatest peril that we have ever been in, for if they set fire to our towers and we remain here we are but lost and burnt up; while if we leave these defences which we have been set to guard, we are dishonoured. Wherefore none can defend us in this peril save God alone. So my advice and counsel is, that every time they hurl the fire at us, we throw ourselves on our elbows and knees, and pray to our Saviour to keep us in this peril."

So soon as they hurled the first cast, we threw ourselves on our elbows and knees as he had taught us. That first cast fell between our two towers guarding the covered ways. It fell on the place in front of us, where the host had been working at the dam. Our firemen were ready to put out the fire; and because the Saracens could not shoot straight

at them, because of two pavilion wings that the king had caused to be set up, they shot up into the clouds, so that the darts fell on the firemen's heads.

The fashion of the Greek fire was such that it came frontwise as large as a barrel of verjuice, and the tail of fire that issued from it was as large as a large lance. The noise it made in coming was like heaven's thunder. It had the seeming of a dragon flying through the air. It gave so great a light, because of the great foison of fire making the light, that one saw as clearly throughout the camp as if it had been day. Three times did they hurl Greek fire at us that night (from the petraries), and four times with the swivel crossbow.

Every time that our saintly king heard them hurling the Greek fire, he would raise himself in his bed, and lift up his hands to our Saviour, and say, weeping: "Fair Lord God, guard me my people!" And verily I believe that his prayers did us good service in our need. At night, every time the fire had fallen, he sent one of his chamberlains to ask how we fared, and whether the fire had done us any hurt.

Once when they hurled it at us, the fire fell near the tower which the people of my Lord of Courtenay were guarding, and struck the bank of the stream. Then, look you, a knight, whose name was l'Aubigoiz, came to me, and said, "Lord, if you do not come to our help we shall all be burned; for the Saracens have shot so many of their shafts that it is as if a great hedge were coming burning against our tower." We sprang up, and went thither, and found he spoke sooth. We put out the fire, and before we had put it out, the Saracens had struck us all with shafts that they shot across the stream.

Marking the advent of the new subjective spirit in life and letters is the composition of the "ROMANCE OF THE ROSE," begun in the middle of the thirteenth century by GUILLAUME DE LORRIS and finished forty years later by JEAN DE MEUNG. The plot, as blocked out by de Lorris, follows the idea of Ovid's "Art of Love." It relates the difficulties of the Lover, symbolizing Love, in winning the Rose, symbolizing Beauty. Evils—Hypocrisy, Hatred, Jealousy and the like—oppose the Lover, while working for him are Youth and Generosity and Courtesy and their friends. The course of true love ran with its usual roughness, and before the lover could win his bride the second author undertook the recital of his fortunes and introduced an entirely new tone to the story. For several thousand lines Jean de Meung wrote on such themes as were of interest to a scholar of his time. Philosophical and scientific discussion,

and a liberality of allusions to classical literature make it a sort of compendium of the learning of the day, while its elevated moral and religious tone, its common sense, and its worldly wisdom placed it among the popular guides to living for the next three centuries. All France knew it and quoted it and even Chaucer wrote a translation of over seven thousand lines. Following is de Lorris's description of

* THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

In heart of man
Malice she plants, and labor, and pain;
One hour caresses, and smiles, and plays;
Then as suddenly changes her face:
Laughs one moment, the next she mourns;
Round and round her wheel she turns,
All at her own caprice and will.
The lowest ascends and is raised until
He who was highest was low on the ground,
And the wheel of fortune has quite turned round.

Here is Jean de Meung's idea of a gentleman:

* Let him who gentleman would be,
From sloth and idleness keep free;
In arms and study be employed,
So that not too much trust be laid
In woman's faith. So may he steer
Of this great danger wholly clear.

Know all, that gentle blood may bring
No benefit, or any thing,
Except what each man's worth may give.
Know, also, none of all that live
Can ask for honor, praise or blame,
By reason of another's name.

* Translated by Walter Besant.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN THE PRINTING PRESS CAME

THE thirteenth century stands out as the most brilliant in France's mediæval history. It achieved that position chiefly through the strength of two forceful kings, Philip Augustus, who ruled from 1180 to 1223, and Louis IX—St. Louis—whose reign lasted from 1226 to 1270. Such long periods of power gave opportunity for the development of any policy pushed perseveringly, and both these men worked toward a definite end. Philip's policy was twofold. First, he wanted to enlarge his territory, which was then but a small part of its present size—and in his time Normandy was conquered, the crusade against the Albigenses reduced not only the city of Albi but a large part of southern France, and Flanders fell to the royal sword. He wanted to increase his personal authority—and he took various measures to check the power of the barons and the clergy, while at the same time encouraging the free towns with their middle class devoted to his interests. Philip's methods were dictated by a desire to fulfill the vision of a united kingdom that no king of France had seen since Charlemagne; St. Louis, more single-minded than his grandfather, pursued similar methods of concentration because it was his sincere belief that the welfare of his people was bettered the more the power was centralized in the royal person.

Apart from the personalities of Philip and of Louis, the century had in itself certain qualities that make for brilliancy. It was a time of high thought and of sincere belief. Feudalism and chivalry still meant loyalty and uplift, and the call

of the crusades was a summons to sacrifice for righteousness' sake. It was an age of ideals that fostered art in its every expression.

The beginning of the fourteenth century found France restless under the selfish misrule of a weak king who was seeking at every step to thwart the barons, to wring money from the clergy and to use the middle class as a tool to aid him now against one, now against the other of his civil foes. Pope Boniface entered into Philip The Fair's quarrel with the clergy, and by way of strengthening himself against the Holy Father the king, in 1302, summoned to the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris the First National Assembly. It was called the "States General," because, for the first time in the history of any such body in France it included not only representatives from the nobles and clergy but also from the Third Estate, the citizens of towns (burghers or bourgeois). Had this establishment been allowed to develop like the House of Commons in England the cruel climax of the eighteenth century might, perhaps, have been averted, but in the space of nearly five centuries between the founding of the States General and the outbreak of the Revolution the Assembly was summoned but thirteen times. Even when it did convene the system of voting by classes allowed the nobles and clergy, who were naturally allied against the commonalty, to outvote it in every instance.

Philip's quarrel with the church led to the enforced residence of the popes for seventy years at Avignon where they could be under the king's supervision, and to the destruction of the Order of the Knights Templars, originally founded to protect pilgrims to the Holy Land and now abundantly rich in estates which the king coveted.

Because of their possessions in France the English kings had long been vassals of the French kings, and when Charles IV died, leaving no heir, his nephew, Edward III of England,

claimed the throne. This demand was the long awaited excuse for a declaration of hostilities and in 1357 the Hundred Years' War began.

Its weary length was marked by a few outstanding events —the battle of Crecy, where gunpowder was used for the first time, won by the English over the French mercenary troops imported from Italy; the siege of Calais, whose fall gave the English an ever-open entrance to France; the battle of Poitiers, in which the Black Prince captured King John and sent him to London; the battle of Agincourt which in its after effects won for Henry V a French wife and for their son a French crown.

This coronation availed the English nothing, however, for the real French king, Charles VII, aided by Jeanne Darc of Domremy, defeated the English and their allies, the Burgundians, and the victories so heartened the French that they swept their foes from the country with only Calais left to show for all their conquests.

The condition of any land which is the scene of war is bound to be one of wretchedness, and for five score years France knew a misery seemingly unending. Her fields were devastated, robbers roamed unchecked, the armies consumed the little that was raised, and plague followed famine, while uncertainty as to the movements of the enemy and civil dissensions stirred a constant ferment of anxiety. On the peasant, nicknamed Jacques Bonhomme, fell, as always, the greatest suffering, and in the middle of the century he rose against his masters in an insurrection—the Jacquerie—that gained for him at home nothing but greater suffering, though he won the sympathy of his kind in England where Wat Tyler headed an insurrection a few years later, and in Germany where the story of the peasant uprising betrays the same condition of feudal cruelty.

This was the century that produced Chaucer and Wycliffe

in England and Huss in Germany. France has no such names to boast. This period followed the richest years of the middle ages, but its busy happenings left little time for the pursuit of anything but war and necessarily falls far below its predecessor in artistic excellence as it does in general spirit. A certain youthful courage and brilliancy evident in the earlier feudal days grew depressed and bedraggled as the royal authority increased; the political gains of the bourgeois were but nominal; the peasants were wretched. Under such circumstances there could be no originality; the arts drooped, painting almost ceasing to exist, architecture entering upon the decadence of the Gothic which resulted in the over-elaboration of the Flamboyant style, and letters showing hardly more than a few serious writers, and a few singers from among those invincibly light-hearted people who will be cheerful no matter what happens.

The best known literary name of the fourteenth century is FROISSART (1337–1411). He was a historian of the old school, a chronicler pure and simple, who did not search for causes and did not draw conclusions, but set down events as they happened. To such a writer perspective is not necessary. He can speak as well of the war going on around him as of peace—better, perhaps, for its events are less complex. It must have seemed to Froissart that the world was full of fighting, for he was born in the year when war was declared with England, he never knew France at peace, and he lived long in England, while Edward III was struggling with Scotland. He tells it all in simple, direct narrative that paints a vivid picture. Here is his account of the capture of the French King John at the battle of Poitiers.

* The English continued the pursuit of the enemy even to the city of Poitiers, where there was great slaughter, both of men and horses, for the inhabitants had shut the gates, and would suffer none to enter. The Lord

* Translated by Johnes; adapted by Dunster.

of Pons, a powerful baron of Poitou, was there slain. During the whole engagement the Lord de Chargny, who was near the king, and carried the royal banner, fought most bravely; the English and Gascons, however, poured so fast upon the king's division, that they broke through the ranks by force, and in the confusion the Lord de Chargny was slain, with the banner of France in his hand. There was now eagerness manifested to take the king; and those who were nearest to him, and knew him, cried out, "Surrender yourself, surrender yourself, or you are a dead man." In this part of the field was a young knight from St. Omer, engaged in the service of the King of England, whose name was Denys de Morbeque; for three years he had attached himself to the English, on account of having been banished from France in his younger days for a murder committed during an affray at St. Omer. Now it fortunately happened for this knight, that he was at the time near to the King of France, to whom he said in good French, "Sire, sire, surrender yourself." The king, who found himself very disagreeably situated, turning to him asked, "To whom shall I surrender myself? Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales? if I could see him I would speak to him." "Sire," replied Sir Denys, "he is not here; but surrender yourself to me, and I will lead you to him." "Who are you?" said the king. "Sire, I am Denys de Morbeque, a knight from Artois; but I serve the King of England because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I possessed there." The king then gave him his right-hand glove, and said, "I surrender myself to you."

The Prince of Wales, who was as courageous as a lion, took great delight that day in combating his enemies. Sir John Chandos, who was near his person, and indeed had never quitted it during the whole of the engagement, nor stopped to make any prisoners, said to him towards the end of the battle, "Sir, it will be proper for you to halt here, and plant your banner on the top of this bush, which will serve to rally your forces, as they seem very much scattered; for I do not see any banners or pennons of the French, or any considerable bodies able to rally against us, and you must refresh yourself a little, for I perceive you are very much heated." Upon this the banner of the prince was placed on a high bush, the minstrels began to play, and the trumpets and clarions to do their duty. The prince took off his helmet, and the knights attendant on his person were soon ready, and pitched a small pavilion of crimson colour, which he entered. As soon as the prince's marshals were come back, he asked them if they knew anything of the King of France. They replied, "No, sir, nothing for a certainty, but we believe he must be either killed or made prisoner, since he has never quitted his battalion." The prince, then addressing the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cobham, said,

"I beg of you to mount your horses and ride over the field, so that on your return you may bring me some certain intelligence respecting him." The two barons immediately mounting their horses left the prince, and made for a small hillock that they might look about them; from this position they perceived a crowd of men-at-arms on foot, advancing very slowly. The King of France was in the midst of them, and in great danger, for the English and Gascons had taken him from Sir Denys de Morbeque, and were disputing who should have him; some bawling out, "It is I that have got him;" "No, no," replied others, "we have him." The king, to escape from this perilous situation, said, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, I pray you to conduct me and my son, in a courteous manner, to my cousin the prince, and do not make so great a riot about my capture, for I am a great lord, and I can make all sufficiently rich." These words, and others which fell from the king, appeased them a little; but the disputes were always beginning again, and the men did not move a step without rioting. When the two barons saw this troop of people they descended from the hillock, and sticking spurs into their horses, made up to them. On their arrival they asked what was the matter, and were informed that the King of France had been made prisoner, and that upwards of ten knights and squires challenged him at the same time as belonging to each of them. The two barons then pushed through the crowd by main force, and ordered all to draw aside. They commanded in the name of the prince, and under pain of instant death, that every one should keep his distance, and none approach unless ordered so to do. All then retreated behind the king, and the two barons, dismounting, advanced to the royal prisoner with profound reverence, and conducted him in a peaceable manner to the Prince of Wales.

Lord James Audley had not long left the prince's presence, when the Earl of Warwick and Lord Reginald Cobham entered the pavilion and presented the King of France to him. The prince made a very low obeisance to the king, and gave him all the comfort as he was able. He ordered wine and spices to be brought, which, as a mark of his great affection, he presented to the king himself.

Thus was this battle won, as you have heard related, on the plains of Maupertuis, two leagues from the city of Poitiers, on the 19th day of September, 1356. The victory brought much wealth to the English, for there were large quantities of gold and silver plate, and rich jewels in the French camp. Indeed, the loss on the part of the French was very great; besides the king, his son Lord Philip, seventeen earls, and others who were taken prisoners, it is reported that five or six thousand were left dead on the field. When evening came the Prince of Wales enter-

tained his royal prisoner at supper with marked attention. The next day the English left Poitiers and advanced to Bordeaux, where they passed the winter in feasting and merriment. In England, when the news arrived of the battle of Poitiers, and of the defeat of the French, there were great rejoicings, solemn thanksgivings were offered up in all the churches, and bonfires made in every town and village.

If, however, the kingdom of England and its allies were much delighted at the success of their armies, and the capture of the King of France, that realm was sorely troubled and vexed, and, indeed, it had good cause to be so; all the flower of its chivalry was gone, and the three sons of the king who escaped the battle were so young and inexperienced that they were quite unfit to govern. Many conferences were held respecting the state of public affairs, and much distress and discontent were manifested. At length the three estates resolved to choose each twelve counsellors, who should confer together for the better government of the kingdom, and send out men-at-arms, to stop, if possible, the ravages of the English. In an encounter with these troops the brave Sir Godfrey de Harcourt met his death. When winter was over and the season was sufficiently advanced for travelling, the prince made preparations for quitting Bordeaux, and for conducting the French king and his principal prisoners to England, leaving behind him several of his own knights to guard the cities and towns which he had taken. After a long and tedious voyage he and his retinue, together with the captured monarch, arrived at Sandwich, disembarked, and proceeded to Canterbury. When the King of England was informed of this, he gave orders to the citizens of London to make such preparations as were suitable for the reception of so mighty a person as the King of France.

The prince and his royal charge remained one day at Canterbury, where they made their offerings to the shrine of St. Thomas, and the next morning proceeded to Rochester, the third day to Dartford, and the fourth to London, where they were received with much honour and distinction. The King of France, as he rode through London, was mounted on a white steed, with very rich furniture, and the Prince of Wales on a little black hackney by his side. The palace of the Savoy was first appropriated to the French king's use; but soon after his arrival he was removed to Windsor Castle, where he was treated with the greatest possible attention, and hunting, hawking, and other amusements were provided for him.

Froissart's gift for verse-making has been mentioned before. Here is a triolet of his composition.

* Take time while yet it is in view,
For fortune is a fickle fair,
Days fade and others spring anew;
Then take the moment still in view
What boots to toil and cares pursue?
Each month a new moon hangs in air:
Take then, the moment still in view
For fortune is a fickle fair.

Like Froissart in the variety of her talents is CHRISTINE DE PISAN. She, too, was a historian, she wrote verse, she took Jean de Meung to task for his aspersions upon the character of women in the "Romance of the Rose," she wrote essays of a didactic tone. Born in Venice in 1363 she spent her life at the court of France after she was five years old. She was widowed at twenty-five and thereafter supported herself by her pen. A quaint old print shows her inspired in her writing by the virtues of Reason, Honesty, and Justice, and another portrays her in the act of presenting one of her books to King Charles VI. Here is an example of her verse.

RONDEL

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

I live in hopes of better days,
And leave the present hour to chance,
Although so long my wish delays,
And still recedes as I advance;
Although hard fortune, too severe,
My life in mourning weeds arrays,
Nor in gay haunts may I appear,
I live in hopes of better days.

Though constant care my fortune prove,
By long endurance patient grown,
Still with the time my wishes move,
Within my breast no murmur known:
Whate'er my adverse lot displays,
I live in hopes of better days.

* From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe."

A manuscript letter addressed to Queen Isabel of Bavaria is preserved in the National Library at Paris, and gives an instance of Christine de Pisan's didactic expression.

Again I tell you that just as the queen of heaven, mother of God, is called mother of all chastity, so ought every wise and good queen to be called mother and comforter, and advocate of her subjects and her people. Alas! who would be so hard a mother as to endure, unless she had a heart of stone, seeing her children half-killed and shedding each other's blood and maiming and tearing their poor members, and then seeing strange enemies fall upon them unawares to persecute them mightily and seize their heritages. For there is no doubt that the enemies of the kingdom, delighted at this adventure, would come from abroad with a large army to annihilate them. Ah, God, what a distress that so noble a kingdom should be destroyed and that such chivalry should perish! And, alas, how true it is that the poor must pay for sins of which they are innocent, and that the poor little sucklings and small children should cry after their weary mothers, widowed and griefstricken, dying of hunger; and that they, deprived of their property, should have nothing wherewith to appease them; whose voices as the Scriptures relate in several places, through very pity pierce the heavens before just God and bring down vengeance upon those who are the cause of it.

Contemporary with Froissart and Chaucer was EUSTACHE DESCHAMPS (1340–1410), a man of obscure birth, but well educated, who became attached to the person of Charles V. His poetry, written in all the much-loved lyric forms, gives an admirable picture of the daily living of the time, deploring the laziness of young men, the frivolity of women, and the intrusive characteristics of mothers-in-law. In the king he saw every virtue. That he could be both graceful and didactic the poems below testify.

ASCENSION DAY

(Translated by Walter Besant)

When shall the day be, of all the year,
The day that the maidens may call their own,
When everyone in her newest gear,
The gayest ribbons, the richest gown,
Laughter and joy shall give to the town?

'Tis in the spring, so bright and gay,
In the pleasantest month, the Month of May,
And the maidens' day is Ascension Day.

On this day of the joyous Spring,
Should every maiden be dressed in green,
When at break of day the Church bells ring;
Spread out the feast with napkins clean;
Let all the Spring's best gifts be seen;
Spread out the feast with flowers gay;
'Tis the pleasantest month, the month of May,
And this is Ascension, the maidens' day.

Beauty the maidens typify;
Spring's simple food, our hearts' content;
The napkins white, our purity;
The green grass, friendship's firmament;
The flowers their joyousness have lent.
All perfect joy doth come with May;
Blithely sing and dance so gay,
For this is Ascension, the maidens' day.

DUTY OF WORK

(Translated by Walter Besant)

In lover or in Knighthood; in fray or in hall;
In labor afield at the plough or the tree;
In robe of the judge, or as king over all,
In coarse dress of toil on the shore or the sea;
Be it far—be it near—the conclusion of toil,
Let each bear his burden the length of his day,
Nor for weariness' sake let his handiwork spoil;
Do all that thou hast to do, happen what may.

Deschamps is also the author of the famous fable of the mice who want to bell the cat.

Out of the misery and the horror of the fourteenth century and the first part of the fifteenth, the latter half of the fifteenth century emerged with happier prospects for growth than might have been expected. The triumphant ending of the Hundred Years' War (1453) renewed the courage and

hope of the people, and in the blessed calm of peace they did not see the increase of power which had come to the king through several channels. Feudal custom had made the sovereign dependent upon his barons for the furnishing of soldiers for the army, but towards the end of the long war Charles VII did what Diaz did in Mexico when he established the Rural Police—he converted into a standing army the robbers and adventurers who were preying upon the country, thus giving them a legitimate outlet for their energy and providing himself with a force which made him independent of the lords. Further, the ranks of the nobility had been greatly depleted during the war, and many estates had fallen into the crown, while the king was also made the guardian of many minors whose fathers had fallen on the field, and he thus gained control of their persons and their property. The three classes of people, nobles, clergy, and bourgeois, were politically distinct, but the feeling of unity which began when the crusades brought the pilgrims in contact with other nations grew into a national sentiment when many of the districts of France were fighting together against a common foe.

With Louis XI, whose reign of twenty-two years followed soon after the declaration of peace, the modern history of France really begins because his methods were modern. He was beset on all sides by foreign enemies and by rebellious nobles, and to the crude and open methods that were a relic of feudalism he opposed the less obvious, the more subtle methods of a mind fertile in schemes, farseeing and none too honest. After a long struggle he practically consolidated France, standing triumphantly upon the ruins of famous houses which he had destroyed. The lower classes trusted him, for he made good roads and protected them so that travel was safe and trade encouraged. To him must be given the credit of establishing a postoffice of a restricted sort, and of trying to have uniform weights and measures. Mentally

alert himself he encouraged like ability in others and was democratic in his bestowal of favors upon worth rather than position. He established universities, he encouraged the art of engraving, which had been discovered in 1423; he permitted three Germans who had learned how to print from Gutenberg himself to establish their presses at the Sorbonne in 1469, five years before Caxton printed the first book in England. When the capture of Constantinople by the Turks dispersed the students of the East he welcomed into the University the learned men who came to Paris, and encouraged the "new learning" which was rather the "novel" learning since it was but the classics whose introduction to the West was a novelty.

Under Louis's successor, Charles VIII, the peasantry gained representation in the States General, so that after 1484 the Third Estate means bourgeois and peasant combined. This same king began the expeditions into Italy which were of little political importance, but which brought to France that knowledge of Italian art and letters which later changed her whole artistic expression.

At the end of the century came the discovery of the New World, touching every imagination to dreams of mysterious lands and gallant adventures.

It is natural that the literary output of this troubled time should not be great—should be less, if anything, than that of the first part of the struggle with England because the country was exhausted mentally as well as physically by war and civil dissension. There were long chronicles, interesting to the student of history; there were some moral reflections for which the circumstances of the day gave ample excuse; there was oratory, both clerical and lay, provoked by these same circumstances; there was a new stage of the romance, more suggestive of the modern novel, though without any psychological element as yet; and there were the lyric poets who

sang through thick and thin and whose reward came in the fame that has kept their names alive for five centuries.

Among these poets ALAIN CHARTIER (1390–1457) holds an honored place, more for the elevation of his sentiments and the loftiness of his expression than for his workmanship. He wrote on love, on patriotism, and on moral themes, and he achieved an enormous popularity. Tradition has it that Margaret of Scotland, married to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI, once kissed him as he slept, explaining to her attendants that she was not drawn by his external attractions —he was called the ugliest man in France—but that she wished to salute the mouth "whence had issued such golden words."

Chaucer is believed to have made this translation of Chartier's

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY

The bordes were spread in right little space,
The ladies sat each as hem seemed best,
There were no deadly seruants in the place,
But chosen men, right of the goodliest:
And some there were, perauenture most freshest,
That saw their judges full demure,
Without semblaunt, either to most or lest,
Notwithstanding they had hem vnder cure.

Emong all other, one I gan espy,
Which in great thoughtful often came and went,
As one that had been rauished vtterly:
In his language not greatly diligent,
His countenance he kept with great turment,
But his desire farre passed his reason,
For euer his eye went after his entent,
Full many a time, whan it was no season.

To make chere sore himselfe he pained,
And outwardly he fained great gladnesse,
To sing also by force he was constrained,
For no pleasaunce, but very shamefastnesse:

For the complaint of his most heauinesse
Came to his voice, alway without request,
Like as the soune of birdes doth expresse,
Whan they sing loud in frith or in forrest.

Other there were that serued in the hall,
But none like him, as after mine aduise,
For he was pale, and somewhat lean withall,
His speech also trembled in fearfull wise,
And auer alone, but whan he did seruise,
All blacke he ware, and no deuise but plain:
Me thought by him, as my wit could suffise,
His herte was nothing in his own demain.

To feast hem all he did his dilligence,
And well he coud, right as it seemed me,
But euermore, whan he was in presence,
His chere was done, it nolde none other be:
His schoolemaister had such auchthorite,
That, all the while he bode still in the place,
Speake could he not, but upon her beautie
He looked still with a right pitous face.

. . . . . .

To this lady he came full courtisly,
Whan he thought time to dance with her a trace,
Set in an herber, made full pleasantly,
They rested hem fro theno but a little space:
Night hem were none of a certain compace,
But onely they, so farre as I coud see:
Saue the traile, there I had chose my place,
There was no more between hem two and me.

. . . . . .

Full oftentimes to speak himself he pained,
But shamefastnesse and drede said euer nay,
Yet at the last, so sore he was constrained
Whan he full long had put it in delay,
To his lady right thus than gan he say,
With dredeful voice, weeping, half in a rage:
"For me was purueyed an unhappy day,
Whan I first had a sight of your visage!"

Chartier's prose style was better than his verse and won him the nickname of the "Father of Eloquence." He allows himself a wide range in prose, from an allegory wherein the Nobility, the Clergy, the Commonalty and the Peasantry discuss the Hundred Years' War to a "Book of Four Ladies" who have lost their lovers in different ways at the battle of Agincourt and who confer as to which is, in consequence, the most miserable.

Owing to this same battle France lost to England for thirty years a most graceful poet in CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS (1391–1465), father of Louis XII. Charles diverted the years of his captivity by writing verse of the lighter lyric forms, and after his return to France he gathered about him in Blois a group of writers of congenial tastes. Here is a

SONG

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

Wilt thou be mine? dear love, reply,—
Sweetly consent, or else deny;
Whisper softly, none shall know,—
Wilt thou be mine, love? ay or no?

Spite of fortune we may be
Happy by one word from thee:
Life flies swiftly; ere it go,
Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?

*THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES

(Addressed to his deceased wife, who died at the age of twenty-two)

To make my lady's obsequies
  My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
  Was sung by doleful thought;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
  That light and odor gave:

* Translated by Henry Francis Cary.

And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
  Eulumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
  Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
  The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
  Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both his hands
  Her goodly substance made
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint
  When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
  So virtuous deemed by all,—
  That in herself was so complete
  I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his paradise,
  And with his saints to reign;
Whom while on earth each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;
  All soon or late in death shall sleep;
  Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

Andrew Lang offers this translation of a

SPRING SONG

The year has changed his mantle cold
  Of wind, of rain, of bitter air;
And he goes clad in cloth of gold,
  Of laughing suns and season fair;

No bird or beast of wood or wold
But doth with cry or song declare
The year lays down his mantle cold.
All founts, all rivers, seaward rolled,
The pleasant summer livery wear,
With silver studs on broidered vair;
The world puts off its raiment old,
The year lays down his mantle cold.

Of a Norman poet entirely different in tone from the serious Chartier or the chivalrous Charles of Orleans our own Longfellow sang

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill
On the stone
These words alone:
"OLIVER BASSELIN lived here."

Basselin (who died in 1419) was the author of drinking songs called Vaux de Vire from which comes the word *vaudeville*, of quite different modern meaning.

Longfellow's comment seems to be the common opinion of this rude, jovial singer of the coarse joys of the people, who, nevertheless, had a human tenderness that made him beloved.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs
Were not songs of that high art
Which, as winds do in the pine
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

If Basselin's verses tell the truth he had a phenomenal

capacity, and if one may draw a conclusion from the subjects of his poems, he had but one idea in his head.

*VAU DE VIRE

Adam (notorious this, I think)
  Had not been in such sorry state
  When so fatally he ate,
He rather taken had to drink

Which is the cause why I avoid
  To be a gourmand in my food;
'Tis true that I know what is good
In wine, when wine is unalloyed.

So that whenever I may sit
  In some repast—expecting work,
  I far more curiously look
At the buffet than at the spit.

The eye marks what the heart holds dear;
  Too much I may have looked upon
  A full glass: if not emptied soon
It will not be a glass of Vire.

Incomparable as a ballad writer, and sharing with Charles of Orleans the title of "first of the moderns" is VILLON (1431–1480), the "sad, bad, glad, mad brother" of Swinburne's poem. Of a temperament that lent itself to every excess and that led him, if not to the actual commission of crime, at any rate to be laid under such strong suspicion that he was at one time sentenced to be hanged, he had also the creative side of such emotional impulsiveness. His verses are rhythmic, musical, and accurate, his confessions are touching, his simplicity winning, and his humor truly mirthful. A strain of sadness betrays his consciousness of weakness, yet its presence does not mar the spontaneity that marks alike the grisly "Ballade of the Hanged," the "Ballade

*Translated by Elizabeth Lee in "The Humour of France." Courtesy of Chas. Scribner's Sons, American publishers.

of Old Time Ladies," quoted in another chapter, or the touching

BALLADE THAT VILLON MADE AT THE REQUEST OF HIS MOTHER AS A PRAYER TO OUR LADY

(Translated by Walter Besant)

Queen of the skies, and regent of the earth;
Empress of all that dwells beneath;
Receive me, poor and low, of little worth,
Among thy chosen after death.
Nothing I bring with me; nothing I have:
But yet thy mercy, Lady, is as great
As all my sum of sins: beyond the grave,
Without thy mercy, none can ask of fate
To enter heaven; and without guile or lie
I in thy faith will faithful live and die.

Only a woman, humble, poor, and old;
Letters I read not; nothing know;
But see in church with painted flames of gold
That Hell where all the wicked go:
And, joyous with glad harps, God's Paradise.
One fills my heart with fear; one with delight
For sinners all may turn repentant eyes
To thee, O Lady, merciful and bright,
With faith down-laden—without guile or lie
I in thy faith will faithful live and die.

Though born a quarter of a century after the Hundred Years' War had ended, PIERRE GRINGORE or Gringoire (1475–1545) evidently saw enough of war's ill effects still remaining about him to make him an ardent apostle of peace. He wrote vehemently on all subjects moral and didactic and so searchingly and so acutely that he has been called the Voltaire of his day—but on no subject is he more ardent or more wise than in his discussion of "Peace and War." The end of this really uplifting poem, unusual indeed in that pugnacious period, serves also as his signature.

* G lory to Jesus all mankind should give.
R emember well His noble deeds and high;
I nto this world He entered, here to live
N ot struggling as men do. He did decry
G reat war, and wrought for man's release.
O noble Duke and Prince of all Lorraine,
R eigning in peace, seeing in war a stain,
E steemed is he who keeps his land in peace.

More important in his day than any of the other men of letters in this century was PHILIPPE DE COMMYNES (1445–1509), a seigneur of Flemish birth, who was first attached to the Burgundian court and then went over to Louis XI. Under Louis's son, Charles VIII, he felt the pain of royal fickleness for he was imprisoned for eight months in a cage. After this incident he was returned to favor, however, and was devoted to the king's service.

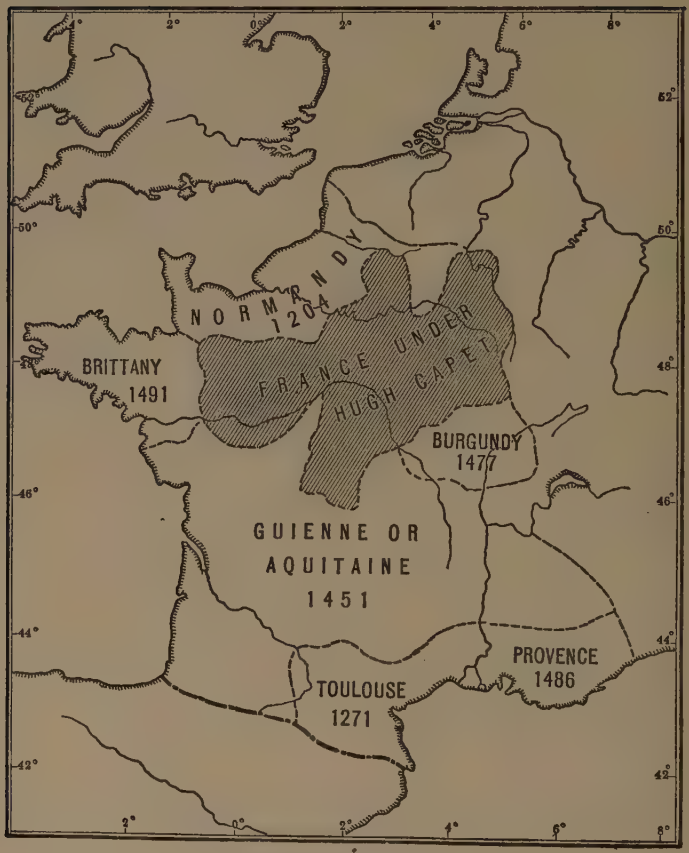
In his public life Commynes was a diplomat. His private work was the writing of such history as France had not known before—history that examined causes, that sought out meanings, that made explanations. With him history had a philosophy and a psychology and it wore a profoundly moral aspect. Comparison of this brief quotation below with Villehardouin or De Joinville or Froissart will show that the writing of history in France took on a new aspect with the advent of Philippe de Commynes.

THE LIMITS OF A PRINCE'S POWER

Is there a king or lord on earth who has the power, outside his own domain, to lay a penny's tax upon his subjects, without granting some concession and gaining the consent of those who must pay it, except he do so by tyranny or violence? It might be urged that there are times when he should not wait for the assembly because it would delay matters too long. There is no need of haste, in beginning or carrying on war and there is enough time for that: and I tell you that kings and princes are all the stronger when they undertake it with the consent of their subjects,

* Translated by J. Ravenel Smith.

and they are more feared by their enemies. And when it comes to defending themselves and a cloud rises in the distance, especially from a foreign country, good subjects should not begrudge or refuse anything, and no emergency should be so sudden that it would not be possible to summon some supporters. I know well that it costs money to defend frontiers and to guard the country round about out of wartime, to prevent surprise, but the whole thing must be done in moderation, and the good sense of a wise prince guides him in all such matters; for if he is good he knows God and what the world demands, and what he must do and what he may leave undone.



GROWTH OF FRANCE

From the Close of the 10th to the Close of the 15th Century

The shaded portion shows the part of France directly ruled by Hugh Capet. The dates mark the time when the provinces or dukedoms became possessions of the crown.

CHAPTER V

THE CENTURY OF BEGINNINGS—THE SIXTEENTH

NEVER in the history of the world have people encountered so much that was new and surprising to spur the imagination as did the folk of western Europe in the sixteenth century. We who have lived in the nineteenth century are accustomed to think, and with truth, that we have seen marvels in the epoch-making developments of machinery and in the manifold applications of steam and of electricity; but the fields which they have opened are insignificant when compared to those whose wonders were revealed by the invention of printing, and the discoveries of the monotonous poles are unstimulating beside the discovery of the New World, whose varied wealth had existed before that time only in mythological speculation.

The influx of knowledge and of letters and of scholarly men that had been moving from the East to the West ever since the days of the first crusade had swollen tremendously with the downfall of Constantinople, and the sixteenth century found the schools and universities of the West alive with teachers and speakers who brought with them a store of classical learning, some of which the West had forgotten but most of which it never had known.

Beside the classical richness and buoyancy of spirit the brutality and the meagerness of the social life and the asceticism of the church life of the Middle Ages seemed bare and unlovely. Instant response was made to this new mental appeal. Art no longer took its subjects from tales of the sufferings which had won canonization for physically ugly

martyrs, but painted the ripe loveliness of worldly beings enjoying themselves in truly pagan abandon. Architecture renewed the classic outlines and redeemed the over-elaborate decoration of the flamboyant style by a return to the simple and dignified directness of the forms of early Greece and Rome. Disputants ceased arguing over the number of angels who could dance upon the point of a needle, chroniclers found fruitful models in the historians of ancient days, translators reaped an ample harvest from the new-found manuscripts of drama and romance, and satirists were led to a keener observation of their own time.

In France the political situation was one to provoke attention in an observer of government. Under Francis the First, who came to the throne in 1515, the royal power reached the highest point of concentration which it had yet attained. The nobles were no longer independent, and while they, with the clergy and the third estate were represented in the States General, as a matter of fact that assembly was called together so infrequently that it had almost no opportunity even to try to check the will of the sovereign.

The change from feudal life, where every baron lived by himself with his own retinue about him, to a condition where such armed independence was neither necessary nor allowed, produced an alteration in social life. Francis established a court, gathering about him the nobility with their wives and daughters, and all the men of literary and artistic ability throughout the kingdom.

The king himself was not only alert in the wars which he pushed into Italy and in his struggle against the pretensions of the emperor, Charles V—he was also alive to the quickening of the Renaissance in all its aspects. Writers, architects, and artists knew that his regard might be counted upon for the material support of their activities. What he had seen in Italy gave him a spur toward the attainment of new

knowledge and new beauties for the benefit of his kingdom. The discovery of America opened new opportunities for commerce of which he took advantage by encouraging the building of ships and their equipment by traders and explorers.

The Renaissance was the rebirth of the classic; the Humanist movement was the shift of admiration from the ascetic to a more human attitude toward life and art. In addition to these stimulating and enriching influences there came into the sixteenth century a force making for independence of thought. This was the Reformation. The seed of the Reformation was sown when the invention of printing permitted the Bible to be distributed among the people, who read it more attentively, and, through their new knowledge of the classics, more intelligently than had been possible before. With greater knowledge came questionings as to the interpretations which had been placed upon the Book by the church. Beside the revolt against current theological teachings there was grave disapproval of the manner of life of the clergy, and within the church itself there was protest against misuse of money and of power. Martin Luther, a German monk, led the attack. The movement became popular throughout the West, sowing seeds of bitterness and strife which caused France many decades of civil war.

Like Luther in Germany, John Calvin was the leader of reformed thought in France. Practically exiled, he sent forth his writings from Geneva. His "Institutes of the Christian Religion" was an explanation of Protestantism addressed to his king, Francis I.

Indirect agents of the development of the Reformation were two men, Rabelais and Montaigne, whose names are not associated with what would be called religious writing, though they must be classed as moral teachers. Rabelais was the Dean Swift of France, a satirical, far-seeing, coarse and caustic commentator upon the life of his day. In his

tales of the family of giants, Gargantua and Pantagruel and their kin, he painted in allegory the changing attitude of society. Incidentally his burlesque of the old "romance" changed that form of literature into a more modern aspect, and at the same time his use of phrases from classic literature made merry over the craze of the moment. He had been a monk before he became a physician, and while he wrote his stories to entertain his patients, he seized the opportunity to rail vehemently at the life and the practices of the monks.

In quite another literary field Montaigne subtly undermined the old philosophical teachings by his essays, whose themes always revolved about the question, "What do I know?" Brilliant, suave, intelligent, learned, clever, he did more than any other writer, even Calvin, to arouse independence of thought in the great body of the people.

The latter half of the sixteenth century was given over to the most horrible of dissensions, that which is not only a quarrel between brothers, but is also a quarrel on the most hate-inspiring of subjects, religion.

Francis I had been succeeded by his son, Henry II. His wife was Catherine de Medici, whose Italian sympathies were, of course, with the Catholics. Her son, Francis II, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, died after only a year's reign, and Catherine was regent during the minority of her next son, Charles IX. She chose for her adviser Michel de l'Hôpital, a Catholic of broad mind, but even his strength was unable to prevent the friction between the old party and the new. A civil war broke out, the most awful event of which was the massacre of the Protestants—the Huguenots—on Saint Bartholomew's Day, whose slaughter filled Charles's dying moments with the agony of remorse. Henry III, who followed his brother Charles, was quite incompetent to manage either his own party, the Catholics, who were still controlled by the once Italian family of the Guises, or the

Protestants, who were led by the House of Navarre. Henry was assassinated, and by a strange turn of fortune, a Protestant monarch came to the throne in the person of Henry of Navarre, who ruled as Henry IV. He won the battle of Ivry, so vigorously sung by Macaulay, but in order to gain Paris he became a Catholic, declaring that "so fair a city was well worth a mass." His sympathy with the Protestants induced him, however, to issue the Edict of Nantes, which gave the Huguenots their long-sought rights.

Henry's diplomatic attitude toward both parties won him the united love of his people, and the country was regaining its prosperity under his encouragement of commerce, agriculture, and industry, when (in 1610) he met his death by the poignard of an assassin.

The literature of this vivid period must be looked at as the product of the three influences which have been detailed—the Renaissance, the Humanist movement, and the Reformation. With the exception of a few out-standing names such as Rabelais, Calvin, and Montaigne, among prose writers, and Marot and Ronsard among poets, the roster for the hundred years is not important. Men were too busy to write during those decades of learning and thinking and fighting, but the century must, nevertheless, be considered as one in which the seeds were sown for the remarkable fruitage in every literary form during the seventeenth century, the "Great Century" of French literature. For this reason the sixteenth may be looked upon as a century of beginnings. Certain it is that the French language in its present form and French literature in its modern aspects, began under Francis I.

Commynes was mentioned in the previous chapter because he lived in the fifteenth century. His work, however, was not published until after his death, so that its influence properly belongs in the sixteenth century. Undoubtedly it received at that later day a more cordial welcome than it would have

won for its author in his lifetime, for he was, without question, in advance of his period.

RABELAIS (1495–1553) was a product of all three of the influences of the century. His humor will be noted in the following extracts, and it may readily be seen that it would win for him, as for our own "Mr. Dooley," an eager audience who would drink in the philosophy with the fun.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS

(From "Half Hours with the Best French Authors")

I have often heard it said as a common proverb, that a wise man may be taught by a fool. If you are not perfectly satisfied with the replies of the wise man, take counsel of a fool; it may be that, by so doing, you will get an answer more to your mind.

At Paris, in the house of the Petit-Chastelet, before the cook-shop of one of the roast-meat sellers, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread in the steam of the roast meat, and found it, so seasoned, extremely savoury. The cook took no notice. At last, when all the bread was devoured, the cook seized him by the collar, and wanted him to pay for the smell of the meat. The porter said that he had sustained no loss at all, that he had taken nothing of his, and that he owed him nothing. As for the smell in question, it had been steaming out into the street, and in this way was wasted; such a thing as selling the smell of roast meat in the street had never been heard of in Paris. The cook replied that the smell of his meat was not meant to feed porters, and swore that if he did not pay he would take away his truck. The porter seized his cudgel and prepared to defend himself.

The altercation became serious. The idle people of Paris ran together from all parts to witness the dispute. Thither, à propos, came Seigni Joan, the fool, a citizen of Paris. Seeing him, the cook said to the porter, "Shall we refer our difference to the noble Seigni Joan?" "Agreed," replied the porter. Then Seigni Joan, having heard the cause of their quarrel, commanded the porter to take a piece of money from his belt. The porter put a Philippus in his hand. Seigni Joan took it and put it on his left shoulder, as if to try its weight; then made it ring on the palm of his left hand, as if to hear if it was good; then placed it close to his right eye, as if to see if it was properly stamped. While all this was done the idle people waited in profound silence, the master in steady expectation and the porter in despair. At last he made it ring on the

counter several times. Then with presidential majesty, holding his bauble in his hand as if it were a sceptre, and muffling his head in a hood of martin skins, each side of which resembled an ape's face, with ears of paper plaited in points, first coughing two or three times, he said in a loud voice, "The court decrees that the porter who has eaten his bread in the fumes of the roast meat, has paid the cook according to law, with the sound of his money. The said court ordains that each retire to his own house without costs." And this sentence of the Parisian fool appeared so equitable, in fact so admirable to the above-named doctors, that they doubted, if the matter had been brought before the Parliament of the said place, even before the Areopagites, to be decided, if it would have been settled more legally. So, consider if you will take counsel from a fool.

*THE STORM

The next day we passed on the right hand side of a huge boat laden with Monks, Jacobins, Jesuits, Capuchins, Hermits, Augustins, Bernardines, Celestines, Theatins, Egnatins, Amadeans, Cordeliers, Carmelites, Minims, and other holy men of religion who were on their way to the council of Chesil to discuss the articles of faith against the new heretics. Seeking them, Panurge waxed exceeding joyful, as if assured of all good fortune during that day and other subsequent days for a long time. And having courteously saluted the blessed fathers and commended the salvation of his soul to their devout prayers and especial appeals, he had seventy-eight dozen hams, a number of jars of caviar, some tons of sausages, hundreds of salted mullet's eggs and two thousand fine cheeses thrown into their boat for the souls of the dead. Pantagruel remained thoughtful and melancholy. Brother John noticed it and was inquiring whence came such unusual sadness, when the pilot, observing the fluttering of the pennant on the stern and foreseeing a mighty storm and a fresh tempest, ordered everybody to be on the alert, sailors, stewards, cabin boys, and the rest of us travellers, too; he shortened the sails, had the bowlines made taut, the foremast and the topmast strengthened, the great mizzenmast lowered, and almost all the yards stowed. Suddenly the sea began to swell and to rage from its deepest abysses; huge waves beat against our vessel's sides; the northwest wind was accompanied by an unbridled hurricane, dark water spouts, and terrible whirlwinds, and deadly squalls whistled through our yards; the heavens on high thundered and rumbled, lightened, rained, hailed; the atmosphere lost its clearness, and became opaque, cloudy and dark, so that no other

* From "Pantagruel."

light appeared to us than that of thunder bursts, lightning flashes and the tearing of flaming clouds. . . . You can imagine that this seemed to us like chaos of old, beneath which were fire, air, sea, land, all the elements in turbulent confusion.

Panurge, having handsomely feasted the scavenger fish with the contents of his stomach, lay on the deck in a state of deep affliction, thoroughly used up and half dead; he called to his aid all the blessed saints, male and female, vowed to confess at an early opportunity, then cried out in great fear, saying, "Steward, here, friend, father, uncle, bring me a bit of salt pork; it looks to me as if presently we should have only too much to drink. Soon I shall eat little and drink much. Would to God and the blessed, worthy and holy Virgin that now, at once, I might be at my ease on *terra firma!* O thrice happy and even fourfold are they who plant cabbages! O Fates, why did you not spin my thread as a planter of cabbages! Oh how small is the number of those to whom Jupiter has granted this favor, that he has destined them to plant cabbages! For they always have one foot on land and the other not far from it. Quarrel over happiness and the sovereign good as you will, but he who plants cabbages is hereby, by my decree, pronounced superlatively happy, with much better reason than Pyrrhus, who, being in like danger to ours and seeing near the river bank a pig eating garbage that had been thrown out there, declared him to be very happy for two reasons, first, because he had garbage in abundance, and then, especially because he was on land. Ha! for a godlike and lordly manor there is nothing like a cow shed! This wave will sweep us away, O God our Savior! O friends! Vinegar, I beg! I am sweating and fainting. Alas, the sails are torn, the galley is smashed, the yard rings are cracking, the topmast is dipping in the sea; the keel is turned to the sun, our ropes are almost all broken. Alas, alas, where are our bowlines? All is lost, by Heaven! Our mast is by the board. Alas, whose will be this wreck? Friends, stretch me out here behind the taffrail. Children, your lantern has fallen. Alas, do not abandon the discharge pipe from the pumps nor the handle thereof. I hear the pump's barrel shuddering. Is it broken? For Heaven's sake, let's save the stays and not worry about the bolts. * Bebebe, *bous, bous, bous.* Look at the needle of your compass, for pity's sake, master Starlover, and see whence this tempest has come upon us. Upon my word, I am thoroughly frightened. *Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous.* It's all over with me. *Bou, bou, bou, bou. Otto to to to to ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bous, bous.* I am drowning. I am drowning. I am dying, good folk, I am dying.

* Burlesque on animal sounds in Aristophanes' "Frogs."

Independence of thought marked CALVIN (1509–1563) both as man and theologian. With comparatively little moderation his doctrine has held to the present day; his style is clear and decisive. These qualities, together with his logic, are evident in the appeal which he made to King Francis for a righteous judgment on the truths which he asserted and on the people who believed them.

Seeing that the fury of certain wicked men was so aroused in your Kingdom that it had left no opportunity for any sound doctrine, it seemed to me expedient to make this book serve as much for the instruction of those who in the first place I was eager to teach, as also for a confession of faith to you: that you might know what the doctrine is against which those who are disturbing your Kingdom today by fire and sword are so furiously inflamed with such rage. For I shall have no shame in confessing that I have here comprised a summary, as it were, of that same doctrine which they think ought to be punished by prison, banishment, proscription and fire; and which they declare ought to be driven away from land and sea. Well do I know with what horrible tales they have filled your ears and your heart to make our cause hateful to you; but you must consider according to your clemency and gentleness that there would be no innocence in words or deeds if accusations were all. Certainly if some one, to rouse hatred against this doctrine in whose behalf I am obliged to address you, presents the argument that it is already condemned by the common consent of all classes, that it has had several decrees declared against it, he will say nothing more weighty than that it has been, on the one hand, violently opposed by the power and the conspiracy of its opponents, on the other maliciously oppressed by their lies, deceits, calumnies and treachery. By force and violence, cruel judgments have been pronounced against it before it has been defended. By deceit and treachery it has been accused causelessly of sedition and evil-doing. That no one may think that we are complaining of these things without reason, you yourself can bear witness, Sire, by the number of false slanders it has daily brought to your ears; it is clear that it has no other purpose than to ruin all government and system, to disturb peace, to abolish law, to disperse seigneuries and possessions, in short, to throw everything into confusion. And nevertheless you hear but the smallest part of it all. For they spread horrible reports about it among the people which, if true, would rightly compel every one to believe it and its authors worthy of a thousand fires and a

thousand gibbets. Who will wonder now why it is so hated by everybody since they give credence to wicked detractions? That is the reason why all classes with one accord are in a conspiracy to condemn both us and our doctrine. Those who are appointed to judge it, because they are charmed and delighted with such an idea, give as their decision the opinion that they brought with them from home and they think that they have acquitted themselves handsomely of their duty if they do not condemn any one to death, especially those who either on their own admission or on the testimony of others, are converted [to the doctrine]. "But for what crime are they condemned?" "For this damnable doctrine," is the reply. "For what reason is it 'damnable'?" Now this was the contention of the defense—that the doctrine was not disavowed but was supported as true. Here freedom of speech is forbidden. For such causes, I do not ask unreasonably, Sire, that you will deign to inform yourself thoroughly concerning this belief, which, until now, has been in a state of confusion, unordered, and marked by impetuous ardor rather than by judicial moderation and gravity.

MONTAIGNE (1533–1592) was a man of position who served his city as mayor, his king at court, himself in his study, and the thinking world from his day to ours through the intelligence and good sense of his philosophy. His education was unusual and he reaped its fruits in a broad love of knowledge and in an ability to draw from his reading a wealth of illustrations for the enlightenment of his serious Essays. Serious they are, yet their high moral tone is penetrated by a style so easy, so flowing, and so logical, and his subjects are chosen and treated with such variety that their teaching is the essence of tact and their sermonizing a thing to be desired. He was beloved in his own time—so beloved that during the civil wars both Catholics and Protestants left him untouched. His influence over writers of later generations has had a distinct effect upon French letters, and he is read today not as a curiosity of literature or philosophy but for the living merit of his thought.

The essay form allows its author to free his mind on every subject on which he cares to comment, and Montaigne made

ample use of his privilege. Here are a few pages from his outline of a desirable education, advocating a method much more in accordance with the notions of the twentieth century than was the system in vogue in the sixteenth. His account of the conduct of a school ruled by the rod reads like the activities of Mr. Squeers and his ilk but a generation ago. Today we are recognizing the expediency, if nothing else, of the feather instead of the "willow switch" whose use Montaigne deplores.

EXTRACT FROM THE ESSAY ENTITLED "OF THE INSTITUTION AND EDUCATION OF CHILDREN; TO THE LADIE DIANA OF FOIX, COUNTESS OF GURSON."

(Translated by John Florio in 1603)

Madame, Learning joyned with true knowledge is an especiall and gracefull ornament, and an implement of wonderfull use and consequence, namely in persons raised to that degree of fortune, wherein you are. And in good truth, learning hath not her owne true forme, nor can she make shew of her beauteous lineaments, if she fall into the hands of base and vile persons. She is much more readie and fierce to lend her furtherance and direction in the conduct of a warre, to attempt honorable actions, to command a people, to treat a peace with a prince of forraine nation, than she is to forme an argument in Logick, to devise a Syllogisme, to canvase a case at the barre, or to prescribe a receit of pills. So (noble Ladie) forsomuch as I cannot perswade my selfe, that you will either forget or neglect this point, concerning the institution of yours, especially having tasted the sweetnesse thereof, and being descended of so noble and learned a race. For we yet possesse the learned compositions of the ancient and noble Earles of *Foix*, from out whose heroicke loynes your husband and you take your of-spring. And *Francis* Lord of *Candale* your worthie uncle, doth daily bring forth such fruits thereof, as the knowledge of the matchlesse qualitie of your house shall hereafter extend it selfe to many ages; I will therefore make you acquainted with one conceit of mine, which contrarie to the common use I hold, and that is all I am able to affoord you, concerning that matter. The charge of the Tutor, which you shall appoint your sonne, in the choice of whom consisteth the whole substance of his education and bringing-up; on which are many branches depending, which (forasmuch as I can adde nothing of any moment to it) I will not touch at all. And for that point, wherein I presume to advise him, he may so far forth give credit unto it, as he shall see just cause. To a gentleman borne of noble parentage, and heire of a house, that aymeth at true learning, and in it would be disciplined, not so much for gaine or commoditie to himselfe (because so abject an end is far unworthie the grace and favour of the Muses, and besides,

hath a regard or dependencie of others) nor for externall shew and ornament, but to adorne and enrich his inward minde, desiring rather to shape and institute an able and sufficient man, than a bare learned man. My desire is therefore, that the parents or overseers of such a gentleman be very circumspect, and carefull in chusing his director, whom I would rather commend for having a well composed and temperate braine, than a full stuft head, yet both will doe well. And I would rather prefer wisdome, judgement, civill customes, and modest behaviour, than bare and meere literall learning; and that in his charge he hold a new course. Some never cease brawling in their schollers eares (as if they were still pouring in a tonell) to follow their booke, yet is their charge nothing else, but to repeat, what hath beene told them before. I would have a tutor to correct this part, and that at first entrance, according to the capacitie of the wit he hath in hand, he should begin to make shew of it, making him to have a smacke of all things, and how to chuse and distinguish them, without helpe of others, sometimes opening him the way, other times leaving him to open it by himselfe. I would not have him to invent and speake alone, but suffer his disciple to speake when his turne commeth. *Socrates*, and after him *Arcesilaus*, made their schollers to speak first, and then would speake themselves. *Most commonly the authoritie of them that teach hinders them that would learne.* CICERO, *De Natura Rerum.*

It is therefore meet, that he make him first trot-on before him, whereby he may the better judge of his pace, and so guesse how long he will hold out, that accordingly he may fit his strength: for want of which proportion, we often marre all. And to know how to make a good choice, and how far forth one may proceed (still keeping a due measure) is one of the hardest labours I know. It is a signe of a noble, and effect of an undanted spirit, to know how to second, and how far forth he shall condescend to his childish proceedings, and how to guide them. As for my selfe, I can better and with more strength walke up, than downe a hill. Those which according to our common fashion, undertake with one selfe-same lesson, and like maner of education, to direct many spirits of divers formes and different humours, it is no marvell if among a multitude of children, they scarce meet with two or three, that reap any good fruit by their discipline, or that come to any perfection. I would not only have him to demand an accompt of the words contained in his lesson, but of the sense and substance thereof, and judge of the profit he hath made of it, not by the testimonie of his memorie, but by the witnesse of his life. That what he lately learned, he cause him to set forth and pourtray the same into sundrie shapes, and then to accommodate it to as many different and severall subjects; whereby he shal perceive, whether he have yet apprehended the same, and therein enfeoffed himselfe, at due times taking his instruction from the institution given by *Plato*. It is a signe of cruditie and indigestion for a man to yeeld up his meat, even as he swallowed the same: the stomacke hath not wrought his full operation, unlesse it have changed forme, and altered fashion of that which was given him to boyle and concoct.

Our minde doth move at others pleasure, as tyed and forced to serve the fantasies of others, being brought under by authoritie, and forced to stoope to the lure of their bare lesson; wee have beene so subjected to harpe upon one string, that we have no way left us to descant upon volun-

tarie: our vigor and libertie is cleane extinct. *They never come to their owne tuition.* It was my hap to bee familiarlie acquainted with an honest man at *Pisa,* but such an *Aristotelian,* as he held this infallible position; that a conformitie to *Aristotles* doctrine was the true touchstone and squire of all solide imaginations, and perfect veritie; for, whatsoever had no coherencie with it, was but fond *Chimeraes,* and idle humours; in asmuch as he had knowne all, seene all, and said all. This proposition of his, being somewhat over amply and injuriously interpreted by some, made him a long time after to be troubled in the inquisition of *Rome.* I would have him make his scholler narrowly to sift all things with discretion, and harbour nothing in his head by meere authoritie, or upon trust. *Aristotles* principles shall be no more axiomes unto him, than the Stoikes or Epicurians. Let this diversitie of judgments be proposed unto him, if he can, he shall be able to distinguish the truth from falsehood, if not, he will remaine doubtfull.

> No lesse it pleaseth me,
> To doubt, than wise to be.
> DANTE, *Inferno,* canto xii. 48.

For if by his owne discourse he embrace the opinions of *Xenophon,* or of *Plato,* they shall be no longer theirs, but his. He that meerely followeth another, traceth nothing, and seeketh nothing: *We are not under a Kings command, every one may challenge himselfe, for let him at least know that he knoweth.* SENECA, *Epistles* xxxiii. It is requisite he endevour as much to feed himselfe with their conceits, as labour to learne their precepts; which, so he know how to applie, let him hardly forget, where, or whence he had them. Truth and reason are common to all, and are no more proper unto him that spake them heretofore, than unto him that shall speake them hereafter. And it is no more according to *Platoes* opinion, than to mine, since both he and I understand and see alike. The Bees doe here and there sucke this, and cull that flower, but afterward they produce the hony, which is peculiarly their owne, then is it no more Thyme or Majoram. So of peeces borrowed of others, he may lawfully alter, transforme, and confound them, to shape out of them a perfect peece of worke, altogether his owne; alwaies provided, his judgement, his travell, studie, and institution tend to nothing, but to frame the same perfect. Let him hardly conceale, where, or whence he hath had any helpe, and make no shew of any thing, but of that which he hath made himselfe. Pirates, filchers, and borrowers, make a shew of their purchaces and buildings, but not of that which they have taken from others: you see not the secret fees or bribes Lawyers take of their Clients, but you shall manifestly discover the alliances they make, the honours they get for their children, and the goodly houses they build. No man makes open shew of his receits, but every one of his gettings. The good that comes of studie (or at least should come) is to prove better, wiser, and honester. It is the understanding power (said *Epicharmus*) that seeth and heareth, it is it, that profiteth all, and disposeth all, that moveth, swayeth, and ruleth all: all things else are but blind, senselesse, and without spirit. And truly in barring him of libertie to doe any thing of himselfe, we make him thereby more servile and more coward. Who would ever enquire of his scholler what he thinketh of Rhetorike, of

Grammar, of this, or of that sentence of *Cicero?* Which things throughly fethered (as if they were oracles) are let flie into our memorie; in which both letters and syllables are substantiall parts of the subject. To know by roat is no perfect knowledge, but to keep what one hath committed to his memories charge, is commendable: what a man directly knoweth, that will he dispose of, without turning still to his booke, or looking to his pattern. A meere bookish sufficiencie is unpleasant. All I expect of it, is an imbellishing of my actions, and not a foundation of them, according to *Platoes* mind, who saith, constancie, faith, and sinceritie, are true Philosophie; as for other Sciences, and tending else-where, they are but garish paintings. I would faine have *Paluel* or *Pompey*, those two excellent dauncers of our time, with all their nimblenesse, teach any man to doe their loftie tricks, and high capers, only with seeing them done, and without stirring out of his place, as some Pedanticall fellowes would instruct our minds without moving or putting it in practice. And glad would I be to find one, that would teach us how to manage a horse, to tosse a pike, to shoot-off a peece, to play upon the lute, or to warble with the voice, without any exercise, as these kind of men would teach us to judge, and how to speak well, without any exercise of speaking or judging. In which kind of life, or as I may terme it, Prentiship, what action or object soever presents it-selfe unto our eies, may serve us in stead of a sufficient booke. A prettie pranke of a boy, a knavish tricke of a page, a foolish part of a lackey, an idle tale or any discourse else, spoken either in jest or earnest, at the table or in companie, are even as new subjects for us to worke-upon: for furtherance whereof, commerce or common societie among men, visiting of forraine countries, and observing of strange fashions, are verie necessary, not only to be able (after the manner of our yong gallants of *France*) to report how many paces the Church of *Santa Rotonda* is in length or breadth, or as some do, nicely to dispute how much longer or broader the face of *Nero* is, which they have seene in some old ruines of *Italie*, than that which is made for him in other old monuments elsewhere. But they should principally observe, and be able to make certaine relation of the humours and fashions of those countries they have seene, that they may the better know how to correct and prepare their wits by those of others. I would therefore have him begin even from his infancie to travell abroad; and first, that at one shoot he may hit two markes, he should see neighbour-countries, namely where languages are most different from ours; for, unlesse a mans tongue be fashioned unto them in his youth, he shall never attaine to the true pronuntiation of them, if he once grow in yeares. Moreover, we see it received as a common opinion of the wiser sort, that it agreeth not with reason, that a childe be alwaies nuzzled, cockered, dandled, and brought up in his parents lap or sight; forsomuch as their naturall kindnesse, or (as I may call it) tender fondnesse, causeth often, even the wisest to prove so idle, so over-nice, and so base-minded. For parents are not capable, neither can they find in their hearts to see them checkt, corrected, or chastised, nor indure to see them brought up so meanly, and so far from daintinesse, and many times so dangerously, as they must needs be. And it would grieve them to see their children come home from those exercises, that a Gentleman must necessarily acquaint himselfe with, sometimes all wet and bemyred, other times

sweatie, and full of dust, and to drinke being either extreme hot, or exceeding cold; and it would trouble them to see him ride a rough-untamed horse, or with his weapon furiously incounter a skilfull Fencer, or to handle and shoot-off a musket; against which there is no remedy, if he will make him prove a sufficient, compleat, or honest man: he must not be spared in his youth; and it will come to pass, that he shall many times have occasion and be forced to shocke the rules of Physicke.

Leade he his life in open aire,
And in affaires full of despaire.
HORACE i, *Odes*, ii, 4

It is not sufficient to make his minde strong, his muskles must also be strengthened: the minde is over-borne if it be not seconded: and it is too much for her alone to discharge two offices. I have a feeling how mine panteth, being joyned to so tender and sensible a bodie, and that lieth so heavie upon it. And in my lecture, I often perceive how my Authors in their writings sometimes commend examples for magnanimitie and force, that rather proceed from a thicke skin and hardnes of the bones. I have knowne men, women, and children borne of so hard a constitution, that a blow with a cudgell would lesse hurt them, than a filip would doe me, and so dull and blockish, that they will neither stir tongue nor eye-browes, beat them never so much. When wrestlers goe about to counterfeit the Philosophers patience, they rather shew the vigor of their sinnewes, than of their heart. For the custome to beare travell, is to tolerate griefe: *Labour worketh a hardnesse upon sorrow.* CICERO. Hee must be enured to suffer the paine and hardnesse of exercises, that so he may be induced to endure the paine of the colicke, of cauterie, of fals, of sprains, and other diseases incident to mans bodie: yea, if need require, patiently to beare imprisonment, and other tortures, by which sufferance he shall come to be had in more esteeme and accompt: for according to time and place, the good as well as the bad man may haply fall into them; we have seen it by experience. Whosoever striveth against the lawes, threats good men with mischiefe and extortion. Moreover, the authoritie of the Tutor (who should be soveraigne over him) is by the cockering and presence of the parents, hindred and interrupted: besides the awe and respect which the houshold beares him, and the knowledge of the meanes, possibilities, and greatnesse of his house, are in my judgement, no small lets in a young Gentleman. In this schoole of commerce, and societie among men, I have often noted this vice, that in lieu of taking acquaintance of others, we only endevour to make our selves knowne to them: and we are more ready to utter such merchandize as we have, than to ingrosse and purchase new commodities. Silence and modestie are qualities verie convenient to civil conversation. It is also necessary, that a young man be rather taught to be discreetly-sparing, and close-handed, than prodigally-wastfull and lavish in his expences, and moderate in husbanding his wealth when he shall come to possesse it. And not to take pepper in the nose for every foolish tale that shal be spoken in his presence, because it is an uncivil importunity, to contradict, whatsoever is not agreeing to our humour: let him be pleased to correct himself.

Montaigne tells us with engaging frankness what he thinks about old writers and modern and his criticisms are shrewd and well-balanced. His praise of Paris is widely quoted.

I am not unmindful of the fact that I am never so rebellious against France as not to look kindly on Paris. She has had my heart since my childhood, and it has happened to me, as it usually does with excellent things, that the more I have seen other cities, the more the beauty of this one has won my affection; I love her for herself, more for what she is alone than when she is decked with elegancies from abroad. I love her tenderly, even her scars and stains; I am French only as I belong to this great city, great in population, great in the good fortune of her situation; but especially great and incomparable in the variety and diversity of her commodities. She is the glory of France and one of the noblest ornaments of the world. May God drive strife far from us! One and united, I find her unassailable by other violence; I warn her that of all conditions, that will be the worst which will plunge her into discord, and I urge her to fear nothing except herself, and to fear for herself as much, surely, as for any other part of these states. As long as it lasts I shall not be without a retreat for my extremity, sufficient to make me lose desire for any other retreat.

Toward the end of the century FRANCIS DE SALES (1567–1622), bishop of Geneva, wrote doctrinal and meditative treatises which mark the advent of more peaceful days in the religious controversy. He was a favorite with Henry of Navarre, who had something of the prelate's catholicity of spirit, and the gentleness and spirituality of his appeal have made him read and beloved even to the present time. His style is winning, his illustrations drawn from nature, his tone both tender and elevated.

FROM TREATISE ON THE LOVE OF GOD

He who has listened for some time to the pleasant morning warbling from the neighboring thickets of many canaries, linets, gold finches, and other small birds, and hears at last a nightingale fill the air with the perfect melody of his wonderful voice, doubtless prefers this single hedgerow songster to the whole feathered flock. In like manner, after hearing all the praises which so many different creatures vie with each other to

offer to their Creator, when at last one hears that of the Savior, one finds in it a certain infinity of merit, of value, of suavity which surpasses all hope or expectation of the heart, and then the soul, as if awakened from a deep sleep, is suddenly ravished by the extreme sweetness of such a melody.

"Ah, I hear it, Oh the voice, the voice of my well-beloved," the voice which is queen of all voices, the voice beside which other voices are but a dumb and mournful silence.

"Father of French letters" was the title given to FRANCIS I (who reigned from 1515–1547) in recognition of his encouragement of literature. He summoned scholars to court and he established the College of France for the study of Greek. He watched the progress of letters with a jealous as well as approving eye, for he established a censorship which passed upon the publication of all books, and he even decreed the execution of two writers who disobeyed his ordinances. His own pen was not inapt. Here is his

EPITAPH ON AGNES SOREL

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

Here lies entombed the fairest of the fair:
To her rare beauty greater praise be given,
Than holy maids in cloistered cells may share,
Or hermits that in deserts live for heaven!
For by her charms recovered France arose,
Shook off her chains, and triumphed o'er her foes.

Francis's sister, MARGUERITE OF VALOIS (1492–1549) Queen of Navarre, gathered about her a group of writers, not brilliant, but graceful and earnest. Marguerite herself was a woman of extraordinary ability, the mistress of many languages, the author of tender verse and dashing prose, a Catholic friend of Protestants, and an influential adviser of Francis, whom she loved with more than sisterly tenderness. At his death she wrote

* 'Tis done, a father, mother, gone,
A sister, brother, torn away,
My hope is now in God alone,
Whom heaven and earth alike obey.
Above, beneath, to him is known,—
The world's wide compass is his own.

I love,—but in the world no more,
Nor in gay hall or festal bower;
Not the fair forms I prized before,—
But Him, all beauty, wisdom, power,
My Saviour, who has cast a chain
On sin and ill and woe and pain!

I from my memory have effaced
All former joys, all kindred, friends;
All honors that my station graced
I hold but snares that fortune sends;
Hence! joys by Christ at distance cast,
That we may be his own at last!

Modelled on Boccaccio's "Decameron" is Marguerite's "Heptameron," the story of the seven days' diversions of a party of travellers. Here are two of the stories.

FIFTY-FIFTH TALE

The widow of a merchant carries out her husband's will, interpreting its meaning to the advantage of herself and her children.

In the town of Saragossa there was a rich merchant, who, seeing that death was approaching and that he could no longer keep his property, which he had acquired, perhaps, in wicked ways, thought that by making some trifling gift to God, he would, after his death, make amends in part for his sins; as if God gave pardon for money! And when he had ordered the affairs of his house, he said that he wished that a fine Spanish horse that he had should be sold for as large a sum as possible and the money given to the poor, begging his wife that she should not fail, as soon as he was dead, to sell the horse and to distribute this money according to his direction.

When the burial was over and the first tears had fallen, the wife, who

* From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe."

was not any more foolish than Spanish women usually are, approached the servant who had heard his master's wish with her.

"It seems to me that I have met a sufficient loss in the person of the husband whom I loved so dearly without losing his property now. I do not want to disobey his command but rather to carry out his purpose in a better way; for the poor man, led by the avarice of the Priests, thought he would make a great sacrifice to God by giving after his death a sum of which, as you know, he would not have given a crown during his lifetime, even for extreme need. Therefore, I have decided that we will do what he ordered at his death and even better than he would have done if he had lived a fortnight longer, but no one in the world must know anything about it."

And, when she had the servant's promise to keep it secret, she said to him: "You will go forth to sell his horse, and to anyone who asks you 'How much?' you will say: 'One ducat;' but I have an especially fine cat which I wish to offer for sale, too, and you will sell it at the same time for ninety-nine ducats, so that cat and horse together will yield the hundred ducats for which my husband expected to sell the horse alone."

The servant promptly carried out his mistress's command and, as he was leading his horse through the square, holding his cat in his arms, a certain gentleman who had previously seen the horse and wished to own him, asked the man how much he wanted for him.

"One ducat," the fellow answered.

"Don't jest, I beg," the gentleman returned.

"I assure you, sir," said the servant, "that he will cost you but one ducat. It is true that the purchaser must buy the cat, too, and I must have ninety-nine ducats for him."

At once the gentleman, who considered that he had a reasonable bargain, paid him promptly one ducat for the horse and the remainder as he had requested, and led off his purchase.

On his part, the servant carried away the money, over which his mistress was highly delighted, and did not fail to give the ducat for which the horse had been sold to the Poor Mendicants, as her husband had commanded, and kept the remainder for the benefit of herself and her children.

FIFTY-SEVENTH TALE

For seven years an English Lord was in love with a lady without daring to tell her about it, until one day, when he was gazing at her in a meadow, he lost all color and all control of expression through a sudden palpitation of the heart that seized him; then she, showing her pity for

him, at his request laid her gloved hand over his heart. He pressed it so ardently while telling her of the love that he had long borne her, that where she had laid her hand her glove remained. Later he enriched it with precious stones and fastened it upon his doublet on the side of his heart, and was so truly and worthily her servant that he never asked any greater privilege.

King Louis XI sent to England as his ambassador Lord de Montmorency, who was so welcome there that the King and all the Princes esteemed him highly and were fond of him, and even sought his advice concerning some of their private affairs.

One day, being present at a banquet which the King gave for him, there was seated near him a nobleman of high rank who wore fastened upon his doublet a little glove such as women wear, with gold hooks, and on the finger seams there were many diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls, so that this glove was considered of great value. Lord de Montmorency looked at it so often that the nobleman noticed that he wished to ask him the reason why it was so richly furnished, and because he thought the account was greatly to his credit he began the relation.

"I see that you think it strange that I have decked out a poor glove so gorgeously, and I am even more eager to tell you the story, for I take you to be an intelligent man and one who knows what sort of passion love is. So that if I did well you will praise me for it, or, if not, you will forgive me because of the love that rules all worthy hearts.

"You must know that all my life I have loved a Lady, that I love her now and shall love her after death, and because my heart was bolder in placing its affection than were my lips in speaking, I waited seven years without daring to give her any hint, fearing that if she should know it I should lose my opportunity of being often with her, for this I dreaded more than death. But one day, being in a meadow gazing at her, such a severe palpitation of the heart attacked me that I lost color and control of expression. She noticed it, and asked what was the matter with me, and I told her that I had an unbearable pain in the heart. And she, thinking that my illness was of another sort than love, showed me that she was sorry for me, which made me beg her to be willing to lay her hand upon my heart to see how it was beating. This she did, more from charity than from any other sort of love, and when I held her gloved hand against my heart it began to beat and be distressed so heavily that she felt that I spoke truth. And then I pressed her hand against my heart, saying:

"'Alas, Lady, receive the heart that is eager to burst my breast and leap into the hand of her from whom I hope for favor and life and pity.

I am forced now to disclose to you the love that I have long concealed, for neither my heart nor I are masters of this powerful god.'

"When she heard the tenor of my words she thought it strange.

"She desired to withdraw her hand; I held it so firmly that the glove remained in the place of her cruel hand, and because I have never had any greater favor from her I have fastened this glove as the best plaster I can give my heart, and I have adorned it with all the richest rings that I had, though the riches lie in the glove itself which I would not give up for the Kingdom of England, for I have no greater happiness in the world than to feel it on my breast."

Lord de Montmorency, who would have preferred a lady's hand to her glove, praised him that he was the truest lover that ever he had seen, and worthy of better treatment since he set so much store by so little, but that, taking into consideration his great love, if he had won more than the glove, perhaps he would have died of joy. With this suggestion of Lord de Montmorency the Englishman agreed, not suspecting that he was making fun of him.

Among the protégés of Marguerite Mellin de Saint-Gelais (1487–1558) is known for verse ingenious and musical, and especially for the sonnet, a form which his admirers claimed that he had introduced into France. Austin Dobson has translated

THE SONNET OF THE MOUNTAIN

When from afar these mountain tops I view,
I do but mete mine own distress thereby:
High is their head, and my desire is high;
Firm is their foot, my faith is certain too.
E'en as the winds above their summits blue,
From me too breaks betimes the wistful sigh;
And as from them the brooks and streamlets hie,
So from mine eyes the tears run down anew.

A thousand flocks upon them feed and stray;
As many loves within me see the day,
And all my heart for pasture ground divide.
No fruit have they, my lot as fruitless is;
And 'twixt us now nought diverse is but this—
In them the snows, in me the fires abide.

Even the pages about Marguerite's court became touched with literary desire. BONAVENTURE DESPERIERS (who died in 1544) was one of them, and he wrote not only religious and fanciful poems, but amusing prose as well.

An example is

THE STORY OF BLONDEAU THE COBBLER, WHO WAS NEVER MELANCHOLY BUT TWICE IN HIS LIFE AND WHAT HE DID FOR IT

(From "Half Hours with the Best French Authors")

"At Paris on the Seine three boats there be;" but there was also a cobbler named Blondeau, who lodged near the Croix du Tiroir; there he earned his living merrily by mending shoes. He loved good wine above all things, and willingly taught those who went there to do so too; for if there was any in all that quarter it was thought necessary that he should taste it; and he was very well content to take a little more if it proved good.

All day long he sang and made the neighborhood lively. He was never seen vexed in his life but twice, once when he had found in an old wall a pot containing a great quantity of old coins, some of silver, some of alloy, of which he did not know the value. Then he began to grow thoughtful. He left off singing and could think of nothing but the tin pot. He said to himself, "This sort of money is not used now; I shall not be able to buy any bread or wine with it. If I show it to the silversmiths they will betray me, or they will want to get their share, and will not give me half its value." Sometimes he was afraid he had not hidden the pot securely enough, and that somebody would rob him of it. He would leave his shed at all hours of the day to go and change its place. He was in the greatest possible trouble about it; but in the end he came to a better mind, saying to himself, "How now, I do nothing but think of this pot. Everybody knows well, by my manner, that there's something singular in my condition. Bah! Bad luck to the pot! It brings me misfortune." The end of it was that he proceeded to take it quietly and throw it into the river, and so drowned all his melancholy along with the pot.

At another time he was much annoyed by a gentleman who lived just opposite his little shop—or, rather, his shop was opposite the gentleman. The said gentleman had a monkey who played a thousand tricks on poor

Blondeau, for he watched him from a high window when he was cutting his leather and noticed how he did it; and directly Blondeau went out to dinner or anywhere on business down would come the monkey and go into Blondeau's shop and take his knife and cut up his leather as he had seen Blondeau do; and this he was in the habit of doing every time that Blondeau was out of the way: so that, for a time, the poor man could not leave his shop, even for his meals, without putting away his leather; and if sometimes he forgot to lock it up, the monkey never forgot to cut it to bits, a proceeding that annoyed him greatly; and yet he was afraid to hurt the monkey, for fear of his master. When, however, he grew thoroughly tired of this he considered how he could pay him out. After having noticed particularly the way in which the monkey imitated exactly everything he saw done,—for if Blondeau sharpened his knife, the monkey sharpened it too; if he waxed his thread, so, too, did the monkey; if he sewed some new soles, the monkey set about moving his elbows as he had seen him do,—Blondeau one day sharpened his knife and made it cut like a razor, and then, when he saw the monkey watching, he began to put his knife to his throat, and move it backwards and forwards, as if he wished to kill himself, and when he had done this long enough to make the monkey notice it, he left his shop and went to dinner. The monkey was not slow in coming down, for he wished to try this new pastime, which he had never seen before. He took the knife and put it immediately to his throat, moving it backwards and forwards. But he put it too near, and not being very careful as he rubbed it against the skin he cut his throat with this well-sharpened knife, and died of the wound within an hour. Thus did Blondeau punish the monkey without danger to himself.

Giving himself to classical lore JACQUES AMYOT (1513–1593) who learned ancient languages while he was a servant in a Paris college, and who later became Bishop of Auxerre, made translations—of Plutarch, of Heliodorus's romance, "Theagenes and Chariclea"—which not only retained the spirit of the original, but which put the translator into the front rank of French stylists. He strikes the note of variety among the satellites of Marguerite, chief among whom was the poet CLEMENT MAROT (1497–1544). Son of a poet and student of the work of this century's first eminent versifier, Le Maire de Belges, Marot soon attracted Marguerite's

attention and became attached to her person as he was later to that of Francis. His Protestant belief got him into many troubles and he vibrated between the court and exile. His muse seems to have been unquenched by adversity and through all changes of fortune he wrote poetry of abundant charm, and marked by greater ease of form than belonged to his predecessors. He was a student as well as a writer, and in this capacity he did excellent service by modernizing the "Romance of the Rose." His poems were so popular as to win for him many imitators who strove to achieve the "Marotic style," rich in epigram and marked by a simplicity which was in strong contrast to the stilted expressions and restricted forms of his predecessors. Here is an address

* TO ANNE

When thou art near to me, it seems
  As if the sun along the sky,
Though he awhile withheld his beams,
  Burst forth in glowing majesty;

But like a storm that lowers on high,
  Thy absence clouds the scene again:—
Alas! that from so sweet a joy
  Should spring regret so full of pain!

* THE PORTRAIT

This dear resemblance of thy lovely face,
  'Tis true, is painted with a master's care;
But one far better still my heart can trace,
  For Love himself engraved the image there.
Thy gift can make my soul blest visions share;
  But brighter still, dear love, my joys would shine,
Were I within thy heart impressed as fair,
  As true, as vividly, as thou in mine!

* From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe."

BALLADE OF FRÈRE LUBIN

(Translated by Andrew Lang)

Some ten or twenty times a day,
To bustle to the town with speed,
To dabble in what dirt he may,—
Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!
But any sober life to lead
Upon an exemplary plan,
Requires a Christian indeed,—
Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

Another's "pile" on his to lay,
With all the craft of guile and greed,
To leave you bare of pence or pay,—
Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!
But watch him with the closest heed,
And dun him with what force you can,—
He'll not refund, howe'er you plead,—
Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

An honest girl to lead astray,
With subtle saw and promised meed,
Requires no cunning crone and grey,—
Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!
He preaches an ascetic creed,
But,—try him with the water can—
A dog will drink, whate'er his breed,—
Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

Envoy

In good to fail, in ill succeed,
Le Frère Lubin's the man you need!
In honest works to lead the van,
Le Frère Lubin is *not* the man!

TO DIANE DE POITIERS

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

Farewell! since vain is all my care,
Far, in some desert rude,
I'll hide my weakness, my despair;
And, midst my solitude,

I'll pray, that, should another move thee,
He may as fondly, truly love thee.

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven!
  Adieu, soft cheek, where summer blooms!
Adieu, fair form, earth's pattern given,
  Which Love inhabits and illumes!
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me:
One far less fond, perchance, has won ye!

Pierre Ronsard (1524–1585) followed Marot in time but not in method, for he struck out a new path. True, he wrote on the themes that naturally suggested themselves to a court poet, but he had travelled much and had had experience of other lands and other courts, and in this way he picked up a variety of information which he turned to patriotic account for the improvement of his country's letters. Language and literatures alike were weak, he declared, through leaning too long on Greek and Latin, and he declared for originality in idea and in execution. He strove to enrich the language by using existing words in a new way—converting a noun into a verb, and employing technical terms figuratively—and also by giving a French form to words borrowed from any other language that he happened to know. His enthusiasm stirred a group of friends to like ardor, and the seven young men who formed "the Plêiade" worked hard in the service of France and the Muses. Not only were their efforts successful at the time, but when the classical shackles of the seventeenth and eighteenth century were thrown off by the romantic movement of the mid-nineteenth it was the influence of the Plêiade that gave the incentive.

The members of the Plêiade were Joachim du Bellay, Antoine de Baïf, Pontus de Thyard, Remi Belleau, Jean Dorat, Etienne Jodelle, and Ronsard, who surpassed them all in talent, in perseverance, and above all in popularity. Ladies loved him, princes flattered, yet he withdrew into a

life of semi-seclusion and devoted himself to his self-imposed task.

Great people—Queen Elizabeth of England among them—made Ronsard valuable gifts. Mary, Queen of Scots, sent him a silver Parnassus, probably as a mark of appreciation for the following lines.

TO MARY STUART

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

All beauty, granted as a boon to earth,
That is, has been, or ever can have birth,
Compared to hers, is void, and nature's care
Ne'er formed a creature so divinely fair.

In spring amidst the lilies she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn;
And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint:

With all his richest store Love decked her eyes:
The Graces each, those daughters of the skies,
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,
And, to attend her, left their native sphere.

The day that was to bear her far away,—
Why was I mortal to behold that day?
O, had I senseless grown, nor heard, nor seen!
Or that my eyes a ceaseless fount had been,
That I might weep as weep amid their bowers,
The nymphs, when winter winds have cropped their flowers,
Or when rude torrents the clear streams deform,
Or when the trees are riven by the storm!
Or rather, would that I some bird had been,
Still to be near her in each changing scene,
Still on the highest mast to watch all day,
And like a star to mark her vessel's way:
The dangerous billows past, on shore, on sea,
Near that dear face it still were mine to be.

O France, where are thy ancient champions gone,—
Roland, Rinaldo?—is there living none
Her steps to follow and her safety guard,
And deem her lovely looks their best reward,—
Which might subdue—pride of mighty Jove
To leave his heaven, and languish for her love?
No fault is hers, but in her royal state,—
For simple Love dreads to approach the great;
He flies from regal pomp, that treacherous snare,
Where truth unmarked may wither in despair.

Wherever destiny her path may lead,
Fresh-springing flowers will bloom beneath her tread,
All nature will rejoice, the waves be bright,
The tempest check its fury at her sight,
The sea be calm; her beauty to behold,
The sun shall crown her with his rays of gold,—
Unless he fears, should he approach her throne,
Her majesty should quite eclipse his own.

A series of charming poems addressed "To Helen" has long been a mark for delighted translators. Of them all none is more widely quoted than this.

TO HELEN IN HER OLD AGE

(Paraphrased by William Makepeace Thackeray)

Some winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory;
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes, as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know,

And, as the piteous tale is said,
  Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
  And sighs and envies you.

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
  They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurn'd her lover's vow,
  And heartless left him to despair!
The lover lies in silent earth,
  No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
  With threescore and ten years."

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,
  But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
  While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time
  Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
  The roses of your youth!

Of the other members of the Pléiade, JOACHIM DE BELLAY'S (1522–1560) graceful "Hymn" was quoted in Chapter II. A tribute to Rabelais will represent at his best DE BAÏF (1532–1589) who was usually rather more constrained in expression.

EPITAPH ON RABELAIS

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

Pluto, bid Rabelais welcome to thy shore,
  That thou, who art the King of woe and pain,
Whose subjects never learned to laugh before,
  May boast a laughter in thy grim domain.

To JODELLE (1532–1573) belongs the honor of having written the first technically regular tragedy and comedy on the French stage. His light verse has the charm that belongs to all the group.

TO MME. DE PRIMADIS

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

I saw thee weave a web with care,
Where, at thy touch, fresh roses grew,
And marvelled they were formed so fair,
And that thy heart such nature knew:
Alas! how idle my surprise!
Since naught so plain can be:
Thy cheek their richest hue supplies,
And in thy breath their perfume lies,—
Their grace, their beauty, all are drawn for thee!

As delicate and fresh as his theme is BELLEAU'S (1528–1577)

APRIL

(Translated by Andrew Lang)

April, pride of woodland ways,
Of glad days,
April, bringing hope of prime,
To the young flowers that beneath
Their bud sheath
Are guarded in their tender time.

April, pride of fields that be
Green and free,
That in fashion glad and gay,
Stud with flowers red and blue,
Every hue,
Their jewelled spring array.

April, pride of murmuring
Winds of spring,
That beneath the winnowed air,
Trap with subtle nets and sweet
Flora's feet,
Flora's feet, the fleet and fair.

April, by thy hand caressed,
From her breast
Nature scatters every where
Handfuls of all sweet perfumes,
Buds and blooms,
Making faint the earth and air.

April, joy of the green hours,
Clothes with flowers
Over all her locks of gold
My sweet Lady, and her breast
With the blest
Buds of summer manifold.

April, with thy gracious wiles
Like the smiles,
Smiles of Venus; and thy breath
Like her breath, the gods' delight,
(From their height
They take the happy air beneath;)

It is thou that, of thy grace,
From their place
In the far-off isles dost bring
Swallows over earth and sea,
Glad to be
Messengers of thee, and Spring.

Daffodil and eglantine,
And woodbine,
Lily, violet, and rose
Plentiful in April fair,
To the air,
Their pretty petals do unclose.

Nightingales ye now may hear,
Piercing clear,
Singing in the deepest shade;
Many and many a babbled note
Chime and float,
Woodland music through the glade.

April, all to welcome thee,
Spring sets free
Ancient flames, and with low breath
Wakes the ashes grey and old
That the cold
Chilled within our hearts to death.

Thou beholdest in the warm
Hours, the swarm
Of the thievish bees, that flies
Evermore from bloom to bloom
For perfume,
Hid away in tiny thighs.

Her cool shadows May can boast,
Fruits almost
Ripe, and gifts of fertile dew,
Manna-sweet and honey-sweet,
That complete
Her flower garland fresh and new.

Nay, but I will give my praise
To these days,
Named with the glad name of Her *
That from out the foam of the sea
Came to be
Sudden light on earth and air.

These verse makers may be said to belong chiefly to the first half of the century. The later years were too filled with the distress of the religious contests to give much thought to the lighter vein. In prose, however, there was some strong work accomplished. Michel L'Hôpital (1505–1573), Catharine de Medici's adviser, was an orator, and also wrote intelligently and with great good sense on politics and government and the religious disturbances of the times. Palissy, the potter (1510–1589), famous for his enamels, was an archæologist, a geologist, an engineer, a chemist, and a

* Aprodite—Avril.

nature student, and in this catholic variety of tastes he found material for many books and treatises on scientific subjects.

Like her great-aunt, Francis I's sister, in love of writing as well as in name, MARGUERITE OF NAVARRE (1553–1615), daughter of Catharine de Medici and sister of three Kings, Francis II, Charles IX, and Henry III, had a ready pen, though she was not especially graceful. Her life was exciting enough to furnish her with ample material for chronicles. Her brother, Charles IX, insisted on her marrying Henry of Navarre (later Henry IV) as a means of uniting the clashing parties. Marguerite declined but her objection counted for nothing. The marriage was solemnized in the square before Notre Dame and when the princess refused to give her assent her brother roughly seized her head and bobbed it toward the Archbishop who went on with the ceremony as if she had acted of her own accord. Six days after the marriage occurred the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and Marguerite tells in her "Memoirs" of her experiences in connection with it.

King Charles, who was very prudent and who had always been very obedient to the queen, my mother, and a very Catholic prince, seeing also whither it was all tending, took a sudden resolution to unite with the queen, his mother, and to conform to her will, and to steer clear of the Huguenots by the aid of the Catholics, not without feeling, nevertheless, extreme regret at being unable to save Teligny, La Noue, and M. de la Rochefoucault. And then, going to find the queen his mother he caused inquiry to be made for M. de Guise and all the other Catholic princes and captains, among whom the decision was made to accomplish the massacre of St. Bartholomew that very night. And swiftly setting their hands to the task they had all the chains stretched across the streets, and when the tocsin sounded every one ran from his quarter according to orders, not only to seek the Admiral but all the Huguenots. M. de Guise went to the Admiral's house where Besme, a German gentleman, had gone upstairs to his room, and after killing him with a dagger-thrust, had thrown him out of the window to M. de Guise.

They told us nothing about all this. I saw everybody in action, the Huguenots desperate over this attack; M. de Guise fearful lest they take vengeance on him, whispering to everybody. The Huguenots suspected

me because I was a Catholic, and the Catholics because I had married the King of Navarre, who was a Huguenot. On this account no one said anything to me about it until evening, when, being in the bedroom of the queen, my mother, seated on a chest beside my sister of Lorraine whom I saw to be very sad, as the queen my mother was speaking to some of them she noticed me and told me to go to bed. As I was courtesying to her my sister, weeping bitterly, seized my arm and stopped me, saying; "O sister, don't go." I was greatly frightened. The queen my mother saw it and called my sister and scolded her severely, forbidding her to say anything to me. My sister told her that there was no reason to sacrifice me like that, and that if they discovered anything they undoubtedly would avenge themselves on me. The queen my mother replied that if God so willed I should come to no harm, but, whatever happened, I must go, for fear of their suspecting something which would impede the outcome.

I saw quite well that they were disputing though I did not hear their words. Again she roughly ordered me to go to bed. My sister burst into tears as she bade me good night, daring to say nothing more to me, and I went away thoroughly stunned and overcome, without understanding at all what I had to fear. Suddenly when I was in my dressing room I began to pray God to take me under his protection and preserve me, without knowing from what or whom. Upon that the King my husband who had retired, summoned me to his room and I found his bed surrounded by thirty or forty Huguenots whom I did not then know, for I had only been married a few days. They talked all night about the accident that had befallen the Admiral, resolving that as soon as morning came they would ask the King for revenge on M. de Guise and that if he would not give it to them they would take it for themselves. I still had my sister's tears upon my mind and I could not sleep because of the fear she had inspired in me, though I knew not of what. Thus the night passed without my closing my eyes. At daybreak the King my husband, suddenly making up his mind to ask justice from King Charles, said that he was going to play tennis until the King should awake. He left my room and all the gentlemen also. I, seeing that it was daylight, thinking that the danger of which my sister had spoken to me was passed by, overcome with sleep, told my nurse to shut the door that I might sleep comfortably.

An hour after as I was still sleeping there came a man who beat on the door with hands and feet crying, "Navarre, Navarre!" My nurse, thinking that it was the King my husband ran at once to the door and opened it. It was a gentleman named Léran who had received a sword

thrust in the elbow and a blow on the arm from a halberd, and who was still pursued by four archers who all rushed after him into my room. He, wishing to save himself, flung himself on my bed. When I felt the man grasp me I flung myself out of bed, and he rolled after me, still clinging to me. I did not recognize the man, and I did not know whether he was there to attack me, or whether the archers were after him or me. We both screamed and we were equally frightened. At last by God's will M. de Nançay, captain of the guards, came. When he saw in what a state I was, though he was sorry he could not help laughing. He reprimanded the guards severely for their indiscretion, sent them away and he granted to my request the life of the man who was still holding on to me. I made him lie down and have his wounds dressed in my dressing room until he was quite recovered. I had to change my clothes for the wounded man had covered me with blood. M. de Nançay told me what had happened and assured me that the King my husband was in the King's room and that there would be no more disturbance. I threw a mantle over me and he escorted me to my sister, Madame de Lorraine's, room, where I arrived more dead than alive. Just as I entered the antechamber, where the doors were all open, a gentleman named Bourse, escaping from the pursuit of the archers was pierced by a halberd thrust only three paces away. I fell in the opposite direction into M. de Nançay's arms thinking that the thrust had stabbed us both. When I had recovered somewhat I went into the small room where my sister was sleeping. While I was there M. de Mixossans, the King my husband's first gentleman-in-waiting, and Armagnac, his first valet-de-chambre, sought me out to beg me to save their lives. I knelt before the king and queen my mother to beg the favor from them and at last they granted it to me.

To the "Satire Ménippée," a collection of clever papers written by Catholics, yet satirizing the work of the Holy League against Marguerite's husband, Henry of Navarre, was due in part the Catholic sympathy which supported him as Henry IV. The pamphlet was written by Gillot, a canon of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, in collaboration with a half dozen of his friends. It is in the form of a burlesque report of a meeting of the States General, and gives descriptions and speeches in a vein of keenest satire. This selection shows something of its tone.

PARIS IN THE TIME OF THE LEAGUE

O Paris who are no longer Paris but a den of ferocious beasts, a citadel of Spaniards, Walloons and Neapolitans, an asylum and safe retreat for robbers, murderers and assassins, will you never be cognizant of your dignity and remember who you have been and what you are; will you never heal yourself of this frenzy which has engendered for you in place of lawful and gracious King, fifty saucy kinglets and fifty tyrants? You are in chains, under a Spanish Inquisition, a thousand times more intolerable and harder to endure by spirits born free and unconstrained, as the French are, than the cruelest deaths which the Spaniards could devise. You did not tolerate a slight increase of taxes and of offices and a few new edicts which did not concern you at all, yet you endure that they pillage houses, that they ransom you with blood, that they imprison your senators, that they drive out and banish your good citizens and counsellors; that they hang and massacre your principal magistrates; you see it and endure it; you not only endure it but you approve it and praise it, and you would not dare or know how to do otherwise. You have given little support to your King, good-tempered, easy, friendly, who behaved like a fellow-citizen of your town which he had enriched and embellished with handsome buildings, fortified with strong and haughty ramparts, honored with privileges and favorable exemptions. What say I? Given little support? Far worse; you have driven him from his city, his house, his very bed! Driven him? You have pursued him. Pursued him? You assassinated him, canonized the assassin and made joyful over his death. And now you see how much this death profited you.

Even in the midst of his strenuous life, HENRY (who reigned 1589–1598) found time to give himself to the amenities, and that he could turn a graceful verse himself is shown in his poem

CHARMING GABRIELLE

(Translated by Louisa Stuart Costello)

My charming Gabrielle!
  My heart is pierced with woe,
When glory sounds her knell,
  And forth to war I go;

Parting, perchance our last!
Day, marked unblest to prove!
O, that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love!

Bright star, whose light I lose,—
O, fatal memory!
My grief each thought renews!—
We meet again or die!
Parting, perchance our last!
Day, marked unblest to prove!
O, that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love!

O, share and bless the crown
By valor given to me!
War made the prize my own,
My love awards it thee!
Parting, perchance our last!
Day, marked unblest to prove!
O, that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love!

Let all my trumpets swell,
And every echo round
The words of my farewell,
Repeat with mournful sound!
Parting, perchance our last!
Day, marked unblest to prove
O, that my life were past,
Or else my hapless love!

Mathurin Regnier (1573–1613) a nephew of Desportes, a poet of note in his day, brought to the close of the century a love of the classic spirit combined with a freshness of expression, a keenness of observation united with a delicate wit that come near to making him one of the foremost of French poets. His happiest form was the satire. He wrote his own

EPITAPH

I've lived my life without a care
In happy peace and comfort rare,

With nature's kindness fraught;
Surprise is mine and quite unfeigned
Why death to think of me has deigned
Who ne'er of her have thought.

One of Regnier's keenest satires discussed François de Malherbe (1555–1628) whom he describes in far from complimentary terms.

But who is this that shuffles in with such a sour face?
A Chinese god with looks like these would feel it a disgrace!
His heavy conversation, too, so lacking is in wit
A saint in Heaven, hearing, would his sides with laughter split.

For Malherbe Regnier felt an animosity based not only on personal reasons—Malherbe and Desportes had quarreled—but on professional grounds. Malherbe professed Ronsard's dignity of tone and in addition a purity of diction which turned from the earlier poet's invented words to those of more orthodox lineage. His belief in the value of exquisite speech made him lay down laws of versification and of expression which were looked upon with respect by his contemporaries and which practically laid the foundation for the exactnesses of the classical school in the next century. His final impress is on language rather than on literature. His best poems are thought to be some verses of "Consolation" addressed to Monsieur Pêrier on the death of his daughter, Rose, and some lines of congratulation dedicated to Marie de Medici. Here is a panegyric on

PEACE

(Translated by J. Ravenel Smith)

In Peace it is that smoothly flows
Life's stream of leisure;
As in the springtime blooms the rose
In Peace blooms pleasure.
She fills the teeming mead with corn and grass,
And sets to merry dance both lad and lass.

Strength and respect to the land's laws she brings,
The sinew of their power in field and town;
With sure and steadfast hand the royal crown
She places firmly on the heads of Kings.

Of Malherbe's contemporaries, FRANÇOIS DE MAYNARD (1582–1646), like Regnier, could not forbear aiming satirical shafts at the professed dean of poetry. Addressing Malherbe he says:

The poems that you indite
Are all obscure and dark;
Your speech is like a night
Bereft of Nature's spark.
My friend, drive far indeed
Such sombre illustrations;
Your writings all have need
Of liberal explanations.
If your wit wants to hide
Its lovely thoughts from light,
Why not in silence bide?
Pray tell me—am I right?

A great admirer of Malherbe was the MARQUIS DE RACAN (1589–1670), who had been a page at court and then an officer, and who remained bluff and simple in manner and inelegant in appearance, but endowed with a love of nature that expressed itself in exquisite diction. Here is an account ostensibly of his own career which deftly flatters Louis XIII's military prowess.

I've followed him through mortal fight;
Seen rebels crushed with heavy hand;
Seen forts destroyed throughout the land
Beneath his arm's victorious might.
I've seen him force the Alpine pass
Where summits send through clouds their mass,
Where threatened are imperial peaks
Before his fearful lightning stroke,
Whose sounding thunder hoarsely speaks
The knell that o'er La Rochelle broke.

CHAPTER VI

THE GREAT CENTURY—THE SEVENTEENTH

When Henry IV's conversion (1593) put that canny monarch in a position to gather up the ragged ends of France's social life he found the cleavage that had formerly existed along the horizontal lines of class now separating members of the same class. Nobles, whether Catholic or Protestant, were not only impoverished in estate from the civil war's drain on their resources, they were also bankrupt of confidence in their fellows who had played the rôles of neighbor or foe with equal facility. Burghers were no longer united by the fairness of the towns they all loved. Peasants, shuffled about like pawns by their superiors, were too much occupied in wringing a support from a reluctant soil to have any corporate feeling.

All three classes found themselves in that disordered state of which a strong man may take advantage to his own profit. Henry proved himself that man and his profit lay in his making himself indispensable to all, and thereby adding to the power which the kings had long been centering in their royal persons. His attitude was not wholly selfish. The improvements which he instituted with the help of his minister, the Duke of Sully, added to the glory of France, but they also made life during the last twenty years of his reign not only endurable but desirable. Even the peasant, too insignificant to be despised in those days when he was looked on as a cumberer of the earth and not as a producer, attained a certain degree of comfort. Henry was hail-fellow-well-met with all folk of low degree and he is said to have had the praise-

worthy ambition so to improve the condition of the poor that every cottager should have a boiled fowl for his Sunday dinner.

Louis, who reigned from 1610 to 1643, was but a child when his father died, and the policy of the queen-regent, Marie de Medici, within four years of her accession turned France into a hunting-ground for foreign grafters and for Frenchmen greedy of land and power. Nobles were bought off when they objected to the outrageous expenditures of the government, to the heavy taxation that provided for them, and to the restrictions in trade that made such provision increasingly burdensome. The States General was convened but snubbed; Marie's Italian favorite quarrelled and plundered; Louis's French favorite assassinated; the Huguenot party was in revolt; the peasant was once more in that state which those higher up seemed to consider his natural condition, but which he was beginning to regard with an understanding lighted by the ever-increasing fire of a dull-burning sense of injustice.

The country was drifting again into the chaos from which Henry IV had rescued it, when Richelieu, after some personal vicissitudes, grasped the tiller with a firm hand, guided by an intelligent and far-seeing brain. His internal policy built up the royal authority by giving a stable support to all classes, all occupations, all commerce, all art which was content to lean upon the royal power; and by subduing ruthlessly all such as betrayed any flickerings of independence. His justice was absolutely impartial; he granted the peasant admission to tribunals as readily as he destroyed noblemen's castles; he beheaded the count as promptly as the bourgeois; he conquered the Huguenots and then confirmed the rights given them by the Edict of Nantes. The poor gained in self-respect, but they, like the rest, achieved no smallest political advance.

In foreign affairs Richelieu's chief move was against Spain, France's long time rival, and he made it directly by meeting Spain in Italy and by reaching out toward the Spanish Netherlands, and indirectly by opposing any stand taken by the Emperor of Germany whose relations with Spain were both family and political. This effort put Richelieu in the anomalous position of fighting the Protestants in his own country and supporting them in Germany, but he acted as whole-heartedly abroad as at home.

Louis XIII's accession was almost contemporaneous with that of the Stuarts in England. The son of Mary Queen of Scots, James I of England and VI of Scotland, whom Henry of Navarre stigmatized as the "wisest fool in Christendom," came to the throne in 1603 and was succeeded in 1625 by his son Charles I who married Henrietta Maria of France, daughter of the caustic Henry IV and sister of Louis XIII. Both James and Charles believed themselves divinely appointed for kingly rule, but the English people had been in training for democracy for several centuries and Charles lost his head (in 1649) nearly a century and a half before the French popular movement gathered impetus for the execution of Louis XVI.

Louis XIII's death followed but a half year after Richelieu's, and then France came again into the hands of a child king, Louis XIV (1638–1715), of a queen-regent, Anne of Austria, and of a cardinal-statesman, Mazarin.

The foreign war seemed the most important matter to push, and the French armies met with such success that five years after Louis' accession the emperor capitulated. France won both land and fame abroad, but she paid for it dearly at home. The heavy expenses of war so prolonged had been met by increasingly heavy taxation until the country was exhausted. Nobles, bourgeois, peasants—all were drained, and all classes were becoming more and more aroused by the

irresponsible power of a government against which there was no appeal. A reform party calling itself the Fronde (sling) and made up of the Paris law courts, of the nobility, and of the Paris mob, directed a rather jaunty opposition against Mazarin, who was exiled for a time, but returned in triumph. The whole movement gained none of the points demanded—restraint of royal authority and recognition of the people's rights—and when the uproar was over the king was more firmly in the saddle than ever, while the people of the cities were impoverished and demoralized and the country folk were reduced to despair by the ruthless destruction of their scanty crops. Robbers wandered through the fields, thugs made town streets dangerous, babies were thrown into corners to die or were sold to serve as part of the professional beggar's stock in trade.

Cardinal de Retz (1614–1679), in spite of his title a politician and an author rather than a man of religion, wrote about the middle of the century "Memoirs" of incalculable value to the student of history. His comparison of the two great cardinal-rulers of France is a thoroughly interesting contemporary analysis.

RICHELIEU AND MAZARIN

(From "Half Hours with the Best French Authors")

Cardinal de Richelieu was of good birth. In his youth he showed signs of future merit. He distinguished himself at the Sorbonne, and it was early remarked that he possessed strength and vivacity of mind. He generally chose his side very well. He was a man of his word when any great interest did not force him to be otherwise; and in that case he never forgot anything by which he might preserve the appearance of good faith. He was not liberal, but he gave more than he promised, and he seasoned his gifts admirably. He loved glory much more than is consistent with morality, but it must be admitted that he did not abuse the license which he gave to his excessive ambition beyond the proportion of his merit. He had neither mind nor heart above danger, nor

yet did they sink beneath it; and it may be said that he prevented more danger by his wisdom than he surmounted by his firmness.

He was a good friend—he even wished to be loved by the public; but although he had good manners, a pleasing exterior, and other qualities likely to produce that effect, he never had that indescribable something which is more necessary than anything else. He eclipsed by his power and royal pomp the personal majesty of the king; but he performed all the functions of royalty with so much dignity, that it was only those who were above the vulgar that could see what was good and what evil in this case. He distinguished more judiciously than the mere man of the world between bad and worse, between good and better; which is a great quality in a minister. He became too easily impatient about the little things which were steps to great things; but this defect, which arises from elevation of mind, is always united to a clearness of understanding which makes up for it.

He had enough religion for this world. He did right either from inclination or from good sense, except when his interest led him to do wrong; and then he knew perfectly that he was doing wrong even while he did it. He only considered the good of the state for his own life-time; and yet no minister ever took more pains to have it believed that he was ruling for the future. Lastly it must be confessed that all his vices were those which can only be brought into use by means of great virtues.

You can easily imagine that a man who had such great qualities, and so much appearance, too, of those which he did not possess, easily preserved for himself in the world that sort of respect which separates contempt from hatred, and which in a state that has no longer any laws makes up for the want of them—at least, for a time.

The character of Cardinal Mazarin was just the reverse. His birth was low and his childhood one of shame. On leaving the Coliseum he learned to cheat, by which he earned a beating from a goldsmith of Rome named Moreto. He became a captain of infantry at Velteline, and Bagni, who was his general, has told me that he passed in the war, which only lasted three months, for nothing better than a sharper. He gained the office of *nuncio* extraordinary in France through the favor of Cardinal Antonio Barberini, which office was never gained at that time by fair means. He pleased Chavigni by his licentious Italian stories, and through Chavigni he pleased Richelieu, who made him Cardinal in the same spirit as that which impelled Augustus to leave the succession to the empire to Tiberius. The purple did not hinder him from remaining a servant under Richelieu. The queen having chosen him—for want of another, it is true, let people say what they will—he appeared at first as the

original of *Trivelino principe.* Fortune having dazzled him and everyone else, he set himself up and was set up by others, for a Richelieu, but he gained by it only the impudence of imitation. He procured to himself by shame all that the latter had procured by honor. He laughed at religion. He promised everything because he never meant to keep his word. He was neither gentle nor cruel, because he remembered neither benefits nor injuries. He loved himself too much, which is natural to cowardly souls: he feared himself too little, which is the character of those who do not care about their reputation. He foresaw evil well enough, because he was often frightened; but he did not as readily supply a remedy, because he was not so prudent as fearful. He possessed wit, insinuation, gayety and good manners, but his base heart appeared through everything, and to that degree that these qualities seemed in adversity quite ridiculous, and even in prosperity did not quite lose an appearance of imposture. He carried the tricks of a sharper into the ministry, which he alone has ever done, and these tricks made the ministry, even when it was happy and prosperous, to appear unbecoming, and caused contempt to step in, which is the most dangerous malady of a state, and the contagion of which spreads most easily and quickly from the head to the members.

Upon Mazarin's death Louis XIV took upon himself the control of affairs, and for the rest of his life worked hard at the task to which he sincerely believed that he was divinely appointed. If he divested his people of every particle of self-reliance it was because he truly thought himself to be possessed of a God-given intelligence which could decide for them better than they could decide for themselves. He made all favors to the nobility contingent upon their living where he could best observe their activities—that is, with him, in the huge palace at Versailles, whose gorgeousness so aroused the envy of the other monarchs of Europe that they nearly burst with envy, as La Fontaine described in the fable of

THE FROG AND THE BULL

A little frog beheld a lordly bull,
Admired much his grand and massive build,
While he, egg size, with envy sore was full.

With air straightway his tiny lungs he filled
And strove to change his puny size and grow.
"My brother, look," determin'dly cried he.
"Am I not now as large?" "Indeed, not so."
"How now, then?" "No, indeed." "Now must I be!"
"You still come nowhere near." In sheer despair
The frog distended so his skin he burst in air.
The world is full of people no more sage;
The burgher's house adds on a princely wing,
A retinue surrounds each petty king,
Each petty marquis needs must have his page.

The estates of the nobles meanwhile went from bad to worse without the supervision of their masters, though the administration of the king's paternal laws permitted the government officials to intrude upon every phase of life, domestic as well as public.

As the courtiers became more and more subservient to the king's will they conformed more and more to his ideas of etiquette, and as his rules were based not on convenience or comfort or propriety but on a recognition of rank they became more and more regulated by command. Court life was one long round of discomfort and jealousy and was made duller because lived according to order. Yet it had the brilliancy that sometimes accompanies order without spontaneity, the brilliancy of a marching column swinging along in a rhythm as perfect as it is lacking in individuality. Dress was magnificent, equipages were magnificent, appointments were magnificent; and as the court was, so the bourgeois tried to be. The wealthier tradesmen aped the courtiers in appearance and in follies, and played the snob toward their poorer friends just as the nobles at Versailles behaved toward their relatives in the country. The external glory and rigidity and the inner discomfort was society's brand under Louis XIV.

In the name of his master, Louis' minister, Colbert, en-

couraged agriculture, industry and commerce, reorganized the country's finances, created a navy and built public works. With his court the most brilliant in Europe, his land supposedly the best-administered, and his power spreading in the New World, the "Sun King" determined to add to his glory by taking advantage of the improvement of his army under Louvois, the minister of war, and by making his power felt throughout Europe. He fought with the Spanish Netherlands and with Holland, gained some valuable territory and bore himself so becomingly that enthusiastic Paris erected the triumphal arches of St. Denis and St. Martin in his honor and declared him worthy to be called "The Grand Monarch."

At the same time the country was returning again to the state in which Mazarin had found it. The wars, prosecuted for fifteen years, had exhausted the treasury and taxation could draw no water from an empty well. Again the peasantry were in straits almost unbelievable. Great numbers of them lived like pigs on roots, disease followed famine, and the stricken living were too weak to care for the dead who lay in the fields unburied and spreading pestilence. A woman was found dead, a child stirring at her breast and her mouth filled with grass, a wretched semblance of food.

The only cheering side to this shocking picture is the true goodness of heart which it brought out in men and women who gave their lives to going about among the suffering, giving alms, nursing the sick, and caring for the orphans. Fortunately the king's failure to grasp his subjects' dire need was not shared by all of those about him, for many men and women of rank joined the benevolent or nursing semi-religious orders, and many of the clergy were outspoken in reproach as well as active in service. Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambrai, told his majesty frankly that all France was a hospital—a hospital unprovided with food.

If any proof were needed that the king did not understand the pass to which France had come his next step would supply it. Drunken with his own importance Louis feared the democratic spirit inherent in the Huguenot movement. Protestantism had originated in independence of thought, and it called to its ranks bourgeois and peasant as well as noble. It seemed as if it might be the one bond possible to unite people otherwise separated by the great breach of class division, and as such a possibility the Grand Monarch feared its latent power against his absolutism. He revoked the Edict of Nantes and turned loose upon the Protestants a brutal soldiery whose methods of conversion read like the tortures by the American Indians upon the early settlers. Half a million of the most useful inhabitants of France, the men whose thrift and intelligence and skill had placed French crafts at the head of the world of crafts, fled the country, not only contributing their abilities to the advantage of the lands in which they took refuge, but also bearing with them a hatred of their persecutors which inspired them to fight with England under William of Orange against France and a thirst for independence which made them eager Americans in our war of the Revolution, ninety years later.

Louis' impatience of any power that might cross his own showed itself not only in his attitude toward the Huguenots but in his behavior toward the pope, whose supremacy of the French Catholic Church he forced the French clergy to deny.

The last years of Louis's reign were given over to wars in which the Duke of Marlborough made a glorious name for England and Queen Anne and which resulted in Louis's losing land, men, ships, treasure, power, and reputation. The Sun King died in 1715 after a reign of seventy-two years, a poor man in the land which he had ruined; hated by the subjects whom he had impoverished.

The long reign of Louis XIV corresponded to a troubled

period in England. The Jacobite influence compassed the overthrow of the Commonwealth and the return in 1660 of the Stuarts in the person of Charles II. Charles's brother James succeeded him in 1685 and his "divine" pretensions brought to pass the Glorious Revolution of 1688 by which his son-in-law, William of Orange, was called to the English throne. His accession strengthened the coalition of practically all Europe against the Grand Monarch. The war waxed and waned for years not only in William's reign but in Anne's (from 1701–1714).

English literature held some great names at this time. Shakspere's Sonnets appeared, Bacon published during the first decade, Raleigh wrote his "History of the World," Milton's stately music rang out for all time, Chapman and Wycherley and Congreve wrote plays, and Herrick, Suckling, and Lovelace sang charming lyrics, Evelyn and Pepys chattered about the news of the day, Dryden turned out rhythmical couplets, Bunyan gave his vision to the world.

In a century of so many and such profound changes as occurred in France there should, it seems, have been an almost infinite range of thought. History was making rapidly, the field of economics was being cultivated in a variety of ways, the philosophy of life was receiving ample material for that reflection which might find expression in writing or in political or pulpit oratory, the amenities were extravagantly encouraged by a court sufficiently dilettante yet of accurate judgment as to finenesses both of thought and expression.

For the discussion of all these themes there arose writers of many classes. Courtiers wrote memoirs, romances, plays, verse; clerics penned their meditations or scored society's faults from the pulpit; educated bourgeois developed many literary forms.

Nor were these literary men without encouragement. Richelieu had a pretty taste in letters and kept a group of

writers, among them Corneille, working out his plots. He started (1631) the *Gazette de France*, the first French newspaper permitted to mention politics; and he established (1635) the French Academy. The cardinal's real object was to have a band of men on whom he could rely to defend the government by their pens. The ostensible purpose of the institution was to preserve the purity of the French language. It still persists in its guardianship, and has at least kept slang out of its authorized dictionary if not out of conversation. Membership is the highest honor that France can give to a writer, and its forty members, the "Immortals," have "crowned" with approval many worthy—not always stimulating—books. One of its earliest duties was to decide as to the merits of Corneille's "Cid," which they did with such diplomacy that nobody was satisfied.

An unofficial source of encouragement to the wielders of the pen was the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the earliest and most famous of the literary salons wherein conversation became an art, delicate literary expression a science, and criticism an application of cultivated discernment. Three women of charm and cleverness presided over these salons, the Marquise de Rambouillet and her two daughters. The meetings were held first at about the time of Henry IV's death (1610), and were the natural coming together of a group of people eager to create an atmosphere more refined than that of the court of the fighting and practical Henry of Navarre. Richelieu approved of them, but the quarrelsome days of Louis XIII were not conducive to gentleness, and the reaction from them produced an exaggerated carefulness of expression, a *préciosité* or "preciousness" that was ridiculous though sincere. To call a chair a "wherewithal for conversation" would seem at least to hinder the briskness of the desired interchange. Purity of speech was not the only standard set by the frequenters of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; they

redeemed spoken language from vulgarity—they also wrought a real improvement in the literature and even in the thought of the time. The most brilliant period of the Hôtel de Rambouillet corresponded with the height of Richelieu's power—from about 1630–1650, and every worth-while writer, thinker and talker in France was welcomed there by kindred spirits.

As provincial towns are inclined to ape the city so society in the smaller cities adopted a literary air and "preciousness" of speech. Molière's play, "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*" burlesques these imitators.

THE AFFECTED LADIES *

PERSONS REPRESENTED

La Grange, } *rejected lovers.*
Du Croisy, }
Gorgibus, *a worthy citizen.*
Marquis of Mascarille, *valet to* La Grange.
Viscount of Jodelet, *valet to* Du Croisy.
Almanzor, *page to* Madelon *and* Cathos.
Madelon, *daughter to* Gorgibus.
Cathos, *niece to* Gorgibus.
Marotte, *maid to* Madelon *and* Cathos.

Porters, neighbours, musicians.

Scene I.—La Grange, Du Croisy

Du Cro. I say, La Grange.

La Gra. What?

Du Cro. Look at me a little without laughing.

La Gra. Well!

Du Cro. What do you think of our visit; are you much pleased with it?

La Gra. Has either of us reason to be so, in your opinion?

Du Cro. No great reason, if the truth be told.

La Gra. For my part I am dreadfully put out about it. Did ever anybody meet with a couple of silly country wenches giving themselves such airs as these? Did ever anybody see two men treated with more contempt than we were? It was as much as they could do to bring themselves to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering, such yawning, such rubbing of eyes, such constant asking what o'clock it was. Why, they answered nothing but *yes* or *no* to all we said to them. Don't you think with me, that had we been the meanest persons in the world, they could hardly have behaved more rudely than they did?

Du Cro. You seem to take it very much to heart.

* Courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

La Gra. I should think I do. I feel it so much that I am determined to be revenged on them for their impertinence. I know well enough what made them look so coldly upon us: euphuism not only infects Paris, but has spread all over the country, and our absurd damsels have inhaled their good share of it. In a word, they are a compound of pedantry and affectation. I see pretty well what a man must be like to be well received by them, and if you take my advice, we will play them a trick which shall show them their folly, and teach them in future to judge people with more discernment.

Du Cro. All right; but how will you manage it?

La Gra. I have a certain valet, named Mascarille, who in the opinion of many people passes for a kind of wit,—nothing is cheaper now-a-days than wit,—an absurd fellow, who has taken into his head to ape the man of rank. He prides himself upon love-intrigues and poetry, and despises those of his own condition, so far as to call them vulgar wretches.

Du Cro. And what use do you intend to make of him?

La Gra. I will tell you; he must . . . . but let us first get away from here.

Scene II.—Gorgibus, Du Croisy, La Grange

Gor. Well, gentleman, you have seen my daughter and my niece; did all run smoothly? what is the result of your visit?

La Gra. This you may better learn from them than from us; all we can say is, that we thank you for the honour you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

Du Cro. And remain your most humble servants.

(*Exeunt.*)

Gor. Heyday! They seem to go away dissatisfied; what can have displeased them? I must know what's the matter. I say there!

Scene III.—Gorgibus, Marotte

Mar. Did you call, sir?

Gor. Where are your mistresses?

Mar. In their dressing-room, sir.

Gor. What are they doing?

Mar. Making lip-salve.

Gor. They are always making salve. Tell them to come down.

(*Exit* Marotte.)

Scene IV.—Gorgibus

I believe these foolish girls have determined to ruin me with their ointments. I see nothing about here but white of eggs, milk of roses, and a thousand fiddle-faddles that I know nothing about. Since we came here they have used the fat of a dozen hogs at least, and four servants might live on the sheep's trotters they daily require.

Scene V.—Madelon, Cathos, Gorgibus

Gor. There is great need, surely, for you to spend so much money in greasing your nozzles! Tell me, please, what you can have done to those gentlemen, that I see them going away so coldly. Did I not ask

you to receive them as persons whom I intended to give you for husbands?

MAD. What! my father, could you expect us to have any regard for the unconventional proceedings of such people?

CAT. What! my uncle, could you expect any girl, to the smallest extent in her senses, to reconcile herself to their persons?

GOR. And what is there the matter with them?

MAD. A fine way of making love to be sure, to begin at once with marriage!

GOR. And what would you have them begin with—concubinage? Does not their conduct honour you as much as it does me? Can anything be more complimentary to you? and is not the sacred bond they propose a proof of the honesty of their intentions?

MAD. Ah! father, how all you are saying betrays the vulgarity of your taste; I am ashamed to hear you speak as you do, and really you should make yourself acquainted with the fashionable air of things.

GOR. I care neither for airs nor songs. I tell you that marriage is a holy and sacred thing, and that they acted like honourable men in speaking of it to you from the first.

MAD. Really, if everybody was like you, how soon a love-romance would be ended! What a fine thing it would have been if at starting Cyrus had married Mandane, and Aronce had been given straight off to Clélie! *

GOR. What in the world is the girl talking about!

MAD. My cousin will tell you, as well as I, that marriage, my father, should never take place till after other adventures. A lover who wants to be attractive should know how to utter noble sentiments, to sigh delicate, tender, and rapturous vows. He should pay his addresses according to rules. In the first place, it should be either at church or in the promenade, or at some public ceremony, that he first sees the fair one with whom he falls in love; or else fate should will his introduction to her by a relation or a friend, and he should leave her house thoughtful and melancholy. For a while, he conceals his love from the object of his passion, but in the meantime pays her several visits, during which he never fails to start some subject of gallantry to exercise the thoughts of the assembled company. The day arrives for him to make his declaration. This should take place usually in some leafy garden-walk, whilst everybody is out of hearing. The declaration is followed by our immediate displeasure, which shows itself by our blushing, and causes our lover to be banished for a time from our presence. He finds afterwards the means to appease us; to accustom us, by insensible degrees, to the rehearsal of his passion, and to obtain from us that confession which causes us so much pain. Then follow adventures: rivals who thwart our mutual inclination, persecution of fathers, jealousy based upon false appearances, reproaches, despair, elopement, and its consequences. It is thus things are carried on in high society, and in a well-regulated love-affair these rules cannot be dispensed with. But to plunge headlong into a proposal of marriage, to make love and the marriage settlements go hand in hand, is to begin the romance at the wrong end. Once more, father,

* Characters in the romances of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, "Artemène" and "Clélie."

there is nothing more shopkeeper-like than such proceedings, and the bare mention of it makes me feel ill.

GOR. What the devil is the meaning of all this jargon? Is it what you call, "elevated style?"

CAT. Indeed, uncle, my cousin states the case with all veracity. How can one be expected to receive with gratification persons whose addresses are altogether an impropriety? I feel certain that they have never seen the map* of the *Country of Tenderness*, and that *Billets-doux*, *Trifling attentions*, *Flattering letters*, and *Sprightly verses* are regions unknown to them. Was it not plainly marked in all their person? Are you not conscious that their external appearance was in no way calculated to give a good opinion of them at first sight? To come on a love-visit with a leg lacking adornment, a hat destitute of feathers, a head unartistic as to its hair, and a coat that suffers from an indigence of ribbons! Heavens! what lovers! What frugality of dress! What barrenness of conversation! It is not to be endured. I also noticed that their bands were not made by the fashionable milliner, and that their breeches were at least six inches too narrow.

GOR. I believe they are both crazed; not a word can I understand of all this gibberish—Cathos, and you, Madelon . . . .

MAD. Pray, father, give up those strange names, and call us otherwise.

GOR. Strange names! what do you mean? are they not those which were given you at your baptism?

MAD. Ah me! how vulgar you are! My constant wonder is that you could ever have such a soul of wit as I for a daughter. Did ever anybody in refined language speak of "Cathos" and "Madelon," and must you not admit that a name such as either of these, would be quite sufficient to ruin the finest romance in the world?

CAT. It is but too true, uncle, that it painfully shocks a delicate ear to hear those names pronounced; and the name of Polixène which my cousin has chosen, † and that of Aminte which I have taken for myself, have a charm which you cannot deny.

GOR. Listen to me; one word is as good as a hundred. I won't have you adopt any other name than those given to you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for the gentlemen in question, I know their families and their fortune, and I have made up my mind that you shall take them for husbands. I am tired of having you upon my hands; it is too much for a man of my age to have to look after two young girls.

CAT. Well, uncle, all I can say is that I think marriage is altogether a very shocking thing. How can one endure the thought of lying by the side of a man really unclothed.

MAD. Let us enjoy for a time the *beau monde* of Paris, where we are only just arrived. Let us leisurely weave our own romance, and do not, we beg, hasten so much its conclusion.

GOR. (*aside*). They are far gone, there is no doubt about it. (*aloud*) Once more, understand me, get rid of all this nonsense, for I mean to have my own way; to cut matters short, either you will both be married before long or, upon my word, you shall both be shut up in a nunnery. I'll take my oath of it. (*Exit.*)

* "*Carte du tendre*" published in the first part of "Clélie."

† All the "*Précieuses*" had borrowed names.

SCENE VI.—CATHOS, MADELON

CAT. Ah! my dear, how deeply immersed in matter your father is, how dull is his understanding, and what darkness overcasts his soul.

MAD. What can I say, my dear? I am thoroughly ashamed for him. I can scarcely persuade myself that I am really his daughter, and I feel sure that at some future time it will be discovered that I am of a more illustrious descent.

CAT. I fully believe it; yes, it is exceedingly probable. And when I too consider myself . . . . (*Enter* MAROTTE.)

SCENE VII.—CATHOS, MADELON, MAROTTE

MAR. There is a footman below, inquiring if you are at home; he says that his master wants to see you.

MAD. Learn, imbecile, to express yourself with less vulgarity. Say: Here is an indispensable, who is inquiring if it is convenient for you to be visible.

MAR. Why! I don't understand Latin, and I hav'n't learned filsofy out of the "Grand Cyrus," as you have done.

MAD. The wretched creature! what a trial it is to bear with it! And who is this footman's master?

MAR. He told me it was the Marquis of Mascarille.

MAD. Ah! my dear, a marquis! Go by all means, and say that we are visible. No doubt it is some wit who has heard us spoken of.

CAT. It must be so, my dear.

MAD. We must receive him in this parlour rather than in our own room. Let us at least arrange our hair a little and keep up our reputation. Quick, come along and hold before us, in here, the counsellor of the graces.

MAR. Goodness! I don't know what kind of an animal that is; you must speak like a Christian if you wish me to understand you.

CAT. Bring us the looking-glass, ignorant girl that you are, and mind you do not defile its brightness by the communication of your image.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VIII.—MASCARILLE *and two* CHAIRMEN

MASC. Stop, chairmen, stop! Gently, gently, be careful I say! One would think these rascals intend to break me to pieces against the walls and pavement.

1ST CH. Well! you see, master, the door is narrow, and you wished us to bring you right in.

MASC. I should think so! Would you have me, jackanapes, risk the condition of my feathers to the inclemencies of the rainy season, and that I should give to the mud the impression of my shoes? Be off, take your chair away.

2ND CH. Pay us, then, sir, if you please.

MASC. Ha! what's that you say?

2ND CH. I say, sir, that we want our money, if you please.

MASC. (*giving him a box on the ear*). How, scoundrel, you ask money of a person of my rank!

2ND CH. Are poor people to be paid in this fashion? and does your rank get us a dinner?

MASC. Ha! I will teach you to know your right place! Do you dare, you scoundrels, to set me at defiance?

1ST CH. (*taking up one of the poles of the chair*). Pay us at once; that's what I say.

MASC. What?

1ST CH. I must have the money this minute.

MASC. Now this is a sensible fellow.

1ST CH. Quick then.

MASC. Ay, you speak as you should do; but as for that other fellow, he doesn't know what he says. Here, are you satisfied?

1ST CH. No, you struck my companion, and I . . . . (*holding up his pole*).

MASC. Gently, here's something for the blow. People can get everything out of me when they set about it in the right way; now go, but mind you come and fetch me by and by, to carry me to the Louvre for the *petit coucher*.*

SCENE IX.—MAROTTE, MASCARILLE

MAR. Sir, my mistresses will be here directly.

MASC. Tell them not to hurry themselves; I am comfortably established here for waiting.

MAR. Here they are.

SCENE X.—MADELON, CATHOS, MASCARILLE, ALMANZOR

MASC. (*after having bowed to them*). Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation brings this troublesome incident upon you; merit has for me such powerful attractions, that I run after it wherever it is to be found.

MAD. If you pursue merit, it is not in our grounds that you should hunt after it.

CAT. If you find merit among us, you must have brought it here yourself.

MASC. I refuse assent to such an assertion. Fame tells the truth in speaking of your worth; and you will pique, repique, and capot † all the fashionable world of Paris.

MAD. Your courtesy carries you somewhat too far in the liberality of your praises, and we must take care, my cousin and I, not to trust too much to the sweetness of your flattery.

CAT. My dear, we should call for chairs.

MAD. Almanzor!

ALM. Madam.

MAD. Quick! convey us hither at once the appliances of conversation.

(ALMANZOR *brings chairs.*)

MASC. But stay, is there any security for me here?

CAT. What can you fear?

* Interval between the time when the king bade good night to the courtiers in general, and the time he really went to bed.

† Terms from the game of piquet. The sense is: you will carry everything before you.

MASC. Some robbery of my heart, some assassination of my freedom. I see before me two eyes which seem to me to be very dangerous fellows; they abuse liberty and give no quarter. The deuce! no sooner is any one near, but they are up in arms, and ready for their murderous attack! Ah! upon my word I mistrust them! I shall either run away or require good security that they will do me no harm.

MAD. What playfulness, my dear.

CAT. Yes, I see he is an Amilcar.*

MAD. Do not fear; our eyes have no evil intentions, your heart may sleep in peace and may rest assured of their innocence.

CAT. But, for pity's sake, sir, do not be inexorable to that arm-chair which for the last quarter of an hour has stretched out its arms to you; satisfy the desire it has of embracing you.

MASC. (*after having combed himself and adjusted his canions*). Well, ladies, what is your opinion of Paris?

MAD. Alas! can there be two opinions? It would be the antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the great museum of wonders, the centre of good taste, of wit and gallantry.

MASC. I think for my part that out of Paris people of position cannot exist.

CAT. That is a never-to-be-disputed truth.

MASC. It is somewhat muddy, but then we have sedan-chairs.

MAD. Yes, a chair is a wonderful safeguard against the insults of mud and bad weather.

MASC. You must have many visitors? What great wit belongs to your circle?

MAD. Alas! we are not known yet; but we have every hope of being so before long, and a great friend of ours has promised to bring us all the gentlemen who have written in the *Elegant Extracts*.

CAT. As well as some others who, we are told, are the sovereign judges in matters of taste.

MASC. Leave that to me! I can manage that for you better than any one else. They all visit me, and I can truly say that I never get up in the morning without having half a dozen wits about me.

MAD. Ah! we should feel under the greatest obligation to you if you would be so kind as to do this for us: for it is certain one must be acquainted with all those gentlemen in order to belong to society. By them reputations are made in Paris, and you know that it is quite sufficient to be seen with some of them to acquire the reputation of a connoisseur, even though there should be no other foundation for the distinction. But, for my part, what I value most is, that in such society we learn a hundred things which it is one's duty to know and which are the quintessence of wit: the scandal of the day; the latest things out in prose or verse. We hear exactly and punctually that a Mr. A. has composed the most beautiful piece in the world on such and such a subject; that Mrs. B. has adapted words to such and such an air, that Mr. C. has composed a madrigal on the fidelity of his lady-love, and Mr. D. upon the faithlessness of his; that yesterday evening Mr. E. wrote a *sixain* † to Miss F.,

* Character in the romance of "Clélie."

† A stanza is called *quatrain* if it has four lines, *sixain* if it has six, *huitain* if it has eight, and so on.

to which she sent an answer this morning at eight o'clock; that Mr. G. has such and such a project in his head, that Mr. H. is occupied with the third volume of his romance, and that Mr. J. has his work in the press. By knowledge like this we acquire consideration in every society; whereas if we are left in ignorance of such matters all the wit we may possess is a thing of nought and as dust in the balance.

CAT. Indeed I think it is carrying the ridiculous to the extreme, for any one who makes the least pretence to wit, not to know even the last little quatrain that has been written. For my part I should feel greatly ashamed if some one were by chance to ask me if I had seen some new thing, which I had not seen.

MASC. It is true that it is disgraceful not to be one of the very first to know what is going on. But do not make yourself anxious about it; I will establish an Academy of wits in your house, and I promise you that not a single line shall be written in all Paris which you shall not know by heart before anybody else. I, your humble servant, indulge a little in writing poetry when I feel in the vein; and you will find handed about in all the most fashionable *ruelles** of Paris, two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, without reckoning enigmas and portraits.

MAD. I must acknowledge that I am madly fond of portraits; there is nothing more elegant according to my opinion.

MASC. Portraits are difficult, and require a deep insight into character: † but you shall see some of mine which will please you.

CAT. I must say that for my part I am appallingly fond of enigmas.

MASC. They form a good occupation for the mind, and I have already written four this morning, which I will give you to guess.

MAD. Madrigals are charming when they are neatly turned.

MASC. I have a special gift that way, and I am engaged in turning the whole Roman History into madrigals.

MAD. Ah! that will be exquisite. Pray let me have a copy, if you publish it.

MASC. I promise you each a copy beautifully bound. It is beneath my rank to occupy myself in that fashion, but I do it for the benefit of the publishers, who leave me no peace.

MAD. I should think that it must be a most pleasant thing to see one's name in print.

MASC. Undoubtedly. By the bye, let me repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a friend of mine, a duchess, whom I went to see. You must know that I'm a wonderful hand at impromptus.

CAT. An impromptu is the touchstone of genius.

MASC. Listen.

MAD. We are all ears.

* "*Ruelles.*" The only equivalent in our days would be *drawing-rooms*. It has somewhat the sense of "*conversazione.*" Ladies used to receive their visitors sitting, or lying dressed on a bed richly adorned. The small space between the bed and the wall was reserved for their intimate friends or acquaintances, and called "*ruelle.*" Later on they gave up the bed, but still received at times in the bedroom, which retained the name of "*ruelle.*"

† "Les Caractères de La Bruyère" contains many portraits.

MASC. *Oh! oh! I was not taking care.*
While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! I say.

CAT. Ah me! It is gallant to the last degree.

MASC. Yes, all I do has a certain easy air about it. There is a total absence of the pedant about all my writings.

MAD. They are thousands and thousands of miles from that.

MASC. Did you notice the beginning? *Oh! oh!* There is something exceptional in that *oh! oh!* like a man who bethinks himself all of a sudden—*Oh! oh!* Surprise is well depicted, is it not? *Oh! oh!*

MAD. Yes, I think that *oh! oh!* admirable.

MASC. At first sight it does not seem much.

CAT. Ah! what do you say? these things cannot be too highly valued.

MAD. Certainly, and I would rather have composed that *oh! oh!* than an epic poem.

MASC. Upon my word now, you have good taste.

MAD. Why, yes, perhaps it's not altogether bad.

MASC. But do you not admire also, *I was not taking care? I was not taking care:* I did not notice it, quite a natural way of speaking you know: *I was not taking care. While thinking not of harm:* whilst innocently, without forethought, like a poor sheep, *I watch my fair:* that is to say, I amuse myself by considering, observing, contemplating you. *Your lurking eye,*—what do you think of this word *lurking?* Do you not think it well chosen?

CAT. Perfectly well.

MASC. *Lurking,* hiding: you would say, a cat just going to catch a mouse: *lurking.*

MAD. Nothing could be better.

MASC. *My heart doth steal away:* snatch it away, carries it off from me. *Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!* Would you not imagine it to be a man shouting and running after a robber? *Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!*

MAD. It must be acknowledged that it is witty and gallant.

MASC. I must sing you the tune I made to it.

CAT. Ah! you have learnt music?

MASC. Not a bit of it!

CAT. Then how can you have set it to music?

MASC. People of my position know everything without ever having learnt.

MAD. Of course it is so, my dear.

MASC. Just listen, and see if the tune is to your taste; hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la. The brutality of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice; but it is of no consequence; permit me, without ceremony: (*he sings*)

Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief! I say.

CAT. What soul-subduing music! One would willingly die while listening.

MAD. What soft languor creeps over one's heart!

MASC. Do you not find the thought clearly expressed in the song? *Stop thief!* stop *thief*. And then as if one suddenly cried out *stop, stop, stop, stop,* stop thief. Then all at once, like a person out of breath—*stop* thief!

MAD. It shows a knowledge of perfect beauty, every part is inimitable, both the words and the air enchant me.

CAT. I never yet met with anything worthy of being compared to it.

MASC. All I do comes naturally to me. I do it without study.

MAD. Nature has treated you like a fond mother; you are her spoiled child.

MASC. How do you spend your time, ladies?

CAT. Oh! in doing nothing at all.

MAD. Until now, we have been in a dreadful dearth of amusements.

MASC. I should be happy to take you to the play one of these days, if you would permit me; the more so as there is a new piece going to be acted which I should be glad to see in your company.

MAD. There is no refusing such an offer.

MASC. But I must beg of you to applaud it well when we are there, for I have promised my help to praise up the piece; and the author came to me again this morning to beg my assistance. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to us people of rank, so that they may persuade us to approve their work, and to give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine, if, when we say anything, the pit dare contradict us. As for me, I am most scrupulous, and when once I have promised my assistance to a poet I always call out "splendid! beautiful!" even before the candles are lighted.

MAD. Do not speak of it; Paris is a most wonderful place; a hundred things happen every day there of which country-people, however clever they may be, have no idea.

CAT. It is sufficient; now we understand this, we shall consider ourselves under the obligation of praising all that is said.

MASC. I do not know whether I am mistaken; but you seem to me to have written some play yourselves.

MAD. Ah! there may be some truth in what you say.

MASC. Upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves I have composed one which I intend shortly to bring out.

CAT. Indeed; and to what actors do you mean to give it?

MASC. What a question! Why, to the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne of course; they alone can give a proper value to a piece. The others are a pack of ignoramuses, who recite their parts just as one speaks every day of one's life; they have no idea of thundering out verses, or of pausing at a fine passage. How can one make out where the fine lines are if the actor does not stop at them, and thus tell you when you are to applaud?

CAT. Certainly, there is always a way of making an audience feel the beauties of a play; and things are valued according to the way they are put before you.

MASC. How do you like my lace, feathers, and et ceteras? Do you find any incongruity between them and my coat?

CAT. Not the slightest.

MASC. The ribbon is well-chosen, you think?

MAD. Astonishingly well. It is real Perdrigeon.*

MASC. What do you say of my canions?

MAD. They look very fashionable.

MASC. I can at least boast that they are a whole quarter of a yard wider than those usually worn.

MAD. I must acknowledge that I have never yet seen the elegance of the adjustment carried to such perfection.

MASC. May I beg of you to direct your olfactory senses to these gloves?

MAD. They smell terribly sweet.

CAT. I never inhaled a better made perfume.

MASC. And this? (*He bends forward for them to smell his powdered wig.*)

MAD. It has the true aristocratic odour. One's finest senses are exquisitely affected by it.

MASC. You say nothing of my plumes! What do you think of them?

CAT. Astonishingly beautiful!

MASC. Do you know that every tip cost me a louis d'or? It is my way to prefer indiscriminately everything of the best.

MAD. I assure you that I greatly sympathise with you. I am furiously† delicate about everything I wear, and even my socks‡ must come from the best hands.

MASC. (*crying out suddenly*). O! O! O! gently, gently ladies; ladies, this is unkind, I have good reason to complain of your behaviour; it is not fair.

CAT. What is it? What is the matter?

MASC. Matter? What, both of you against my heart, and at the same time too! attacking me right and left! ah! it is contrary to fair play; I shall cry out murder.

CAT. (*to* MADELON). It must be acknowledged that he says things in a manner altogether his own.

MAD. His way of putting things is exquisitely admirable.

CAT. (*to* MASCARILLE). You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is touched.

MASC. The deuce! why it is sore from head to foot.

SCENE XI.—CATHOS, MADELON, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE

MAR. Madam, somebody wants to see you.

MAD. Who is it?

MAR. The Viscount de Jodelet.

MASC. The Viscount de Jodelet!

MAR. Yes, sir.

CAT. Do you know him?

MASC. He is my very best friend.

* A famous draper.

† *He is furiously gentle; I love you horribly; It is greatly small; He is terribly happy*, etc., etc., expressions very dear to the "Précieuse."

‡ *Chaussettes:* linen socks worn underneath the ordinary stockings of cloth or silk.

MAD. Make him come in at once.

MASC. It is now some time since we saw each other, and I am delighted at this accidental meeting.

CAT. Here he is.

SCENE XII.—CATHOS, MADELON, JODELET, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR

MASC. Ah! Viscount!

JOD. Ah! Marquis! (*They embrace each other.*)

MASC. How pleased I am to see you!

JOD. How delighted I am to meet you here!

MASC. Ah! embrace me again, I pray you.

MAD. (*to* CATHOS). We are on the road to be known, my dear; people of fashion are beginning to find the way to our house.

MASC. Ladies, allow me to introduce you to this gentleman; upon my word of honor, he is worthy of your acquaintance.

JOD. It is but right we should come and pay you the respect that we owe you; and your queenly charms demand the humble homage of all.

MAD. This is carrying your civilities to the extreme bounds of flattery.

CAT. We shall have to mark this day in our diary as a very happy one.

MAD. (*to* ALMANZOR). Come, thoughtless juvenal, must you everlastingly be told the same things. Do you not see that the addition of another arm-chair is necessary?

MASC. Do not wonder if you see the Viscount thus; he has just recovered from an illness which has left him pale as you see him.

JOD. It is the result of constant attendance at court, and of the fatigues of war.

MASC. Do you know, ladies, that you behold in Viscount Jodelet one of the bravest men of the age—a perfect hero.

JOD. You are not behind in this respect, marquis, and we know what you can do.

MASC. It is true that we have seen each other in the field.

JOD. And in places too where it was warm indeed.

MASC. (*looking at* CATHOS *and* MADELON). Ay, ay, but not so warm as it is here! Ha, ha, ha!

JOD. Our acquaintance began in the army; the first time we met he commanded a regiment of horse on board the galleys of Malta.

MASC. It is true; but you were in the service before me, and I remember that I was but a subaltern when you commanded two thousand horse.

JOD. War is a grand thing. But s'death! now-a-days the court rewards very badly men of merit like us.

MASC. Yes, yes, there's no doubt about it; and I intend to let my sword rest in its scabbard.

CAT. For my part I am unutterably fond of men of the army.

MAD. And so am I, but I like to see wit season bravery.

MASC. Do you remember, Viscount, our carrying that half-moon at Arras?

JOD. What do you mean by "half-moon,"* it was a complete full one.

* *Half-moon* is a military term. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no "*full-moon*" in fortification.

MASC. Yes, I believe you are right.

JOD. I ought to remember it, I was wounded then in the leg by a hand-grenade, and I still bear the scars. Just feel here, I pray: you can realize what a wound it was.

CAT. (*after having felt the place*). It is true that the scar is very large.

MASC. Give me your hand, and feel this one, just here at the back of my head! Have you found it?

MAD. Yes, I feel something.

MASC. It is a musket-shot I received the last campaign I made.

JOD. (*uncovering his breast.*) Here is another wound which went quite through me at the battle of Gravelines.

MASC. (*about to unbutton.*) And I will show you a terrible scar which . . .

MAD. Pray do not, we believe you without seeing.

MASC. They are honourable marks, which tell the stuff a man is made of.

CAT. We have no doubt whatever of your valour.

MASC. Viscount, is your carriage waiting?

JOD. Why?

MASC. Because we would have taken these ladies for a drive, and have given them a collation.

MAD. Thank you, but we could not have gone out to-day.

MASC. Very well, then, let us send for musicians and have a dance.

JOD. A happy thought upon my word.

MAD. We can consent to that: but we must make some addition to our company.

MASC. Hallo there! Champagne, Picard, Bourguignon, Cascaret, Basque, La Verdure, Lorrain, Provençal, La Violette! Deuce take all the lackeys! I don't believe there is a man in all France worse served than I am. The villains are always out of the way when they are wanted.

MAD. Almanzor, tell the servants of the Marquis to go and fetch some musicians, and then ask those gentlemen and ladies who live close by to come and people the solitude of our ball. (*Exit* ALMANZOR.)

MASC. Viscount, what do you say of those eyes?

JOD. And you, marquis, what do you think of them yourself.

MASC. I? I say that our liberty will have some trouble in coming off scathless. At least as far as I am concerned, I feel an unaccustomed agitation, and my heart hangs as by a single thread.

MAD. How natural is all that he says! He gives to everything a most pleasing turn.

CAT. His expenditure of wit is really tremendous.

MASC. To show you the truth of what I say, I will make some extempore verses upon the state of my feelings.

CAT. Oh! I beseech you by all the devotion of my heart to let us hear something made expressly for us.

JOD. I should delight to do as much, but the quantity of blood I have lately lost has rather weakened my poetic vein.

MASC. Deuce take it all! I can always make the first verse to my satisfaction, but feel perplexed about the rest. After all, you know, this is being a little too much in a hurry. I will take my own time to make

you some extempore verses, which you will find the most beautiful in the world.

JOD. (*to* MADELON). His wit is devilish fine!

MAD. Gallant, and neatly turned.

MASC. Viscount, tell me, have you seen the countess lately?

JOD. It is about three weeks since I paid her a visit.

MASC. Do you know that the duke came to see me this morning, and wanted to take me out into the country to hunt a stag with him?

MAD. Here come our friends.

SCENE XIII.—LUCILE, CELIMÈNE, CATHOS, MADELON, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR, MUSICIANS

MAD. My dears, we beg you will excuse us. These gentlemen had a fancy for the soul of motion,* and we sent for you to fill up the void of our assembly.

LUC. You are very kind.

MASC. This is only a ball got up in haste, but one of these days we will have one in due form. Have the musicians come?

ALM. Yes, sir, here they are.

CAT. Come then, my dears, take your places.

MASC. (*dancing alone by way of prelude*). La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

MAD. He has a most elegant figure.

CAT. And seems a proper dancer.

MASC. (*taking out* MADELON *to dance*). The liberty of my heart will dance a couranto as well as my feet. Play in time, musicians. O! what ignorant fellows! There is no possibility of dancing with them. Devil take you, can't you play in time? La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Steady, you village scrapers.

JOD. (*dancing in his turn*). Gently, don't play so fast, I have only just recovered from an illness.

(*Enter* DU CROISY *and* LA GRANGE.)

SCENE XIV.—DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, CATHOS, MADELON, LUCILE, CELIMÈNE, JODELET, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, MUSICIANS

LA GRA. (*a stick in his hand*). Ah! scoundrels, what are you doing here? We have been looking for you these three hours.

(*He beats* MASCARILLE *and* JODELET.)

MASC. Oh! oh! oh! You never said anything about blows.

JOD. Oh! oh! oh!

LA GRA. It becomes you well, you rascal, to ape the man of rank.

DU CRO. This will teach you to know your position.

(*Exeunt* DU CROISY *and* LA GRANGE.)

SCENE XV.—CATHOS, MADELON, LUCILE, CELIMÈNE, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, MUSICIANS

MAD. What does this all mean?

JOD. It is a wager.

CAT. What! to suffer yourselves to be beaten in that fashion!

* *Violins* are meant.

MASC. Yes, I would not take any notice of it, I have a violent temper, and I should not have been able to command it.

MAD. Such an insult in our presence!

MASC. Not worth mentioning, we have known each other for a long while now; and among friends we must not take offence at such trifles. (*Re-enter* DU CROISY *and* LA GRANGE.)

SCENE XVI.—DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, MADELON, CATHOS, CELIMÈNE, LUCILE, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, MUSICIANS

LA GRA. Ah! you rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I assure you. Come in, you there. (*Three or four men enter.*)

MAD. What do you mean by coming to disturb us in our own house?

DU CRO. What ladies! shall we suffer our servants to be better received than we were? shall we allow them to come and make love to you at our expense, and to give you a ball?

MAD. Your servants!

LA GRA. Yes, our servants; and it is neither proper nor honest in you to entice them away from their duty as you have done.

MAD. Heavens! What insolence!

LA GRA. But they shall not have the advantage of wearing our clothes to dazzle your eyes, and if you wish to love them, it shall be for their good looks. Quick, you fellows, strip them at once.

JOD. Farewell our finery.

MASC. Farewell, marquisate; farewell, viscountship!

DU CRO. Ah! ah! rascals, have you the impudence to wish to cut us out? You will have to find elsewhere, I can tell you, wherewith to make yourselves agreeable to your lady-loves.

LA GRA. To supplant us; and that, too, in our own clothes. It is too much!

MASC. O Fortune, how inconstant thou art!

DU CRO. Quick, I say, strip off everything that belongs to us.

LA GRA. Take away all the clothes; quick! Now, ladies, in their present condition, you may make love to them as much as you please. We leave you entirely free to act. This gentleman and I assure you that we shall be in no way jealous.

SCENE XVII.—MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, MUSICIANS

CAT. Ah! what humiliation.

MAD. I am nearly dying with vexation.

1ST MUS. (*to* MASCARILLE). And what does all this mean? Who is to pay us?

MASC. Ask my lord the Viscount.

2ND MUS. (*to* JODELET). Who is to give us our money?

JOD. Ask my lord the Marquis. (*Enter* GORGIBUS.)

SCENE XVIII.—GORGIBUS, MADELON, CATHOS; JODELET, MASCARILLE; MUSICIANS

GOR. (*to* MADELON *and* CATHOS). From all I hear and see you have got us into a nice mess; the gentlemen and ladies who have just left have given me a fine account of your doings!

MAD. Ah! my father, it is a most cruel trick they have played us.

GOR. Yes, it is a cruel trick, no doubt, but one which results from your folly—miserable simpletons that you are. They felt insulted by your way of receiving them; and I, wretched man, must swallow the affront as best I may.

MAD. Ah! I will be revenged or die in the attempt. And you, wretches! dare you stop here after all your insolence?

MASC. To treat a marquis in this manner! Yes, that's the way of the world; we are spurned by those who till lately cherished us. Come along, come along, my friend, let us go and seek our fortunes elsewhere, I see that nothing but outward show pleases here, and that they have no consideration for virtue unadorned.

(*Exeunt* MASCARILLE *and* JODELET.)

SCENE XIX.—GORGIBUS, MADELON, CATHOS, MUSICIANS

1ST MUS. Sir, we shall expect you to pay us, since they do not; for it was here we played.

GOR. (*beating them*). Yes, yes, I will pay you, and here is the coin you shall receive. As for you, stupid, foolish girls, I don't know what keeps me from giving you as much. We shall become the laughing-stock of the whole neighbourhood; this is the result of all your ridiculous nonsense. Go, hide yourselves, idiots; hide yourselves for ever (*exeunt* MADELON *and* CATHOS); and you the cause of all their folly, worthless trash, mischievous pastimes of vacant minds, romances, verses, songs, sonnets, lays and lies, may the devil take you all!

As must have been surmised, the prevailing tone of all the literary production of the early part of the seventeenth century was romantic, often to the verge of sentimentality, the result of reaction from the turbulence of the preceding century united with a leaning toward Italian models made fashionable by Marie de Medici. Its every form, however, was marked by an accuracy of workmanship which was to show itself increasingly as the decades went on, until verse, drama and oratory all displayed a finish appropriate to the model set them by the punctilious court of Louis XIV. Even a poet as irregular as versatile, long-nosed CYRANO DE BERGERAC (1619–1655)—revealed to us in the edge of the twentieth century—was capable of feats of verse-making dexterity as wonderful as that described by Rostand who makes his hero compose a ballade, accurate in form, at the same time that he fought a duel. De Bergerac stands alone

among literary men as a defender of Mazarin. His fancy was delightful and his prose clear and correct. Here is his account of an

EXPERIENCE IN AERONAUTICS

I had fastened about me a number of phials filled with dew on which the Sun shone so warmly that its heat which attracted them as it does the largest clouds, raised me so high, that at last I found myself above the medium region. But as this attraction caused me to rise with too great speed, and as, instead of nearing the Moon as I expected, she seemed to me farther away than at my departure, I broke several of my phials until I thought that my weight overcame the attraction and that I was descending again towards the earth. My opinion was correct, for I fell upon it a short time afterwards, and judging by the time when I left, it must have been midnight. However, I saw that the Sun was at its highest point above the horizon and that it was noon. I leave you to imagine my surprise. I was so thoroughly amazed that, not knowing to what to attribute this miracle, I had the insolence to imagine that to favor my boldness God had once more fastened the Sun in the heavens that it might shed light upon so generous an enterprise. What increased my surprise was that I did not recognize the place where I was, for it seemed to me that having gone straight up I ought to have alighted on the same spot from which I had set out. However, equipped as I was, I walked toward a sort of hut whose smoke I saw and I was hardly a pistol shot from it when I saw myself surrounded by a crowd of naked men. They seemed greatly surprised at seeing me, for I suppose I was the first man they ever had seen dressed in bottles. And still further to overset whatever interpretations they might have put upon this equipment, they saw that I scarcely touched the ground as I walked. They did not know that at the smallest movement of my body the warmth of the noonday rays lifted me with my dew, and that, had it not been that my phials were no longer numerous I might have been raised in the air before their very eyes. I wanted to approach them, but as if fright had changed them into birds they were lost in an instant in the neighboring forest. However I caught one whose legs had played the traitor to his courage. I asked him with some difficulty (for I was almost choked) how far it was to Paris and since when people had been going about France naked and why they fled from me with such terror. The man I addressed was an olive-skinned old fellow who at first flung himself at my knees and clasping his hands in the air behind his head opened

his mouth and closed his eyes. He muttered for a long time between his teeth but I did not discern any articulation, so that I considered his speech as the hoarse chattering of a mute.

A little while later I saw a company of soldiers come up, their drum beating, and I noticed two separating themselves from the main body to investigate me. When they were near enough to hear I asked them where I was. "You are in France," they answered me, "but what the mischief has put you in such a state as this? And how does it happen that we do not recognize you? Have the vessels come? Are you going to report to the Governor? And why have you put your brandy into so many bottles?" To all that I replied that there wasn't any mischief about it; that they did not recognize me because they could not know everybody; that I did not know that the Seine floated large ships as far as Paris; that I had no report to make to Marshall de l' Hôpital; and that I was not loaded with brandy. "Ho, ho," they said, taking me by the arm, "you're playing the jester, are you? The Governor shall make your acquaintance." They led me toward the troop where I learned that I really was in France, but in New France, and a little while later I was presented to the Viceroy, who asked me my country, my name and my rank; and after I had satisfied him, telling him the pleasant outcome of my trip, whether he really believed me or pretended to, he was kind enough to give me a room in his apartment. My happiness was great at meeting a man capable of breadth of view, who was not surprised when I told him that it must have been that the earth had rotated during my ascent, since, having begun to rise when two leagues from Paris, I had fallen, in an almost perpendicular line, into Canada.

In addition to De Bergerac there were few poets worthy of mention in the early years except Malherbe and his contemporaries who bridged the century. The literary atmosphere of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, however, encouraged many poets who stand out even from the multitude of verse-makers who expressed much high-flown sentiment in "precious" language. A new sonnet was an affair of importance at the salon, and when two of almost equal merit appeared it was the occasion of much factional excitement. Such was the case when VINCENT VOITURE (1598–1648) wrote his sonnet to "Uranie" and ISAAC DE BENSÉRADE (1613–1691) his "Job." Here they are for comparison.

URANIE

(Translated by Walter Besant)

It rests, to end with love of Uranie,
  Absence nor time may cure me of this pain;
Nothing to help, nothing to ease, I see,
  Nothing to win my liberty again.

Long time I know her rigor, but I think
  Still on her beauty—wherefore I must die—,
Content I fall, blessing my doom I sink,
  Nor aught against her tyrant rigor cry,

But sometimes Reason feebly lifts her voice,
Bids me throw off this thraldom, and rejoice;
  Then when I listen, and her aid would prove,
After all efforts spent, in mere despair,
She says that Uranie alone is fair,
  And, more than all my senses, bids me love.

JOB

(Translated by Walter Besant)

Job, with a thousand troubles cursed,
  Here shows you what his troubles were,
And as he goes from worse to worst,
  Asks for your sympathetic tear.

Behold his story, simple, plain,
  Told by himself for your fair eyes;
And steel your heart to watch the pain
  Of one who suffers, one who sighs.

Yet think—although he suffered much,
His troubles great, his patience such—
  That some may still more patient be;
To all the listening world he groaned,
His pains to every friend bemoaned;
  I, silent, suffer more than he.

Voiture and Bensérade counted among their fellows Jean Regnauld de Segrais (1624–1701), a man of many talents, less remembered now for his verse than for his memoirs

which give a thoroughly conversant account of the society of the century, and for his work with Mademoiselle de Montpensier and Madame de la Fayette in the authorship of their romances.

An unexpected figure among these elegants was PAUL SCARRON (1610–1660), poor and a cripple, who is known not only for his own work but as the husband of Françoise d'Aubigné, later Madame de Maintenon and secretly married to Louis XIV. Scarron wrote a burlesque "Æneid" and a "Comic Romance," keen satires, and a collection of stories which served later as a treasure house of plots for later writers. His powers of observation were most acute, as will be seen in this compact description of

PARIS

(Translated by Walter Besant)

Houses in labyrinthine maze;
The streets with mud bespattered all;
Palace and prison, churches, quays,
Here stately shop, there shabby stall.
Passengers black, red, gray and white,
The pursed-up prude, the light coquette;
Murder and Treason dark as night;
With clerks, their hands with ink-stains wet;
A gold-laced coat without a sou,
And trembling at a bailiff's sight;
A braggart shivering with fear;
Pages and lacqueys, thieves of night;
And 'mid the tumult, noise and stink of it,
There's Paris—pray, what do you think of it?

As the life of the seventeenth century grew more and more stately, its thought became correspondingly serious, and its expression increasingly perfect. "Preciosity" waned; love of the classic grew. The middle years were marked by a decided change.

Boileau (NICHOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX, 1636–1711)

was a man whose many activities place him in many classes. In all he was great—as literary critic, philosopher, satirist, letter writer, and poet. His comments on his predecessors and contemporaries in the field of literature are always interesting, though apt to be more caustic than modern judgments. His verses addressed "To Molière" are more about himself than about the great dramatist, but they give a concrete instance of the rules that he laid down in his discussion of the "Art of Poetry."

TO MOLIÈRE

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

Unequaled genius, whose warm fancy knows
No rhyming labor, no poetic throes;
To whom Apollo has unlocked his store;
Whose coin is struck from pure Parnassian ore;
Thou, dextrous master, teach thy skill to me,
And tell me, Molière, how to rhyme like thee!

You never falter when the close comes round,
Or leave the substance to preserve the sound;
You never wander after words that fly,
For all the words you need before you lie.
But I, who—smarting for my sins of late—
With itch of rhyme am visited by fate,
Expend on air my unavailing force,
And, hunting sounds, am sweated like a horse.
In vain I often muse from dawn till night:
When I mean black, my stubborn verse says white;
If I should paint a coxcomb's flippant mien,
I scarcely can forbear to name the Dean;
If asked to tell the strains that purest flow,
My heart says Virgil, but my pen Quinault;
In short, whatever I attempt to say,
Mischance conducts me quite the other way.

At times, fatigued and fretted with the pain,
When every effort for relief is vain,
The fruitless chase I peevishly give o'er,
And swear a thousand times to write no more:

But, after thousand vows, perhaps by chance,
Before my careless eyes the couplets dance.
Then with new force my flame bursts out again,
Pleased I resume the paper and the pen;
And, all my anger and my oaths forgot,
I calmly muse and resolutely blot.

Yet, if my eager hand, in haste to rhyme,
Should tack an empty couplet at a time,
Great names who do the same I might adduce;
Nay, some who keep such hirelings for their use.
Need blooming Phyllis be described in prose
By any lover who has seen a *rose?*
Who can forget heaven's masterpiece, her eye,
Where, within call, the Loves and Graces lie?
Who can forget her smile, devoid of art,
Her heavenly sweetness and her frozen heart?
How easy thus forever to compound,
And ring new changes on recurring sound;
How easy, with a reasonable store
Of useful epithets repeated o'er,
Verb, substantive, and pronoun, to transpose,
And into tinkling metre hitch dull prose.
But I—who tremble o'er each word I use,
And all that do not aid the sense refuse,
Who cannot bear those phrases out of place
Which rhymers stuff into a vacant space—
Ponder my scrupulous verses o'er and o'er,
And when I write five words, oft blot out four.

Plague on the fool who taught us to confine
The swelling thought within a measured line;
Who first in narrow thraldom fancy pent,
And chained in rhyme each pinioned sentiment.
Without this toil, contentment's soothing balm
Might lull my languid soul in listless calm:
Like the smooth prebend how might I recline,
And loiter life in mirth and song and wine!
Roused by no labor, with no care opprest,
Pass all my nights in sleep, my days in rest.
My passions and desires obey the rein;

No mad ambition fires my temperate vein;
The schemes of busy greatness I decline,
Nor kneel in palaces at Fortune's shrine.
In short, my life had been supremely blest
If envious rhyme had not disturbed my rest:
But since this freakish fiend began to roll
His idle vapors o'er my troubled soul,
Since first I longed in polished verse to please,
And wrote with labor to be read with ease,
Nailed to my chair, day after day I pore
On what I write and what I wrote before;
Retouch each line, each epithet review,
Or burn the paper and begin anew.
While thus my labors lengthen into years,
I envy all the race of sonneteers.
. . . . . .
To you, who know how justly I complain,
To you I turn for medicine to my pain!
Grant me your talent, and impart your store,
Or teach me, Molière, how to rhyme no more.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE (1621–1695) ends the century's list of poets pure and simple with one of its greatest names. He led a somewhat irregular life, glancing toward the church and then glancing away, and not fulfilling in real work the promise of his early years until he was a man of middle age. His first poems are graceful but not remarkable. When Fouquet, who was Superintendent of Finances under Mazarin, fell into disgrace with Louis XIV, La Fontaine wrote a long poem on the "Nymphs of Vaux," which launched him on the sea of poesy upon which he adventured many other poems of increasing merit. He is best known by his "Fables" in imitation of Æsop. They are admirable from every point of view—as recalling their model, as satirizing society, as drawing lovely pictures of nature—and their universal human appeal puts them among the ever-living bits of literature. The fable of the over-ambitious frog has been quoted. Here is a laugh at another common foible.

THE CROW AND THE FOX

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

A master crow, perched on a tree one day,
Was holding in his beak a cheese;—
A master fox, by the odor drawn that way,
Spake unto him in words like these:

"O, good morning, my Lord Crow!
How well you look! how handsome you do grow!
'Pon my honor, if your note
Bears a resemblance to your coat,
You are the phœnix of the dwellers in these woods."
At these words does the crow exceedingly rejoice;
And, to display his beauteous voice,
He opens a wide beak, lets fall his stolen goods.
The fox seized on't and said, "My good Monsieur,
Learn that every flatterer
Lives at the expense of him who hears him out.
This lesson is well worth a cheese, no doubt."
The crow, ashamed, and much in pain,
Swore, but a little late, they'd not catch him so again.

A charming bit of allegory has been translated by William Cullen Bryant.

* LOVE AND FOLLY

Love's worshippers alone can know
The thousand mysteries that are his;
His blazing torch, his twanging bow,
His blooming age are mysteries.
A charming science—but the day
Were all too short to con it o'er;
So take of me this little lay
A sample of its boundless lore.

At once, beneath the fragrant shade
Of myrtles breathing heaven's own air,
The children, Love and Folly, played—
A quarrel rose betwixt the pair.

* Courtesy of D. Appleton & Company.

Love said the gods should do him right—
  But Folly vowed to do it then,
And struck him, o'er the orbs of sight,
  So hard he never saw again.

His lovely mother's grief was deep,
  She called for vengeance on the deed;
A beauty does not vainly weep,
  Nor coldly does a mother plead.
A shade came o'er the eternal bliss
  That fills the dwellers of the skies:
Even stony-hearted Nemesis,
  And Rhadamanthus, wiped their eyes.

"Behold," she said, "this lovely boy,"
  While streamed afresh her graceful tears,
"Immortal, yet shut out from joy
  And sunshine, all his future years.
The child can never take, you see,
  A single step without a staff—
The harshest punishment would be
  Too lenient for the crime by half."

All said that Love had suffered wrong,
  And well that wrong should be repaid;
Then weighed the public interest long,
  And long the party's interest weighed.
And thus decreed the court above—
  "Since Love is blind from Folly's blow,
Let Folly be the guide of Love,
  Where'er the boy may choose to go."

A tribute to one of the world's greatest comic writers is La Fontaine's

EPITAPH ON MOLIÈRE

1673

Plautus and Terence lie beneath this stone,
Yet, strangely, Molière lies here alone,
Their trinity of talents filled one heart
And France rejoiced in its consummate art.

They all are gone, and little hope is left
Of seeing them again; we are bereft
For ages yet to come; when all is said,
Terence and Plautus, Molière, are dead.

The most outstanding expression of the seventeenth century's greatness was its drama. Here poet and playwright met in Corneille and Racine and Molière. Their work will be taken up in the next chapter's survey of French writing for the stage.

To satisfy the love of reading which developed in this century among people who had cared little for it before, romances came into being. They were of enormous length and fairly dripping with love, and they achieved popularity not only because they accorded with the temper of the time, but because they furnished an especial diversion to women who gave long hours to embroidery and who liked to be read to as they worked. HONORÉ D'URFÉ'S (1568–1625) "Astrée" of the early years was one of these stories, an interminable tale of the loves and adventures of remarkably well-educated shepherds and shepherdesses. The plot was based on his own experiences, for he fell in love with his brother's betrothed, was sent out of the country by his father to avoid complications. Later—some say it was ten years, some twenty—he married the fair lady, but abandoned her promptly because she was kinder to her dogs than to him, and spent his time in celebrating her attractions in "Astrée."

Extremely popular were the plays and romances of LA CALPRENÈDE (died in 1663) who paid d'Urfé the compliment of following his vein. An idea of these voluminous tales, made up of several plots hardly interwoven at all, may be gained from the following synopsis of

CLEOPATRA

(From Dunlop's "History of Fiction")

The shades of night had not yet given place to the first blushes of day, when the disconsolate Tyridates, awakened by his cruel inquietude, and

unable to await the approaching light, left his solitary mansion to refresh his languishing frame, and breathe his amorous thoughts on the shore of Alexandria.

After some time he perceives a great conflagration on the sea, which he concludes must proceed from a burning vessel, and he is naturally led to compare the flames to those by which he is himself consumed. . . .

This ardent lover continued his rhapsody till the approach of light, when he saw coming towards land a plank, on which was seated the queen of Ethiopia, with one of her maids of honour, while her prime minister was swimming behind, and impelling it to shore. Tyridates plunged amid the waves to their assistance, and, bidding the prime minister, who was nearly exhausted, provide for his own security, took his place at the plank, by which means all parties arrived safe on land.

The chief of the two ladies resembled Venus, . . . and would have been mistaken by Tyridates for a sea-goddess, had he not seen the waves use her too rudely to be her subjects. On reaching shore, the first concern of the lady was to faint, and the waiting-woman, who, as Puff, in Sheridan's "Critic," says, must always do as her mistress, and who on the present occasion had the same title to a swoon, instantly fell at her feet. When they had recovered, they were conducted, along with Eteocles, the person who attended them, to the solitary mansion of Tyridates, which stood in the immediate vicinity.

After the queen had enjoyed a few hours of repose, she was waited on by her host, whom she entreated to relate the story of his life. Tyridates declared that this would oblige him to disclose what he had resolved to hold secret as long as his breast would contain it, and that even by the acknowledgment of his name, he would incur the danger of his life. Waiving, however, these considerations, he informed her that he was brother to Phraates, king of Parthia. That prince ascended the throne by the murder of his father, and all the rest of his family, with the exception of Tyridates, who escaped to a neighbouring court, and afterwards settled in Judæa, whose king, Herod, was the avowed enemy of Phraates. The story of Mariamne, as it is related in Josephus, is the basis of the adventures of Tyridates. A coolness subsisted on the part of this princess towards her husband, as he had recently put to death her father . . . , her uncle . . . , her two grandfathers, and her brother . . . Tyridates fell desperately in love with Mariamne, but although she preserved her fidelity to Herod inviolate, Salome, that monarch's sister, in revenge for an ill-requited affection she had conceived for Tyridates, and from hatred to Mariamne, instilled the most fatal suspicions into the mind of her brother. It thus became necessary, both for the safety of Mari-

amne and his own, that Tyridates should seek refuge in some other country. He had first repaired to Rome, but as the splendour and gaiety of that capital ill accorded with the frame of his mind, he had betaken himself to the solitary dwelling which he now inhabited.

In return for this communication, the attendant of the queen of Ethiopia commences the history of the life of his mistress, which is one of the three main stories in the work. It relates to her love affairs with Cæsario, son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra, who had been believed dead through the Roman empire, but had, in fact, escaped into Æthiopia after the ruin of Marc Antony.

About this time, Coriolanus, prince of Mauretania, arrived at the mansion of Tyridates, and his story may be considered as the principal one in the romance. . . . This prince was son of the celebrated Juba, and, after the death of his father, was educated at Rome. There he became enamoured of Cleopatra, the daughter of the queen of Egypt and Marc Antony; but disgusted by the preference which Augustus showed to his rival Tiberius, he one day seized an opportunity of running his competitor through the body on the street, and then fled into Mauretania. He there raised a revolt among his father's subjects, and having successively defeated the Roman commanders who were sent against him, was invested by the inhabitants with his paternal sovereignty. After his coronation he set out *incognito* for Sicily, where the court of Augustus then was, in order to have a private interview with his lady love, but as she reproached him for perfidy, and avoided his presence, instead of receiving him with the kindness anticipated, he was, in consequence, thrown into a violent fever. Understanding, on his recovery, that Cleopatra had accompanied Augustus and his court to Egypt, he departed for Alexandria, in order to obtain an explanation of her expressions and conduct.

The romance now returns to the queen of Ethiopia, who, during her residence with Tyridates, was forcibly carried off by pirates, but was afterwards rescued by . . . the prefect of Egypt, and conducted to Alexandria. In the palace of the prefect she met with Elisa, who was daughter of the king of Parthia, and, like herself, had been delivered by a Roman vessel from pirates. The story of Elisa, and her lover Artabanus, a young adventurer, who afterwards proves to be the son of the great Pompey, is the third grand narrative of this production. Artabanus is the most warlike and most amorous of all the heroes of romance, and for the sake of Elisa he conquers for her father immense empires in Asia, almost by his individual prowess.

It is impossible to follow the princes and princesses through the vari-

ous adventures and vicissitudes they encounter: suffice it to say, that at length they are all safely assembled at Alexandria, where Augustus also arrives with his court, and a reconciliation takes place between Coriolanus and Cleopatra. The designs of the emperor to obtain the Princess Elisa for his favourite Agrippa and Cleopatra for Tiberius, to the prejudice of Artabanus and Coriolanus, induce these lovers to excite an insurrection against the Roman power. They storm the castle of Alexandria, but are there besieged by Augustus, and soon reduced to extremity. The emperor, however, terrified by a menacing apparition of Julius Cæsar, which about this time had unexpectedly appeared to him, consents to pardon the princes, and unites them to the objects of their affections.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry * (1607–1701), a surprisingly ugly spinster, who lived with a boasting and tyrannical brother, and who through her cleverness, rallied about her a salon that was almost a rival of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, developed in the romance a new and alluring idea. The classic names of the characters that wandered through the 6679 pages of "The Great Cyrus," for example, cloaked personages of the moment, and the story introduced the gossip of a day when gossip was with good reason highly spiced. 'Cyrus' was the "Great Condê"; 'Mandane,' Madame de Longueville, his sister; the Egyptians, the people of Lorraine; the city of Artaxate, Paris; the siege of Cumæ, the siege of Dunkirk. In "Clelia" the account of the palace of Valterre describes the chateau, Vaux-la-Vicomte, on which Fouquet, La Fontaine's friend, spent hundreds of thousands of francs, not all honestly earned. The minister was an intelligent patron of letters, by the way, and he must have had the charm that is a necessary asset of the swindler and the politician alike, for Madame de Sêvignê in her "Letters" follows his trial with a sympathy which seems to reflect a general feeling. Other characters in "Clelia" are 'Scaurus' and 'Liriane,' who represent Scarron and his wife, afterwards Madame de Maintenon; 'Alcandre,' Louis XIV

* See quotation from Sainte-Beuve in Chapter IX.

when a youth; 'Damo,' the ever beautiful Ninon de l'Enclos; 'Arricidie,' the author herself; and the group of wise men of Syracuse, the community at Port Royal.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry's style was amply clear in spite of its elaborate detail. She is sagacious in her selection of salient features for comment. Here is her description of Angélique de Rambouillet, whom she calls 'Anacrise,' as she dubs her sister 'Philomide.'

Anacrise is not so tall as Philomide, though of good stature; but the brilliancy of her complexion is so surprising and its delicacy so extraordinary that if she did not have extremely beautiful and marvellously fine eyes it would be the cause of a thousand exclamations and compliments. The spiritual, the delicate, the fine, the proud, the playful and the gentle are commingled in her expression in such wise that she is at once feared and loved. Her good nature not being of the sort that hesitates to make war upon her friends there is no doubt that Anacrise is a formidable person; for I do not believe that there is any one in the world whose mockery is so keen and pointed as hers. There are so few things that can satisfy her, so few people who can please her, so few amusements that can appeal to her that she cannot possibly have one day of complete enjoyment in the whole year.

Toward the end of the century (1678) Madame de Lafayette (1634–1693), who had collaborated with Segrais in the production of "Zaïde," wrote "The Princess of Clèves," a piece of fiction which had more than one novel point. In the first place it was only one volume long as opposed to the ten which was Mademoiselle de Scudéry's usual number. Then it dealt in a natural way with natural emotions and this was a decided step forward in the evolution of the modern novel. Lastly, the plot was perfectly possible in its main theme. Indeed its possibility for the twentieth century as well as for the seventeenth in which it was written or the sixteenth when its scene was laid, brings it among those books which live because they deal with universals. The story runs thus:

To the court of Henry II comes a beautiful young woman of the highest rank who has been carefully reared by a wise mother. She marries the Prince of Clèves who adores her, but to whom she gives esteem rather than affection. The Duke of Nemours, who had been on a journey, returns to a court, falls in love with the Princess and so impresses her with the delicacy as with the strength of his passion that she returns his love. In order to avoid him she induces her husband to allow her to retire to the country. The Duke finds it convenient to visit his sister, a country neighbor of the Princess, and one day finds himself in a summer-house where he overhears a conversation between the Princess and her husband in which she explains her reason for wishing to remain away from court.

"And who is he," asks the unlucky Prince, "this happy man who causes you such fear, and since when and how has he found favor in your eyes? What road has he found to reach your heart? I have been somewhat consoled for not having won it by the thought that it was not to be won, yet here another has done what I could not do! I feel a husband's jealousy and a lover's too—yet I cannot yield to a husband's emotions after an act like yours; you have plunged me into wretchedness by the noblest mark of faithfulness that ever wife gave to husband."

The Princess refuses to tell the name of the man she loves.

"It seems to me," she replied, "that you ought to be content with my frankness. Ask me no more and do not give me cause to repent of what I have just done. Rest content with the assurance that I give you once again, that no action of mine has disclosed my feeling nor has a word been said to me at which I might take offence."

By stratagem the Prince discovers that the Duke of Nemours is the object of his wife's affection, and sends after him a spy who follows him to the country house where the Princess is staying.

The palisades were very high and there was even a second row behind them the more thoroughly to prevent entrance, so that it was very difficult to get in. Monsieur de Nemours succeeded, nevertheless, and as soon as he was in the garden he had no trouble in finding where Madame de Clèves was, for he saw many lights in the room, and its windows were open. As he glided along the palisade he experienced feelings that may easily be imagined. He stood behind one of the long windows that served for door as well, to see what Madame de Clèves was doing. He saw that she was alone, and she looked so wonderfully lovely that he hardly could master the transport which the sight of her aroused in him. It was warm and she had no covering upon her head and neck but her hair in its charming confusion. She was lying on a couch and before

her was a table on which were several baskets of ribbons. She was selecting some of them and Monsieur de Nemours observed that they were the same colors that he had worn at Tournoy. He saw that she was tying bows upon an unusual Indian cane that he had given his sister from whom Madame de Clèves had taken it, seeming not to recognize that it had belonged to Monsieur de Nemours. After she had finished her task with a grace and gentleness that brought to her expression the emotions that she felt in her heart, she took a candle and went to a large table opposite a picture of the siege of Metz in which was a likeness of Monsieur de Nemours. She sat down before it and gazed at the portrait with a close and dreamy attention that love alone could give.

What Monsieur de Nemours felt now need not be described. To see in the middle of the night, in the most beautiful spot in the world, a person whom he adored, to see her without her knowing that he saw her, and to see her occupied with things that concerned him and her love for him—no other lover ever had known or imagined such a circumstance!

Nemours makes some sound which alarms the Princess who hastens to her women. The spy reports the Duke's visit to the Prince of Clèves who straightway falls ill and dies, though persuaded of his wife's innocence. The Princess refuses to change her widowhood and spends the remainder of her short life in seclusion.

The popularity of this story, written in an elevated tone at a time when Louis XIV was setting no good example for court or country to follow, is but another instance of the real force of goodness in fiction. People like it provided it is not namby-pamby.

One of the paradoxes that marked this century of poignant contrasts was the strong strain of seriousness which affected even people leading a supposedly frivolous life. Yet this paradox is but another expression of the contrasts of the French "genius" with its roots of earnestness and its foliation of lightness. Religious thought turned to Quietism, a doctrine of mystic meditation, and was strongly affected by the teachings of Jansen, a Dutch Roman Catholic theologian whose views on the freedom of the will appealed to many Protestants and even secured a noteworthy following among Catholics who were not Jesuits. Of these the best known

gathered under the leadership of ANTOINE ARNAULD (1612–1694) in a semi-communistic group about the convent of Port Royal in the Chevreuse Valley, where resided several ladies who were relatives established in the religious life. Before Port Royal came under Louis XIV's condemnation in 1710, it had a century of usefulness as a school for young people, as a force encouraging religious and philosophic thought, and as a promoter of literary dignity and seriousness. Arnauld's work was marked by excellent common sense. Here is a paragraph on

JUDGMENT

There is nothing more estimable than good sense and justness of mind in the discernment of the true and the false. All other mental qualities have a limited range; but exactness of reasoning power is generally useful in all of life's aspects and employments. It is not only in science that it is hard to distinguish truth from error; it is difficult also in most of the subjects of which men talk and of the occupations which they carry on. Almost everywhere are different paths, some true, others false, and it is reason's part to make choice of them. Those who choose well are those who are mentally exact; those who take the wrong road are those who are lacking in reasoning power; and this is the first and the foremost distinction to be made in the qualities of men's minds.

BLAISE PASCAL (1623–1662) was the most famous of the Port Royal writers. He was a mathematician and a physicist and he brought a mind trained in scientific reasoning to bear upon the discussion of theological problems. His main argument was the futility of reason as against faith. His "Provincial Letters," written in defense of Arnauld, are famous for their searching argument. His "Thoughts," though scattered, make a workable philosophy.

*SELECTED THOUGHTS OF BLAISE PASCAL

The most important thing in the whole of life is the choice of a vocation. Chance disposes it. Custom makes masons, soldiers, tilers. "That is

* Translated by Gertrude Burford Rawlings. Courtesy of the Walter Scott Publishing Company.

an excellent tiler," they say; and in speaking of soldiers, "They are perfect fools"; and others say just the opposite, "There is nothing great but war; all other men are knaves." We choose these professions because in our childhood we have heard them praised and others disparaged, for we naturally love truth and hate folly; these two words stir us; we err only in their application. So great is the force of custom, that out of those whom nature has made simply men, are fashioned all sorts of men; for some districts are all masons, others all soldiers, etc. Without doubt nature is not so uniform. Therefore it is custom which does this, for it constrains nature; though sometimes nature overcomes custom, and keeps man in his instinct in spite of all custom, good or bad.

. . . . . .

A portrait carries with it absence and presence, pleasure and displeasure; the reality shuts out absence and displeasure.

. . . . . .

Cæsar was too old, it seems to me, to go about amusing himself by conquering the world. This amusement was good for Augustus or Alexander,—they were young men, and young men are difficult to restrain, but Cæsar ought to have been more mature.

. . . . . .

It is well to be wearied and fatigued by the quest of the true good, so that we may stretch out our arms to the Deliverer.

. . . . . .

Man is only a reed, the feeblest reed in nature, but he is a thinking reed. There is no need for the entire universe to arm itself in order to annihilate him: a vapour, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would yet be more noble than that which slays him, because he knows that he dies, and the advantage that the universe has over him; of this the universe knows nothing. Thus all our dignity lies in thought. By thought we must raise ourselves, not by space and time, which we cannot fill. Let us strive, then, to think well,—therein is the principle of morality.

Reflections on human nature are always appealing when truth is epigrammatically expressed, and FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD (1613–1680) achieved a great popularity by his "Maxims." Though they are based on the cynical belief that all of man's activities are prompted by self-interest, they are nevertheless rich in suggestions of moral value.

The duration of our passions depends less on us than on the duration of our lives.

We all have sufficient fortitude to endure the troubles of others.

Philosophy easily triumphs over troubles past and troubles to come, but it is conquered by present troubles.

Jealousy feeds on doubt, and it rises to madness or it ends when doubt becomes certainty.

Happiness rests upon taste and not upon things, and a man is happy because he has what he likes and not because he has what others like.

One is never so happy or unhappy as he thinks he is.

Nothing ought to lessen our satisfaction in ourselves so much as to see that at one time we disapprove of what we approve at another.

There is no disguise that can long conceal the presence of love, or feign it in its absence.

Love, like fire, cannot live without perpetual agitation, and it ceases to live when it ceases to hope or fear.

Everybody complains of his memory and no one complains of his judgment.

We are so used to donning a disguise before other people that at last we wear one before ourselves.

One would rather abuse himself than not speak of himself at all.

We easily forget our faults when we are the only ones who know them.

Foolishness and wisdom increase with age.

It is a great piece of foolishness to try to be wise all by yourself.

Youth is a continual intoxication; it is the fever of reason.

It is impossible to love again what one has truly ceased to love.

Pardon marches with love.

The reason why lovers do not tire of being together is because they are all the time talking about themselves.

ON CONVERSATION

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is, that every one thinks more of what he wishes to say than of what others say. We should listen to those who speak, if we would be listened to by them; we should allow them to make themselves understood, and even to say pointless things. Instead of contradicting or interrupting them, as we often do, we ought on the contrary to enter into their mind and into their taste, show that we understand them, praise what they say so far as it deserves to be praised, and make them see that it is rather from choice that we praise them than from courtesy. We should avoid dis-

puting about indifferent things, seldom ask questions (which are almost always useless), never let them think that we pretend to more sense than others, and easily cede the advantage of deciding a question.

We ought to talk of things naturally, easily, and more or less seriously, according to the temper and inclination of the persons we entertain; never press them to approve what we say, nor even to reply to it. When we have thus complied with the duties of politeness, we may express our opinions, without prejudice or obstinacy, in making it appear that we seek to support them with the opinions of those who are listening.

We should avoid talking much of ourselves, and often giving ourselves as example. We cannot take too much pains to understand the bent and the compass of those we are talking with, in order to link ourselves to the mind of him whose mind is the most highly endowed; and to add his thoughts to our own, while making him think as much as is possible that it is from him we take them. There is cleverness in not exhausting the subjects we treat, and in always leaving to others something to think of and say.

We ought never to talk with an air of authority, nor make use of words and expressions grander than the things. We may keep our opinions, if they are reasonable; but in keeping them, we should never wound the feelings of others, or appear to be shocked at what they have said. It is dangerous to wish to be always master of the conversation, and to talk of the same thing too often; we ought to enter indifferently on all agreeable subjects which offer, and never let it be seen that we wish to draw the conversation to a subject we wish to talk of.

It is necessary to observe that every kind of conversation, however polite or however intelligent it may be, is not equally proper for all kinds of well-bred persons; we should choose what is suited to each, and choose even the time for saying it: but if there be much art in knowing how to talk to the purpose, there is not less in knowing how to be silent. There is an eloquent silence,—it serves sometimes to approve or to condemn; there is a mocking silence; there is a respectful silence. There are, in short, airs, tones, and manners in conversation which often make up what is agreeable or disagreeable, delicate or shocking: the secret for making good use of them is given to few persons, those even who make rules for them mistake them sometimes; the surest, in my opinion, is to have none that we cannot change, to let our conversation be careless rather than affected, to listen, to speak seldom, and never to force ourselves to talk.

Another great name at Port Royal was that of Racine the

dramatist, who came with other young men of the day to sit at the feet of the clearest thinkers and simplest writers and speakers of the century.

On the list of the world's great metaphysicians and philosophers RÊNÉ DESCARTES (1596–1630) stands in the highest rank. Malebranche, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, and Comte all drew inspiration from this Frenchman, who, like Pascal, began his student life as a mathematician and a physicist. "I think, therefore I exist" was the undeniable truth on which he based the metaphysical conclusions which ran at variance with the scholastic arguments which had been handed down from the Middle Ages. That he could also write with feeling on commoner themes the following sympathetic bit testifies:

CONDOLENCE WRITTEN TO A FRIEND WHO HAD JUST LOST A MEMBER OF HIS FAMILY

Although I am something of a recluse from the world, the sad news of your affliction has not failed to reach me. I am not among those who think that tears and grief belong only to women and that in order to play the man one should always force one's self to keep a tranquil face. I, too, have recently experienced the loss of two people who were very near to me, and I felt that those who wished to forbid all sadness only increased it, while I was comforted by the sympathy of those whom I saw touched by my sorrow. Nevertheless there should be a limit; and just as it would be barbarous not to be at all afflicted when one has reason, so would it be also unwise not to seek with all one's power to be delivered from so painful a passion.

It is true that weak and common minds, without realizing what it is they think, imagine that God is almost obliged to do for love of them all that they desire; but a strong and generous soul like yours, understanding the conditions under which we live, always submits to His law.

As to the well-being of the person whom you mourn—neither reason nor religion need fear evil after this existence for those who have lived their lives honorably and well, and who have died as they have lived, but, on the contrary, both promise for them joys and rewards. I well know that I tell you here nothing new; but one should not despise good rem-

edies simply because they are frequent; and having taken this remedy myself, I feel obliged to pass it on to you.

Of great moral influence because of their generally fearless exposition of truth as they saw it and of facts as they existed were the preachers who followed one another through the century in an ascending scale of worth. The early orators were 'spellbinders' and attracted by their eloquence. The later men added to eloquence a strong ethical appeal, and the combination drew fashionable people to listen not only to funeral orations and sermons on occasions of ceremony, but to enjoy whole-heartedly all sermons, controversial, psychological, and polemic.

Jacques Bénigne Bossuet (1627–1704) was the Dauphin's tutor, and, later, was appointed to the bishopric of Meaux. His sermons have been longest remembered for their vigor and directness. He wrote earnestly and clearly on theological subjects and a "Discourse Upon Universal History" made an appeal of permanent importance.

FROM THE "DISCOURSE UPON UNIVERSAL HISTORY"

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

Even were history useless to other men, it would still be necessary to have it read by princes. There is no better way of making them discover what can be brought about by passions and interests, by times and circumstances, by good and bad advice. The books of historians are filled with the actions that occupy them, and everything therein seems to have been done for their use. If experience is necessary to them for acquiring that prudence which enables them to become good rulers, nothing is more useful to their instruction than to add to the example of past centuries the experiences with which they meet every day. While usually they learn to judge of the dangerous circumstances that surround them, only at the expense of their subjects and of their own glory, by the help of history they form their judgment upon the events of the past without risking anything. When they see even the most completely hidden vices of princes exposed to the eyes of all men, in spite of the insincere praise which they received while alive, they feel ashamed of the

empty joy which flattery gives them, and they acknowledge that true glory cannot obtain without real merit.

Moreover, it would be disgraceful,—I do not say for a prince, but in general for any educated man,—not to know the human kind and the memorable changes which took place in the world through the lapse of ages. If we do not learn from history to distinguish the times, we shall represent men under the law of nature, or under the civil law, the same as under the sway of the gospel; we shall speak of the Persians conquered under Alexander in the same way as of the Persians victorious under Cyrus; we shall represent Greece as free in the time of Philip as in the time of Themistocles or Miltiades; the Roman people as proud under the Emperors as under the Consuls; the Church as quiet under Diocletian as under Constantine; and France, disturbed by civil wars under Charles IX and Henry III, as powerful as in the time of Louis XIV, when, united under such a great king, alone she triumphs over the whole of Europe.

Louis Bourdaloue (1632–1704) was above all else a pulpit speaker, though his sermons make good reading. He was a Jesuit, persuasive and convincing, and of a valiant courage in attacking the sins and foibles of the people who sat before him. His remarks on "Ambition" must have hit home.

While Ambition is being pursued, she holds before the eyes of him whom she blinds a flourishing condition in which there shall be nothing more to be desired. The pursuer's wishes shall be attained, he shall taste the pleasure which is sweetest to him and by which he shall be most sensibly affected; he shall know, dominate, order, be the arbiter of affairs and the dispenser of favors, scintillate in a ministry, in a position of dazzling dignity, receive the incense of the public and its submission, and make himself feared, honored and respected.

All this represents for him a most agreeable idea, and paints in his imagination the object most conforming to the wishes of his heart; but at bottom it is but an idea, and what it holds of reality is that, in order to attain to the desired goal which the imagination paints so full of pleasure, it is necessary to take a thousand measures all equally wearying, and all contrary to his inclination. He must undermine his strength with reflection and study, add thought to thought, design to design, count all his words, guard all his actions, keep perpetually an attitude

of unrelaxed attention both toward himself and others. In order to content the single passion of raising himself to this state, he must expose himself to the danger of becoming the prey of all the passions; for is there a single passion within us that Ambition does not arouse against us?

And is it not Ambition who, in accordance with the different circumstances and various feelings by which she is set in motion, now embitters us with the most venomous spite, now poisons us with the most mortal enmities, now inflames us with the most violent anger, now overwhelms us with the most profound sadness, now tears us with the blackest melancholy, now devours us with the most cruel jealousy? Is it not Ambition who makes a soul suffer as in a kind of hell, and who rends it by a thousand torments both within and without?

Man of affairs, teacher, psychologist, preacher, FRANÇOIS DE LA MOTHE-FÉNÉLON (1651–1715) archbishop of Cambrai, exercised all his functions in the service of France and of the king. He was the tutor of the Dauphin's son for whom he wrote "Telemachus," a happy combination of classical lore with modern wisdom; he advocated measures looking to the political advancement of the people; he was a discriminating critic; and he preached and wrote in a nervous yet graceful and imaginative style.

*THE GODDESS CALYPSO

From "Telemachus"

Telemachus followed the goddess as she moved away, surrounded by a bevy of young nymphs, taller by a head than any of her handmaidens, and like some great oak of the forest that spreads its leafy branches above its neighbors. He admired the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and trailing draperies, her tresses gathered at the neck in a loose but graceful knot, and her sparkling eyes, whose vivacity was tempered by a certain sweetness. Mentor, with modestly downcast eyes, followed Telemachus. On arriving at the grotto of Calypso, Telemachus was surprised to see that despite an air of rustic simplicity, it was provided with all that could charm the eye. There was there neither gold nor silver, neither marble nor columns, neither paintings nor statues.

* From "Library of the World's Best Literature."

The grotto itself was cut out of the living rock, and its vaulted roof was ornamented with pebbles and sea-shells. Along the walls a young vine had trailed its supple branches, and clothed the grotto with the greenest of tapestries. Gentle zephyrs fanned a delicious fragrance into this favored spot, and cooled the rays of the sun, while from many fountains the sweet waters stole softly away over beds of amarynths and violets, and gathered here and there into crystal pools. Countless flowers sprang from the fresh earth on all sides, and enameled the green turf with the loveliest of colors. Here the eye rested upon a forest of umbrageous trees, among whose leafy branches hung golden apples, and whose blooms, renewed with every season, shed around the most delicious of perfumes. This forest seemed almost to hide the rich meadows, and to cast over them a deep night that no rays of the sun could penetrate, but through which could be heard the songs of birds, and the noise of a waterfall that dashed in foamy masses from the summit of a rock and hastened away across the plain.

*TO ONE IN PERPLEXITY

From "Spiritual Letters"

You doubt, and you cannot bear up under doubt. I am not surprised; doubt is torture; but do not argue, and you will cease to doubt. The shadows of a simple faith are very different from doubt; its troubles bring their own consolation and fruits. After they have reduced a man they restore him, and leave him in full peace. Doubt is the trouble of a soul left to itself, which wants to see what God hides from it, and out of self-love seeks impossible securities. What have you sacrificed to God, save your own judgment and self-interest? Would you lose sight of that which has been your aim from your very first step, namely, to abandon yourself to God? Would you make shipwreck when just in port, recall your gift, and require God to subject himself to your rules, whereas he requires, and you have promised, to walk Abraham-like in the deepest darkness of faith? And what merit would there be in your course, if you had miracles and revelations to make sure of your path? Miracles and revelations would soon lose their force, and you would fall back into your doubts. You are giving way to temptation. Do not hearken to yourself; your real convictions, if you will follow them simply, will put to flight all these phantoms.

Jean Baptiste Massillon (1663–1742), bishop of Cler-

*From "Library of the World's Best Literature."

mont, was the last of the famous preachers. Since his death France has known no such powerful pulpit oratory. Yet Massillon was inferior to his predecessor because his style was superior to his matter. He was extremely popular with men and women of widely different minds and interests. He preached the funeral sermon over the Dauphin and also over the Sun King himself, who was his cordial admirer from the time when he had listened to his first court sermon, from which is taken the following extract.

* THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS

Text: "Blessed are they that mourn"

Sire: If the world were speaking here instead of Jesus Christ, no doubt it would not offer such language as this to your Majesty.

"Blessed the Prince," it would say to you, "who has never fought but to conquer; who has seen so many powers in arms against him, only to gain glory in granting them peace; who has always been equally greater than danger and greater than victory!

"Blessed the Prince, who throughout the course of a long and flourishing reign has peacefully enjoyed the emoluments of his glory, the love of his subject peoples, the esteem of his enemies, the admiration of all the world, the advantage of his conquests, the magnificence of his works, the wisdom of his laws, the august hope of a numerous posterity; and who has nothing more to desire than long to preserve that which he possesses!"

Thus the world would speak; but, Sire, Jesus does not speak like the world.

"Blessed," says he to you, "not he who is achieving the admiration of his age, but he who is making the world to come his principal concern, and who lives in contempt of himself, and of all that is passing away; because his is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed, not he whose reign and whose acts history is going to immortalize into the remembrance of men, but he whose tears shall have effaced the story of his sins from the remembrance of God himself; because he will be eternally comforted.

"Blessed, not he who shall have extended by new conquests the limits of his empire, but he who shall have confined his inclinations and pas-

* From "Library of the World's Best Literature."

sions within the limits of the law of God; because he will possess an estate more lasting than the empire of the whole world.

"Blessed, not he who, raised by the acclamations of subject peoples above all the princes who have preceded him, peacefully enjoys his grandeur and his glory, but he who, not finding on the throne even anything worthy of his heart, seeks for perfect happiness here below only in virtue and in righteousness; because he will be satisfied.

"Blessed, not he to whom men shall have given the glorious titles of 'Great' and 'Invincible,' but he to whom the unfortunate shall have given, before Jesus, the title of 'Father' and of 'Merciful'; because he will be treated with mercy.

"Blessed, in fine, not he who, being always arbiter of the destiny of his enemies, has more than once given peace to the earth, but he who has been able to give it to himself, and to banish from his heart the vices and inordinate affections which trouble the tranquillity of it; because he will be called a child of God."

These, Sire, are they whom Jesus calls blessed, and the Gospel does not know any other blessedness on earth than virtue and innocence.

Early in the century JEAN GUEZ DE BALZAC (1597–1654) adopted a literary form little used before then but developed later with an art which has given preëminence to French writers of letters and of memoirs. Balzac's style led his prose-producing contemporaries but it was ponderous, as the following epistle will show:

LETTER TO CARDINAL DE LA VALETTE

Monseigneur,—The hope that was given me three months ago that you were about to pass your days in this country has prevented me until now from writing to you, and from using this sole means that is left of approaching your person.

In Rome, you will walk on stones that were once the gods of Caesar and of Pompey; you will ponder over the ruins of those great works whose old age is still beautiful, and you will saunter every day midst history and fable; but these are pastimes for a spirit which is contented by little and are not occupations for one who finds pleasure in navigating his bark amidst storms. After you have seen the Tiber on whose banks the Romans first tasted victory and where they began the long plan of conquest which they did not complete save at the extremities of the earth;

when you have entered into the Capitol, where they believe that God is as present as in Heaven and which He has destined to become the centre of universal monarchy; after you have traversed that great space which used to be dedicated to the pleasures of the people, I doubt not that after you have seen many other things still, you will become weary at last of the repose and tranquillity of Rome.

For an infinity of important reasons there is need that you should be at the first conclave, and that you be present at this war which does not lack importance because waged by unarmed people. Whatever great object your ambition proposes for itself, it can conceive nothing higher than at one and the same time to give a successor to the consuls, emperors, and apostles and to elect by your eloquence him, who tramples on the heads of kings and who has the guardianship of all souls.

A quarter of a century later de la Rochefoucauld and Cardinal de Retz, both of whom have been quoted, commented shrewdly and frankly upon men they had known and actions in which they had taken part. Their portraits are beyond price to the student of the period and, indeed, from a group of these keen-eyed observers the society of the century may be reconstructed as completely as has been done from "The Grand Cyrus" of Mademoiselle Scudéry. St. Simon (1675–1755) covered the end of the century, with its persecutions of Protestants and Jansenists, the late wars, and the early part of Louis XV's reign. The extract below shows the chatty style of this admirable writer of recollections.

*A PARAGON OF POLITENESS

From the "Memoirs"

The Duc de Coislin died about this time. I have related in its proper place an adventure that happened to him and his brother, the Chevalier de Coislin: now I will say something more of the duke. He was a very little man, of much humor and virtue, but of a politeness that was unendurable, and that passed all bounds, though not incompatible with dignity. He had been lieutenant-general in the army. Upon one occasion, after a battle in which he had taken part, one of the Rhingraves who had been made prisoner fell to his lot. The Duc de Coislin

*From "Library of the World's Best Literature."

wished to give up to the other his bed, which consisted indeed of but a mattress. They complimented each other so much, the one pressing, the other refusing, that in the end they both slept on the ground, leaving the mattress between them. The Rhingrave in due time came to Paris and called on the Duc de Coislin. When he was going, there was such a profusion of compliments, and the duke insisted so much on seeing him out, that the Rhingrave, as a last resource, ran out of the room and double-locked the door outside. M. de Coislin was not thus to be outdone. His apartments were only a few feet above the ground. He opened the window accordingly, leaped out into the court, and arrived thus at the entrance door before the Rhingrave, who thought the Devil must have carried him there. The Duc de Coislin, however, had managed to put his thumb out of joint by this leap. He called in Félix, chief surgeon of the King, who soon put the thumb to rights. Soon afterwards Félix made a call upon M. de Coislin to see how he was, and found that the cure was perfect. As he was about to leave, M. de Coislin must needs open the door for him. Félix, with a shower of bows, tried hard to prevent this; and while they were thus vying in politeness, each with a hand upon the door, the duke suddenly drew back;—he had put his thumb out of joint again, and Félix was obliged to attend to it on the spot! It may be imagined what laughter this story caused the King, and everybody else, when it became known.

Madame de Maintenon's (1635–1716) interest in education was by no means perfunctory. She trained her royal charges with care, and when she was raised beyond financial need she established a boarding school for girls (Saint-Cyr) and wrote for their benefit and to help all teachers of girls several educational treatises full of good sense and good temper. This letter to an ambitious niece must have been distinctly crushing.

I love you too fondly, my dear niece, not to tell you the truth. I tell it to the young girls at Saint-Cyr, and why should I neglect you whom I regard as my own daughter? I know not if it is you who inspire them with haughtiness or they who arouse in you what they admire in you. Whichever it may be you will be insupportable if you do not become humble. The tone of authority that you assume is not becoming.

Do you think that you are an important personage because you have been reared in a house to which the King goes every day? The day after

his death neither his successor nor those who caress you will pay any attention either to you or to Saint-Cyr. If the King dies before you marry you will probably wed some provincial gentleman with little property and much pride. If, during my lifetime you marry a nobleman he will esteem you after my death only in such measure as you please him; and you will please him only by gentleness—a quality of which you have none at all. I am not prejudiced against you, but I observe in you the terrible fault of pride. You know the evangel by heart, and what does that avail if you are not guided by its maxims?

Remember that it is merely your aunt's fortune that has made your father's and will make yours, and pay small heed to the attentions that are paid you. Perhaps you would even be glad to be raised to a position above mine. Do not flatter yourself; I am a small matter and you are nothing at all.

I speak to you as to a grown girl because you have the intelligence of one. I should be heartily glad if you had less, provided you lost this presumption which is ridiculous in the eyes of men and criminal before God. If I find you when I come back modest, sweet, shy, docile, I shall love you the more. You know how hard it is for me to scold you, yet what a satisfaction it is to do it.

More general than the memoir writers, and more universal because describing types as did Theophrastus who was his model, was JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE (1645–1696). His "Characters" were cunningly drawn, were received with joy by the century into which they fitted, and are read to-day with delighted recognition. 'Cydias' in the following portrait, was Fontenelle whose life, spanning a full century (1657–1757) was first given over to the production of verse which La Bruyère thought absurd, and later to the useful spreading of scientific knowledge in a popular form.

*THE CHARACTER OF CYDIAS

From the "Characters"

Ascanius is a sculptor, Hegio an iron-founder, Æschines a fuller, and Cydias a wit, for that is his trade. He has a signboard, a shop, work that is ordered, and journeymen who work under him; he cannot possibly let you have those stanzas he has promised you in less than a month,

*From "Library of the World's Best Literature."

unless he breaks his word with Dosithea, who has engaged him to write an elegy; he has also an idyl on the loom which is for Crantor, who presses him for it, and has promised him a liberal reward. You can have whatever you like—prose or verse, for he is just as good in one as in the other. If you want a letter of condolence, or one on some person's absence, he will write them: he has them even ready-made, step into his warehouse, and you may pick and choose. Cydias has a friend who has nothing else to do but to promise to certain people a long time beforehand that the great man will come to them, and who finally introduces him in some society as a man seldom to be met with and exquisite in conversation. Then, just as a vocalist sings or as a lute-player touches his instrument in a company where it has been expected, Cydias, after having coughed, puts back his ruffles, extends his hand, opens his fingers, and very gravely utters his over-refined thoughts and his sophisticated arguments. Unlike those persons whose principles agree, and who know that reason and truth are one and the same thing, and snatch the words out of one another's mouths to acquiesce in one another's sentiments, he never opens his mouth but to contradict: "I think," he says graciously, "it is just the opposite of what you say": or, "I am not at all of your opinion;" or else, "Formerly I was under the same delusion as you are now; but . . . "; and then he continues, "There are three things to be considered," to which he adds a fourth. He is an insipid chatterer; no sooner has he obtained a footing into any society than he looks out for some ladies whom he can fascinate, before whom he can set forth his wit or his philosophy, and produce his rare conceptions: for whether he speaks or writes, he ought never to be suspected of saying what is true or false, sensible or ridiculous; his only care is not to express the same sentiments as some one else, and to differ from everybody. Therefore in conversation, he often waits till every one has given his opinion on some casual subject, or one which not seldom he has introduced himself, in order to utter dogmatically things which are perfectly new, but which he thinks decisive and unanswerable. He is, in a word, a compound of pedantry and formality, to be admired by cits and rustics; in whom, nevertheless, there is nothing great except the opinion he has of himself.

Most winning of all the prose writers of the whole century is the Marquise de Sévigné (1626–1696) whose letters addressed to her daughter in the provinces are not only charming in style, but are an ample record of the happenings at court, at the Hôtel de Rambouillet and in Paris society.

She herself was as bewitching as she was clever. De Montreuil addressed a quatrain

TO MME. DE SÉVIGNÉ PLAYING BLIND MAN'S BUFF

(From "Library of Poetry and Song" edited by William Cullen Bryant)

You charm when you walk, talk or move
Still more on this day than another:
When blinded—you're taken for Love;
When the bandage is off—for his mother!

Madame de Sévigné's tale of events is not only valuable as a record of facts and of her own opinion concerning them—it reflects also the general attitude of society toward them. Her account of Fouquet's trial, of the famous poisoning scandals, of the astounding announcement of the approaching marriage of the Grande Mademoiselle (Duchess of Montpensier and cousin of Louis XIV) and of the equally astounding announcement that it would not take place, have a historic interest now as well as a news interest at the time of writing. She comments on books—she adores La Calprenède—and on preachers—Bourdaloue took her breath away—and on fashions, whose latest whims she describes for the benefit of the dweller far from fashion's center. Mademoiselle de Sévigné, by the way, was the third wife of that Marquis de Grignan who had married for his first wife, Angélique de Rambouillet.

In addition to a grist of cheerful gossip the quotations below give an idea of the amusements offered the Grand Monarch, and the seriousness with which his entertainment was regarded by the people who had the honor of sharing in even a subordinate way in providing for it.

To Madame de Grignan:

Friday evening, April 24, 1671
at M. de la Rochefoucauld's

I am preparing my packet here. I was planning to tell you that the King arrived at Chantilly yesterday evening; he hunted a stag by moon-

light; the lanterns did wonders, but the fireworks were somewhat effaced by the brightness of our lunar friend; still the evening, the supper, the play all went off wonderfully well. To-day's weather made us hope for a worthy continuance of so pleasant a beginning. But here is what I learned upon reaching here, a piece of news from which I cannot recover, and which has made me forget what I was going to tell you. It is that Vatel, the great Vatel, M. Fouquet's steward, and but now of M. le Prince's household, the man whose ability distinguished him above all others, and whose clever head could contain all the responsibility of a state; the man whom I knew—because the fish had not come this morning at eight o'clock, could not endure the shame with which he thought that he was going to be overwhelmed, and, in short, stabbed himself. You can imagine the terrible disorder into which such an accident has thrown the fête. Just fancy that perhaps the fish came while he was dying. At the moment I know nothing more about it; I fancy that you find it enough. I do not doubt that the confusion was great; it was a sad ending to an entertainment that cost fifty thousand crowns.

To Madame De Grignan:

Paris, Sunday,
April 26, 1671

It is Sunday the 26th of April; this letter will not go until Wednesday; but it is not a letter, it is a recital of what Moreuil has just told me on your behalf, of the Vatel matter at Chantilly. I wrote you on Friday that he had stabbed himself; here is the affair in detail. The King arrived on Thursday evening; the promenade, the collation served in a spot carpeted with jonquils, all went off successfully. There was a supper; at a few tables the roast was lacking because of several guests who had not been expected. This disturbed Vatel and he exclaimed several times "My honor is lost; I cannot endure the shame of it." He said to Gourville "My head is swimming; I have not slept for a dozen nights; help me give my orders." Gourville comforted him as well as he could. He kept thinking of the roast—which was not lacking at the King's table, by the way, but at the twenty-fifth. Gourville told M. le Prince about it. M. le Prince went at once to Vatel's room and said to him, "Vatel, everything is going on well; nothing could be finer than the King's supper." He answered, "Monseigneur, I am overcome by your kindness; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables." "Not at all," said M. le Prince, "don't be worried; everything is going well." Midnight came. The fireworks, which cost 16,000 francs, were not successful because of a fog. At four o'clock in the morning Vatel wandered about

and found everybody asleep. He met a young steward who was bringing him only two baskets of fish; he asked him "Is that all?" "Yes, sir." He did not know that Vatel had sent to all the sea ports. Vatel waited for some time; the other stewards did not appear. His brain was reeling, he thought that there would be no more fish; he found Gourville and said to him: "Sir, I cannot survive this shame." Gourville made fun of him. Vatel went up to his room, put his sword against the door, and thrust it through his heart, but only at the third attempt, for he gave himself two blows which were not mortal. He fell dead. Meanwhile the fish came in from all quarters; they hunted for Vatel to give it out, went to his room, knocked, broke in the door, and found him drowned in his own blood; they ran to M. le Prince who was in despair. M. le Duc wept; his whole journey in Burgundy depended upon Vatel. M. le Prince told the news to the King very sadly. The suicide was explained on the ground that he had his own sense of honor. He was highly praised and his courage was both praised and blamed. The King said that he had delayed his visit to Chantilly for five years because he understood how much trouble he would give. He told M. le Prince that he ought to have but two tables and not to undertake everything; and he declared that he would no longer permit the Prince to act thus; but it was too late for poor Vatel. Meanwhile Gourville tried to make up for Vatel's loss; and succeeded. They dined very well, they had a collation and supper, they walked and played and hunted. It was all perfumed with jonquils and quite enchanting. Yesterday, which was Saturday, they did about the same; and in the evening the King went to Liancourt where he had ordered "*media moche*," he must still be there to-day. This is what Moreuil told me hoping that I would send it on to you. I toss my cap over the windmills and I don't know any more about it. M. d'Hacqueville, who was there, doubtless will tell you the story, but as his handwriting is not as legible as mine, I am writing just the same; and if I give you this multitude of details it is because I should like them myself under similar circumstances.

To Madame De Grignan:

Paris, Monday
February 5, 1674

Many years ago to-day, daughter, there came into the world a creature destined to love you above everything. I beg that your imagination will not step either to right nor left. *That man, sire, is I myself.** It was three years ago yesterday that I experienced one of the keenest

*From a poem by Marot.

griefs of my life. You went to Provence where you still are. My letter would be long if I were to explain to you all the anguish which I felt then, and have felt ever since in consequence of this first distress. But to return; I have not received a letter from you to-day; and I do not know if one will come. I think not because it is too late. I am awaiting it impatiently for I want to know your departure from Aix so that I may be able to reckon your return with some accuracy. Everybody is killing me with questions about it and I don't know what to answer. I think of nothing but you and your journey; if I receive your letter after I have sent this off, be assured I will do exactly what you ask me to. I am writing to you to-day a little earlier than usual. M. de Corbinelli et Mademoiselle de Méry are here and have dined with me. I am going to a little opera by Molière, the father-in-law of d'Itier who sings at Pelissari's; it is a very perfect piece of music. M. le Prince, the Duke, and the Duchess will be there. Perhaps I shall go from there to take supper at Gourville's with Madame de La Fayette, the Duke, Madame de Thianges, and M. de Vivonne to whom they are bidding farewell as he is leaving to-morrow. If this gathering does not come off I shall go to Madame de Chaulnes's; I have been strongly urged to do so by the hostess and by the cardinals of Retz and of Bouillon who have made me promise to go; the former is extremely impatient to see you; he loves you dearly. I enclose a letter which he has sent me.

They thought that Mademoiselle de Blois had smallpox, but it isn't so. The news from England is no longer talked about, which makes one think that it is not good news. There have been only one or two balls in Paris in all this Carnival. A few masqueraders are seen but not many. Sadness is widespread; the gatherings at Saint-Germain are a mortification to the King and merely mark the movement of the Carnival.

On the day of Our Lady, Father Bourdaloue preached a sermon which delighted everybody. It was powerful enough to make courtiers tremble; and never did evangelist preach Christian truths in so exalted a tone or so nobly. He tried to make it evident that all power ought to be submissive to law, as in the instance of Our Lord who was presented in the Temple. In truth, daughter, it was brought to a point of highest perfection and certain passages were uttered as they might have been uttered by the Apostle St. Paul.

The Archbishop of Reims came back yesterday at great speed from Saint-Germain; it was like a whirlwind. He is of the opinion that he is a great lord, but his people believe it even more than he does. They were passing through Nanterre, *tra, tra, tra;* they met a man on horseback.

"Look out! Get out of the way!" The poor man was willing to get out of the way but his horse did not want to and as a result the chariot and its six horses threw the poor man and his horse head over heels and ran over them, and that so thoroughly that the chariot itself rolled over and over. At the same time the man and the horse instead of being pleased at being run down and crippled, got up, wonderful to relate, mounted one upon the other, fled, and are still running, while the Archbishop's lackeys and coachman and the Archbishop himself cried out, "Stop him, stop the rascal, give him a hundred stripes!" In telling about this incident the Archbishop said, "If I had caught that scamp I would have broken his arms and cut off his ears."

I dined yesterday again, at Gourville's, with Madame de Langeron, Madame de La Fayette, Madame de Voulanges, Vorbinelli, l'abbe Têtu, and my son; we drank your health and appointed a day to entertain you at dinner. Farewell, dear loving daughter; I cannot tell you how I long for you. I shall address this letter to Lyons. I sent two earlier ones to the chamarier; it seems to me that you ought to be there now, if ever. I have just this moment received your letter of the 28th; it delights me. Do not fear, my good child, that my joy will grow cold. I am filled with the keenest pleasure at seeing you and receiving you and embracing you with emotions and expressions of love which are of a quality out of the common and above even what is considered highest.

This survey of the literature of the seventeenth century though slight, will show that it was 'great' in the same sense that the century was 'great.' It was an aristocratic literature just as the century was one of aristocratic privilege and of royal absolutism. The writers were chiefly men and women of rank or at least in touch with the court. Their themes were such as would interest people who made pretensions to scholarship or who liked to see themselves under the thin disguise of classic names. Moralists dealt with the faults and foibles common to a human nature that had been subjected to such refining processes as were then known. When the poor were mentioned—the subject was bravely introduced once in a while—it was by way of arousing individual philanthropy. Of economic discussion there was practically none; where was the use? Fénélon was almost

alone in urging the political remedy of calling the States General and it needed all his cleverness and popularity to make the king forgive him.

Style was made exquisite in harmony with the desire for external beauty in other aspects of life; what literature lacked in ease and diversity it gained in precision and elegance. No greater names than Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau have appeared in all French literature; there are but few that approach them. That they were concentrated at this time put France at the head of literary Europe as it was when its chansons de geste captured ears and hearts in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The French "genius" was at its best; it remained for the next century to develop its soul.

CHAPTER VII

DRAMA THROUGH THE CENTURIES

In the description of literary forms up to this time drama has been scarcely mentioned. This has not been from any lack of material, for the body of French literature is rich in drama, but because it has been reserved for consideration at the time when dramatic construction reached the extreme of accuracy and perfection in the 'classical' drama of the seventeenth century.

The French spirit is in its very essence dramatic. It is fond of abstractions—and good drama makes visible an abstract idea; it is alert and vivid—and so is an appealing play; its selective power is sagacious—and the carrying quality of any tragedy or comedy is due to judicious choosing of incidents and situations. In seeming contradiction French literature is not only rich in drama but in psychological studies which demand for their development the slower method of the novel. Yet this love of psychology is in itself dramatic, for it does not arise from a Teutonic hunger for thorough investigation wherein the pleasure lies in the search itself, but from a keen curiosity as to the causes which produce results in human life.

The origin of the drama seems to have been in France, as in England, in the church. In the fourth century the priests wrote plays based on Greek models, though sometimes Christian in theme. A hundred years later funerals were enlivened by a service of liturgical responses and pantomime. From the tenth century on the church developed dramatic representations of the Scriptures with increasing scenic ef-

fect, for although the representations were given inside the churches there was scenery. In the twelfth century a movement for stirring religious enthusiasm resulted in the presentation by laymen and in the streets of similar religious plays made popular by being given in French and with elaborate scenery. People knew what Heaven and Hell looked like in those days for they had only to go into the market place to see them, and if Heaven was not any more attractive than the nearest count's garden, Hell was very terrible indeed!

The crusades furnished material for a thirteenth-century drama which must have had a sufficient 'news interest,' and Rutebeuf * the pungent wrote the "Miracle of Theophilus" with all his unsparing energy. Theophilus was a priest who sold his soul to the Devil, but was rescued by the Virgin Mary.

Through all this early period comedy crops out not only in the religious plays but also in lay productions usually prepared for use at some entertainment given by a noble. Adam de la Halle, one of whose poems has been quoted, wrote in the last half of the thirteenth century the first real French comedy—the "Play of the Bower."

With the fourteenth century, torn by the horrors of the English wars, by pestilence, and by roving bands of desperate men, there developed a religious drama that showed a certain aspiration. Perhaps the cause was a desire for relaxation, perhaps a hope of divine intervention. At all events miracle plays, which became 'mysteries' in the fifteenth century, were performed by strolling troops and by bands of players attached to noble houses. Of the plays based on miracles performed by the Virgin Mary forty have been preserved to us. Many of them are tender and sympathetic and show a spirit which is also to be found in a few secular plays of the time called 'moralities.' One of these moralities enacts the

* See Chapter III.

history of that patient Griselda whose story Chaucer told in the Canterbury Tales.

A summary of one of the "Miracles of Our Lady" tells the tale of

OUR LADY'S TUMBLER *

(Abridged from the translation of Eugene Mason)

Now therefore will I say and narrate what chanced to this minstrel.

He erred up and down, to and fro, so often and in so many places, that he took the whole world in despite, and sought rest in a certain Holy Order amongst the monks of Clairvaux. Now, though this dancer was comely of face and shapely of person, yet when he had once entered the monastery he found that he was master of no craft practised therein. In the world he had gained his bread by tumbling and dancing and feats of address. To leap, to spring, such matters he knew well, but of greater things he knew nothing, for he had never spelled from book—nor Paternoster, nor canticle, nor creed, nor Hail Mary, nor aught concerning his soul's salvation.

The tumbler moved amongst his fellows like a man ashamed, for he had neither part nor lot in all the business of the monastery, and for this he was right sad and sorrowful. He saw the monks and the penitents about him, each serving God, in this place and that, according to his office and degree. He marked the priests at their ritual before the altars; the deacons at the gospels; the sub-deacons at the epistles; and the ministers about the vigils. He gazes earnestly, if so he is able, upon each.

"These men are calling on the mercy of God, but I—what do I here? Here there is none so mean or vile but who serves God in his office and degree, save only me, for I work not, neither can I preach. I see my brothers upon their errands, one behind the other; but I do naught but fill my belly with the meat that they provide. Truly am I a caitif, set in a high place for a sign."

Driven mad with thoughts such as these, he wandered about the abbey until he found himself within the crypt, and took sanctuary by the altar, crouching close as he was able. Above the altar was carved the statue of Madame St. Mary. When he heard the bells ring for Mass he sprang to his feet all dismayed. "Ha!" said he; "now am I betrayed. Each adds his mite to the great offering, save only me. Shall I speak my

* A charming version of this story is given in verse by Katharine Lee Bates in "America the Beautiful and Other Poems." Anatole France has made it the basis of his "Jongleur de Notre Dame" and Massenet has put it in opera form.

thought? Shall I work my will? By the Mother of God, thus am I set to do. None is here to blame. I will do that which I can, and honour with my craft the Mother of God in her monastery. Since others honour her with chant, then I will serve with tumbling."

He takes off his cowl, and removes his garments, placing them near the altar, but so that his body be not naked he dons a tunic, very thin and fine, of scarce more substance than a shirt. So, light and comely of body, with gown girt closely about his loins, he comes before the Image right humbly. Then raising his eyes, "Lady," said he, "to your fair charge I give my body and my soul. Sweet Queen, sweet Lady, scorn not the thing I know, for with the help of God I will essay to serve you in good faith, even as I may. I cannot read your Hours nor chant your praise, but at the least I can set before you what art I have. Now will I be as the lamb that plays and skips before his mother. Oh, Lady, who art nowise bitter to those who serve you with a good intent, that which thy servant is, that he is for you."

Then commenced he his merry play, leaping low and small, tall and high, over and under. Then once more he knelt upon his knees before the statue, and meekly bowed his head. "Ha!" said he, "most gracious Queen, of your pity and your charity scorn not this my service." Again he leaped and played, and for holiday and festival, made the somersault of Metz. Again he bowed before the Image, did reverence, and paid it all the honour that he might. Afterwards he did the French vault, then the vault of Champagne, then the Spanish vault, then the vaults they love in Brittany, then the vault of Lorraine, and all these feats he did as best he was able. Afterwards he did the Roman vault, and then, with hands before his brow, danced daintily before the altar, gazing with a humble heart at the statue of God's Mother. "Lady," said he, "I set before you a fair play. This travail I do for you alone; so help me God, for you, Lady, and your Son. Think not I tumble for my own delight; but I serve you, and look for no other guerdon on my carpet. My brothers serve you, yea, and so do I. Lady, scorn not your villein, for he toils for your good pleasure; and, Lady, you are my delight and the sweetness of the world." Then he walked on his two hands, with his feet in the air, and his head near the ground. He twirled with his feet, and wept with his eyes. "Lady," said he, "I worship you with heart, with body, feet and hands, for this I can neither add to nor take away. Now am I your very minstrel. Others may chant your praises in the church, but here in the crypt will I tumble for your delight. Lady, lead me truly in your way, and for the love of God hold me not in utter despite." Then he smote upon his breast, he sighed and wept most

tenderly, since he knew no better prayer than tears. Then he turned him about, and leaped once again. "Lady," said he, "as God is my Saviour, never have I turned this somersault before. Never has tumbler done such a feat, and, certes, it is not bad. Lady, what delight is his who may harbour with you in your glorious manor. For God's love, Lady, grant me such fair hostelry, since I am yours, and am nothing of my own." Once again he did the vault of Metz; again he danced and tumbled. Then when the chants rose louder from the choir, he, too, forced the note, and put forward all his skill. So long as the priest was about that Mass, so long his flesh endured to dance, and leap and spring, till at the last, nigh fainting, he could stand no longer upon his feet, but fell for weariness on the ground. From head to heel sweat stood upon him, drop by drop, as blood falls from meat turning upon the hearth. "Lady," said he, "I can no more, but truly will I seek you again." Fire consumed him utterly. He took his habit once more, and when he was wrapped close therein, he rose to his feet, and bending low before the statue, went his way. "Farewell," said he, "gentlest Friend. For God's love take it not to heart, for so I may I will soon return. Not one Hour shall pass but that I will serve you with right good will, so I may come, and so my service is pleasing in your sight." Thus he went from the crypt, yet gazing on his Lady. "Lady," said he, "my heart is sore that I cannot read your Hours. How would I love them for love of you, most gentle Lady! Into your care I commend my soul and my body."

In this fashion passed many days, for at every Hour he sought the crypt to do service, and pay homage before the Image. His service was so much to his mind that never once was he too weary to set out his most cunning feats to distract the Mother of God, nor did he ever wish for other play than this. Now, doubtless, the monks knew well enough that day by day he sought the crypt, but not a man on earth—save God alone—was aware of aught that passed there; neither would he, for all the wealth of the world, have let his goings in be seen, save by the Lord his God alone.

Thus things went well with this good man for a great space. For more years than I know the count of, he lived greatly at his ease, but the time came when the good man was sorely vexed, for a certain monk thought upon him, and blamed him in his heart that he was never set in choir for Matins. So he spied and pried and followed, till he marked him plainly, sweating at his craft in just such fashion as you have heard.

The monk went straight to the Abbot and told him the thing from beginning to end. The Abbot got him on his feet, and said to the monk,

"By holy obedience I bid you hold your peace, and tell not this tale abroad against your brother. Come now, we will go forthwith to see what this can be." Then they secretly sought the crypt, and found a privy place near the altar, where they could see, and yet not be seen. From there the Abbot and his monk marked the business of the penitent. They saw the vaults he varied so cunningly, his nimble leaping and his dancing, his salutations of Our Lady, and his springing and his bounding, till he was nigh to faint. So weak was he that he sank on the ground, all outworn, and the sweat fell from his body upon the pavement of the crypt. But presently, in this his need, came she, his refuge, to his aid. Well she knew that guileless heart.

Whilst the Abbot looked, forthwith there came down from the vault a Dame so glorious, that certainly no man had seen one so precious, nor so richly crowned. She was more beautiful than the daughters of men, and her vesture was heavy with gold and gleaming stones. In her train came the hosts of Heaven, angel and archangel also; and these pressed close about the minstrel, and solaced and refreshed him. When their shining ranks drew near, peace fell upon his heart; for they contended to do him service, and were the servants of the servitor of that Dame who is the rarest Jewel of God. Then the sweet and courteous Queen herself took a white napkin in her hand, and with it gently fanned her minstrel before the altar. Courteous and debonair, the Lady refreshed his neck, his body and his brow. Meekly she served him as a handmaid in his need. But these things were hidden from the good man, for he neither saw nor knew that about him stood so fair a company.

This marvel the Abbot and his monk saw at least four times, and thus at each Hour came the Mother of God with aid and succour for her man. Never doth she fail her servants in their need. Great joy had the Abbot that this thing was made plain to him.

Thus time went and returned, till it chanced that in a little while the Abbot sent for him who was so filled with virtue. When he heard that he was bidden of the Abbot, his heart was sore with grief, for he could think of nothing profitable to say. He came before the Abbot, with the tears yet wet upon his cheeks, and he was still weeping when he knelt upon the ground. "Lord," prayed he, "for the love of God deal not harshly with me. Would you send me from your door? Tell me what you would have me do, and thus it shall be done." Then replied the Abbot, "Answer me truly. Winter and summer have you lived here for a great space; now, tell me, what service have you given, and how have you deserved your bread?" "Alas!" said the tumbler, "well I knew that quickly I should be put upon the street when once this

business was heard of you, and that you would keep me no more. Lord," said he, "I take my leave. Miserable I am, and miserable shall I ever be. Never yet have I made a penny for all my juggling." But the Abbot answered, "Not so said I; but I ask and require of you—nay, more, by virtue of holy obedience I command you—to seek within your conscience and tell me truly by what craft you have furthered the business of our monastery." "Lord," cried he, "now have you slain me, for this commandment is a sword." Then he laid bare before the Abbot the story of his days, from the first thing to the last, whatsoever pain it cost him; not a word did he leave out, but he told it all without a pause, just as I have told you the tale.

The holy Abbot leaned above him, and, all in tears, raised him up, kissing both his eyes. "Brother," said he, "hold now your peace, for I make with you this true covenant, that you shall ever be of our monastery. And now I pray you, my sweet friend, and lay this bidding upon you, without pretence, that you continue to do your service, even as you were wont heretofore—yea, and with greater craft yet, if so you may." "Lord, said he, "truly is this so?" "Yea," said the Abbot, "and verily." So he charged him, under peril of discipline, to put all doubts from his mind; for which reason the good man rejoiced so greatly that, as telleth the rhyme, he was all bemused, so that the blood left his cheeks, and his knees failed beneath him. When his courage came back, his very heart thrilled with joy; but so perilous was that quickening that therefrom he shortly died. But theretofore with a good heart he went about his service without rest, and Matins and Vespers, night and day, he missed no Hour till he became too sick to perform his office. So sore was his sickness upon him that he might not rise from his bed.

The Abbot was in that cell with all his monks; there, too, was company of many a priest and many a canon. These all humbly watched the dying man, and saw with open eyes this wonder happen. Clear to their very sight, about that lowly bed, stood the Mother of God, with angel and archangel, to wait the passing of his soul. Over against them were set, like wild beasts, devils and the Adversary, so they might snatch his spirit. I speak not to you in parable. But little profit had they for all their coming, their waiting, and their straining on the leash. Never might they have part in such a soul as his. When the soul took leave of his body, it fell not in their hands at all, for the Mother of God gathered it to her bosom, and the holy angels thronging round, quired for joy, as the bright train swept to Heaven with its burthen, according to the will of God.

Here endeth the Tumbler of Our Lady.

It would have been impossible for the century that brought to pass the Reformation and in which the Renaissance was beginning to show its power to make other than a marked impress on the stage. Dramatic representations became more popular than ever and the actor's profession so desirable that corporations of actors and authors were formed. The subjects allowed for presentation were, however, restricted by the religious feeling which began to see a breach of good taste if not of verity in the offering of sacred beings, even of God himself, to the profane gaze, and in the telling of holy stories in a tone not always reverential.

One of the companies which gave its energies to the production of comic pieces usually full of local allusions and timely hits was called the 'Care-free Children' or 'Fools' ('*Sots*')—their productions, 'fooleries' ('*soties*'). The best *soties* were by Pierre Gringore, quoted elsewhere.

Most of the dramas of this time were long, without compactness and written in very poor verse. The religious themes dared not be lively; the *soties* and the farces, however, satirize the life of the time in illuminating fashion. Already that most popular of all subjects, domestic infelicity, was frequent. Again the moralities flourished, not far distant in subject from the social *sotie*.

Best of all the century's production is the farce, "Lawyer Pathelin," which had a great vogue for a hundred years and more. The first scene discloses the poorly-furnished house of Pathelin with the lawyer and his wife Guillemette lamenting their poverty.

Pathelin. Holy Mary! I toil and I cheat:
Fair play and foul; by work and deceit:
And yet 'tis certain, my Guillemette,
Whatever I do, no richer we get.
Guillemette. Yes: and what's worse, the neighbours aver,
You are not so wise, by half, as you were:

You that everyone used to seek—
So crafty, so cunning, so clever to speak—
Wait now, neglected by all the folk,
And they call you the "Advocate under the oak." *

Pathelin. Yet—I say it in sorrow, not pride—
There is not through all the country side,
In learning and wit a man my compare—
Always excepting his Worship the Mayor.

. . . . . .

Guillemette. And if you are learned, where is the good?
The larder is empty; we have no food.
Look at our clothes, they are all in rags:
When will your wisdom replenish your bags?

Possessed of a brilliant idea Pathelin, in scene two, visits the shop of the draper, at the fair. Before taking up the real business of his call he ingratiates himself with the tradesman by inquiring about his relatives.

Ha!—well. What a man! what a wonderful brain!
God keep his soul—your father's, I mean.
What a merchant, too, so thoughtful, so wise,
(Upon my word, you have the same eyes).
If God have mercy on any, why then
He surely will pity your father.

Draper. Amen.

Pathelin. Dear, dear—a hundred times, ay, more,—
Truly and fully he told me before,
The times that were coming, the very events:
Even then he was reckoned . . .

Draper. Sir, no offence:
Forgive my rudeness—be seated, I pray.

Pathelin. I do very well as I am, but . . .

Draper. Nay—
Be seated, I beg you.

Pathelin. To please you—ah, well!
None other than marvels he used to foretell.
You'll see when I tell you—Good Heavens! 'tis strange,
From father to son I perceive no change.
His father exactly, the eyes and the nose,

* "*Avocat sous l'orme*," i. e. one whose only office was the shade of the elm in the village square.

The very same dimples the same lips disclose:
Hard set for a quarrel he'd be, in truth,
Who would dare to maintain that you, forsooth,
Are not your own father's son. That nature
So should imitate every feature
Is passing wondrous—so we are made—
Your aunt Laurentia—is she yet dead?

Draper. No.

Pathelin. I am glad: ah! she was a belle,
Tall and graceful; just *your* shape, well—
In all the country, search it over—
Such a race as yours 'twere hard to discover.
The more I see you, the more I recall
The face of your father—God rest his soul!
Two drops of water are not more alike.
How brave he was—so ready to strike!
How worthy a creature—so glad to lend
His money to any deserving friend.
And how he laughed! all out of his heart.
Would that the worst man in this part
Only resembled him. My brother,
We shouldn't then be cheating each other
As we do now (*Takes up a piece of cloth.*)
What capital cloth!
I never saw stuff so soft and smooth.

Draper. From my own sheep's wool that cloth is made.

Pathelin. Is it? How clever he is at his trade!

Draper. Well, one must labour if one would thrive.

Pathelin. 'Tis true, most true. As I'm alive,
I cannot resist this beautiful stuff,
I came not to buy—but there, enough.
Eighty crowns I had laid aside
For another purpose; but now, if I tried
I could not avoid leaving twenty with you.
I *must* have a coat, and my Guillemette, too,
She *shall* have a gown. The longer I gaze,
The more I like it.

Draper. Just as you please,
Only this cloth is as dear as cream,
Twenty francs will go like a dream.

Pathelin. I don't care, let it cost what it will.

To save the draper the trouble of delivering his goods Pathelin puts the cloth under his arm and goes home to work out the rest of his scheme while William chuckles over the unduly large price that he has charged.

Guillemette, in scene three, agrees to enter into her husband's plan, and Pathelin goes to bed. When the draper arrives the lawyer is apparently in a state of delirium and his wife insists so vehemently that he has not left the house for eleven weeks that William is persuaded that he must have dreamed the whole transaction. Yet after he has measured his cloth and found six ells missing he returns, only to find Pathelin raving so gloriously in a generous variety of dialects that the draper believes that he is at the point of death and that his own deception is an act of the Devil.

The second act brings retribution upon the lawyer. The draper hales into court his shepherd, Thibault Aignelet, who has been killing his sheep for years. The shepherd engages Pathelin to defend him and that ingenious worthy advises him to play the imbecile and bleat a reply to every question. This device is aided unconsciously by the draper who so frequently rambles off into confused talk about the theft of his cloth that the judge repeatedly tells him to "return to his sheep" in the phrase of the famous proverb, "*revenons à nos moutons*" and at last pronounces against him. Pathelin plumes himself upon the successful conduct of the case, but when he tries to collect his fee from the shepherd he is met by the imbecile "Baa" which Thibault was bright enough to bring to bear upon more than one situation.

Pathelin. Now, Aignelet, is your business done?
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. The cause is finished; the judge is gone:
Don't say *bée* any more, my friend.
Did I not counsel you well to the end?
Did I not play him a turn, eh?
Aignelet. Bée.

Pathelin. There: there: no one will hear you. Say,
Speak out plainly: don't be afraid.
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. 'Tis time for me to be paid.
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. Very well you have played your part,
Your grave face went to the judge's heart.
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. Don't say that any more, I beseech.
Pay me now.
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. Recover speech.
Pay me at once and let me go.
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. No more béeing. That will do.
I don't like trifling. Pay me my fee.
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. You mean to mock me? *you* mock *me?*
I swear you shall pay me at once—Here!—Give.
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. You dare laugh at me? (*aside*) As I live,
'Tis all I am likely to get.
. . . . . .
My friend, if you *bée* to gratify
Yourself, pray say so—but think that I
Would rather not talk more. But come,
Will you take your supper with me at home?
Aignelet. Bée.
Pathelin. By St. John, he bée's at his ease.
For once the goslings lead the geese.
(*Aside*) Now I thought myself the king of all cheats:
Doctor in quibbles, prince of deceits,
Giver of words and bonds to pay,
To be redeemed—on Judgment-day—
And a simple rustic defeats my claims.

The drama of the sixteenth century is of marked mediocrity. Its only notability is its reflection of the Italian spirit which introduced subjects borrowed from antiquity and treatment beloved by antiquity, and bound itself by classical

rules. Titles sound like a roster of Greek and Roman plays, composition follows the ancient mingling of declamation and chorus, and construction is according to the rules which were laid down centuries before in Horace's "Ars Poetica." The poets of the Plèiade did their lyric best for drama, Alexander Hardy in the early seventeenth century provided all sorts of plays in unstinted quantity, and at last PIERRE CORNEILLE (1606–1684) hung the already established classic forms with the swelling rhetoric of an abundant genius. The power of the will in its ability to initiate great actions is the basic motive of all Corneille's tragedies. Of these the "Cid" has been the most admired.

The classical drama furnishes the typical form of dramatic construction. A play may be built upon the same simple specifications as is "Œdipus Tyrannus" or it may show the mixed motive and the complexity of "Hernani," but the frame-work is the same. The type calls for five acts: Act I, Introduction; Act II, Rising Action; Act III, Climax; Act IV, Falling Action; Act V, Catastrophe. The first act, besides performing the various offices of an introduction, holds the Exciting Cause and the Exciting Force. The turning point between the Rising and Falling Actions, the Climax, is found in the third act. The Tragic Force initiates the Falling Action as the Exciting Force does the Rising Action. The Force of Final Suspense affords a relief scene before the Catastrophe.

Corneille's "Cid," while not absolutely regular, is, nevertheless, an illuminating example of structure. Its analysis will illustrate the above definitions, and will also give an idea of its merits.

Act I, Introduction. The purposes of dramatic introduction are five-fold. It must put the audience (1) in possession of the environment of the play, (2) of the causes of the action, and (3) of the emotional mood of the piece; it must (4) foreshadow the progress of the action, and it must (5) present

the characters, either actually or by hearsay. All these expectations are fulfilled in this play whose beautiful versification gave rise to the saying, "Beautiful as the 'Cid.'" Here is the story of the first act. Chimène, the heroine, has two suitors, Rodrigue (afterwards called the Cid) and Sanche. She loves Rodrigue, whose suit is looked upon favorably by her father, Don Gomez. Unfortunately for the smooth course of true love the King chooses as his son's governor Don Diego, Rodrigue's father, instead of Don Gomez, and the disappointed Count quarrels with his former friend and strikes him. Don Diego is too old to avenge the insult personally, and Rodrigue finds himself in the position of being obliged to vindicate his father's honor upon the person of the father of the girl he loves.

(1) *Environment.* That the setting of the piece is amid the jealousies and love intrigues of the court, with honor and passion and jealousy of the Spanish stamp, and with temper close to the skin, is made clear long before the act closes.

(2) *Causes.* With admirable promptness, too, by means of that useful person, the confidante, the relations existing between Chimène and Rodrigue, and Don Gomez's attitude toward the lovers is brought out in the four lines that begin the first act.

Chimène. Elvire, have you given me a really true report? You are hiding nothing of what my father said?

Elvire. I am delighted with his attitude; he esteems Rodrigo as highly as you love him.

The rival suitor, Don Sanche, is mentioned in the fourteenth line, and Don Gomez's expectations with regard to the young Prince are made clear before fifty lines have fallen on the ear.

Exciting Cause and Exciting Force. The quarrel between the two fathers resulting upon the king's choice of a tutor for his son contains the Exciting Cause, which is the origin of

the action of the play. This Exciting Cause is the blow given by Don Gomez to Don Diego.

Count de Gormes (*Chimène's father*). You have carried off the prize that I deserved.
Don Diego (*Rodrigue's father*). He who won the prize deserved it most.
The Count. He who can use it best is most worthy of it.
Don Diego. To be refused it is not a good sign of worthiness.
The Count. You are an old courtier and won it by intrigue.
Don Diego. The brilliancy of my noble deeds was my only advocate.
The Count. Let us rather say that the king pays honor to your age.
Don Diego. He is more in the habit of honoring courage.
The Count. For which reason the honor was all the more due to me.
Don Diego. He who failed to receive it did not deserve it.
The Count. Did not deserve it? I!
Don Diego. You.
The Count. Your impudence, rash old man, shall have its reward (*He strikes him in the face*).

The Exciting Force is Rodrigue's resolution to avenge his father, even at the expense of his love—an act of will that sets the action into motion. In the course of a long soliloquy Rodrigue says:

What bitter conflict do I feel! My love strives against my honor. I must avenge my father and lose the lady of my love. The one thought stirs my heart, the other restrains my arm. Reduced to the sad choice of betraying my love or living in infamy my lot is made as wretched by one decision as by the other. Ah, Heaven, how strange a difficulty confronts me? Must I let an insult pass unpunished? Must I punish Chimène's father?

He comes to the conclusion that in either case he will lose Chimène for she will despise him if he fails to avenge the slight put upon the honor of his house, and hate him if he enters into combat with her father. And then he makes the crucial decision: "Let us hasten to vengeance."

(3) *Emotional Note.* In the "Cid" Corneille manipulates with a master's skill the spiritual contest that seems to have

made the strongest appeal to him—the struggle between love and duty, between primitive passion and natural obligation. This note is struck in a secondary expression of the theme by the Infanta, who loves Rodrigue, yet feels that the demands of her exalted position do not permit her entertaining an affection for him. It bursts out in full emotional sweep when Rodrigue in impassioned verse weighs the cry of his heart against the call of his honor.

Father, mistress, honor, love! Noble yet harsh alternative, beloved bondage; either my happiness is dead or my honor is sullied; one makes me wretched, the other makes me unworthy of life.

(4) *Dramatic Foreshadowing.* Full of suggestion is the line "Let us hasten to vengeance," for it foreshadows the hero's purpose and connotes a wide field of possibilities.

(5) *Presentation of the Characters.* The last duty of the introduction—to present the important characters of the play to the audience—this first act performs. Of the twelve actors in the cast, eight appear. Of the other four, two, Sanche and the King, are mentioned. It is only two unimportant characters, noblemen of the Court, who are not touched.

Rising Action. The Rising Action of a drama begins as soon as the hero has made the resolution that is the Exciting Force, and it extends to the Climax, which should be somewhere in the last half of the third act. The interest should be progressive and the opposing forces must be introduced. Here is the way in which Corneille complies with this requirement in

Acts II and III. Even the solicitations of the King fail to persuade Don Gomez to apologize for the insult he has inflicted upon his former friend, and a quarrel between him and Rodrigue is a necessary consequence. In the duel that follows Rodrigue kills his sweetheart's father. Chimène demands

vengeance from the King, even to Rodrigue's head, for now comes *her* struggle between her love and what she considers her duty.

Climax. In a scene of wonderful power which Sainte-Beuve calls the finest in Corneille, both hero and heroine reach an emotional climax. Rodrigue begs Chimène to kill him with the sword that had slain her father. Chimène's love cannot make this Spartan sacrifice to vengeance, but she has declared her purpose toward Rodrigue to be:

> To support my self-respect and end my misery, to pursue him, to destroy him—and then to die after him.

Even this brief outline will show that the interest is progressive, rising as it does, from the quarrel to the murder, and then turning from the external to the always greater soul interest, the struggle between the opposing forces of passionate love and the call of duty as it touches the preservation of the family honor. The height of the Climax lies in the lovers' common cry of purpose and of renunciation!

> *Rodrigue.* Farewell. I go to drag out a miserable life until such time as your pursuit shall deprive me of it.
>
> *Chimène.* If I gain my end I pledge you my faith to live not a moment after you.

Tragic Force. The Falling Action must be set in motion by the Tragic Force. This Force, like the Exciting Force is an act of volition on the part of the death-seeking hero. It comes toward the end of the third act when Rodrigue says, "Unable to leave Chimène nor yet to win her the death which I seek is a more welcome suffering."

Rodrigue is urged by his father at least to make his death glorious by falling in defense of his people and his King. He determines to lead a band against the Moors who have boldly approached the city.

Act IV. Falling Action. The Falling Action is the out-

come of the Rising Action and is its counter-part in leading up to the Catastrophe, as the Rising Action leads to the Climax. The Falling Action of the "Cid" deals with Rodrigue's defeat of the invaders in a fight that does not bring him his wished-for death. Chimène is proud of his valor but is unappeased and demands that he be forced to meet a champion, to whom she promises her hand if he conquers Rodrigue. The King, however, decrees that she shall marry the victor, whichever he be.

Act V. In the fifth act Rodrigue comes to say farewell to Chimène, meaning to make no contest against her defender, Don Sanche.

I go to death and not to combat.

But Chimène, repenting her of her promise, implores him to fight.

Defend yourself, and take me from Don Sanche

and begs

Be the victor in this contest whose prize is Chimène.

Final Suspense. The "Force of Final Suspense" is applied in a relief scene before the catastrophe. Don Sanche brings to Chimène a dripping sword, and she thinks that he has killed Rodrigue. Frantic she claims from the King the privilege of withdrawing to a convent where she may mourn her love sacrificed to her duty.

Catastrophe. But Rodrigue is not dead, and the King insists upon the fulfilment of his decree—upon the betrothal of Chimène and Rodrigue. This is not a typical Catastrophe, for that would have demanded a sad ending as a logical conclusion.

The "unities" of time, place, and circumstance whose laws were laid down by Aristotle, demanded that the events of a tragedy should be limited to what might happen in twenty-four hours, that the scene should be laid in but one

place, and that the action should hold but one catastrophe. The nature of the theme of the "Cid" made the strict following of these rules a heavy tax on the hearers' sense of probability. That Rodrigue should step from battle into single combat with Sanche after a rest of but an hour or two, and, when he won, that Chimène should be betrothed by royal command to the slayer of her father within twenty-four hours after his death was crowding events to say the least. The law of place was more closely followed, for the scenes are all in Seville, but they were not strictly in accordance with custom for they called on the imagination to see different spots which would be represented on the modern stage by changes of scenery. Singleness of action came nearer to accomplishment.

Corneille was put in the position of being forced to defend himself against the critics who regarded his construction as loose, but it is evident that he tried to reconcile the demands of what was really a romantic plot with what was considered correct at the moment. His later work shows even greater obedience to the laws.

The production of the "Cid" created much feeling which was fostered by Richelieu, who was either jealous of his success or else did not approve some of the feudal ideas of the play. The drama won the people, however; in it Corneille, who had been trying his hand on comedies and other literary forms for several years, found his real bent, and by it he established a reputation as one of France's greatest dramatic poets, which was enhanced by every one of his later productions.

French criticism has long wavered between the claims of Corneille and of Racine to wear the laurels of the nation's greatest writer of tragedy. At one time Corneille has been favored, at another Racine. Possibly the more intimate personal revelations of Racine's characters rouse feelings of friendliness which are somewhat chilled by the grand struggles

of the older poet. His psychology studies the action of various passions—love, ambition, hatred—upon the individual. JEAN RACINE (1639–1699) was a man of court position who had been a pupil at Port Royal. His style is luminous, his thought aspiring, his technique exact according to classical rules. After many early successes one of his plays was not received enthusiastically, thanks to the schemes of his enemies, and he was so wounded by what he thought was the public coldness that for many years he wrote nothing. At last Madame de Maintenon induced him to break his silence and compose a play to be acted by the girls at Saint-Cyr. The result was "Esther" and this was followed by "Athalie," written for the same performers and pronounced the best of all the great dramatist's list.

*ATHALIAH

CHARACTERS

JOASH, *King of Judah and Son of Ahaziah.*
ATHALIAH, *Widow of Joram, and Grandmother of Joash.*
JEHOIADA, *the High Priest.*
JEHOSHEBA, *Aunt of Joash, and Wife of the High Priest.*
ZACHARIAH, *Son of Jehoiada and Jehosheba.*
SALOME, *Sister of Zachariah.*
ABNER, *one of the Chief Officers of the Kings of Judah.*
AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, *and the three other Chiefs of the Priests and Levites.*
MATTAN, *an Apostate priest; Chief Priest of Baal.*
NABAL, *confidential Friend of Mattan.*
HAGAR, *an Attendant of Athaliah.*
Band of Priests and Levites.
Attendants of Athaliah.
Nurse of Joash.
Chorus of young Maidens of the Tribe of Levi.

The scene is laid in the Temple at Jerusalem, in an ante-chamber of the High Priest's dwelling.

ACT I

Scene 1

ABNER

Yea, to the Temple of the Lord I come,
To worship with the solemn rites of old,
To celebrate with thee the famous day
When from the holy mount our Law was giv'n.

*Abridged from translation by R. Bruce Boswell. Courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

How times are changed! Soon as the sacred trump
With joyous blast announced this day's return,
The Temple porticoes, with garlands gay,
Could not contain the crowds of the devout;
Before the altar they in order due,
Bringing the earliest harvest of their fields,
Offered those firstfruits to the Lord of all;
Nor were there priests enough for sacrifice.

A woman's will has dared to check these throngs,
And turn'd the day's bright glory into gloom.
Scarce dare a few most zealous worshippers
Recall for us some shadow of the past;
The rest are all forgetful of their God,
Or, e'en to Baal's altars flocking now,
In shameful orgies learn to bear their part,
And curse the Name on which their fathers call'd.
My soul is troubled,—naught will I conceal—
Lest Athaliah visit upon thee
Her vengeance, spurn all remnant of respect,
And tear thee from the altar of the Lord.

Abner fears that Athalie will destroy the temple and put to death the high priest.

JEHOIADA

He who enchains the fury of the waves
Knows how to curb the plots of wicked men.
Submitting humbly to His holy will,
I fear my God, and know no other fear.
And yet, I thank thee, Abner, for thy zeal
That o'er my peril keeps a watchful eye.

Abner should not complain but should act. To Abner's objection reply is made by Jehoiada.

JEHOIADA

Yet when did miracles abound as now?
When by more signs has God display'd His power?

Abner replies that there is no longer hope since the race of David is extinguished. Jehoiada bids him hope and come back to the temple a little later.

Scene 2

Jehoiada tells Jehosheba that the day has come to proclaim Joash King of the Jews. Jehosheba tells how she saved him before.

JEHOSHEBA

Ah! his sad state when Heaven gave him me
Returns each moment to alarm my soul.

With slaughter'd princes was the chamber full;
Dagger in hand, th' inexorable Queen
To bloodshed urged her barbarous soldiery.
And eagerly her murderous course pursued!
Young Joash, left for dead, there met my eyes;
I seem to see his terror-stricken nurse
Still vainly crouching at the assassin's feet,
His drooping form clasp'd to her feeble breast.
I took him stain'd with blood. Bathing his face
My copious tears restored his vanish'd sense.
And, whether yet with fear or fond caress,
I felt the pressure of his tender arms.
Great God, forbid my love should be his bane.

She weeps as she thinks of the danger he is yet to run. Jehoiada reassures her.

JEHOIADA

All that remains of faithful Israel still
Will come to-day here to renew their vows;
Deep as their reverence for David's race,
They hold abhorr'd the child of Jezebel;
Joash will move them with his modest grace,
Great God, if Thy foreknowledge sees him base,
Bent to forsake the paths that David trod,
Then let him be like fruit ere ripeness pluck'd
Or flower wither'd by a noisome blast!
But if this child, obedient to Thy will,
Is destined to advance Thy wise designs,
Now let the rightful heir the sceptre sway,
Give to my feeble hands his pow'rful foes,
And baffle in her plots a cruel Queen.

He departs, bidding the choir sing.

Scene 4

ALL THE CHORUS SINGS

His glory fills the universe sublime,
Lift to this God for aye the voice of prayer!
He reign'd supreme before the birth of Time;
Sing of His loving care.

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

Vainly unrighteous force
Would still His people's praise that must have course;
His Name shall perish ne'er.
Day tells to day His pow'r, from time to time;
His glory fills the universe sublime;
Sing of His loving care.

ALL THE CHORUS REPEATS

His glory fills the universe sublime;
Sing of His loving care.

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

He paints the flow'rs with all their lovely hues;
The fruit to ripeness grows,
For daily He bestows
The day's warm sunshine, and the night's cool dews,
Nor does the grateful earth t' o'erpay the debt refuse.

ANOTHER VOICE

The sun at His command spreads joy around,
'Tis from His bounteous hand its light proceeds;
But in His Law, so pure, so holy found,
We hail His richest gift to meet our needs.

ACT II

Scene 2

The songs are interrupted by the arrival of Zachariah who brings serious news.

ZACHARIAH

My father, the High Priest, with all due rites
Presented to the Lord, Who feeds mankind,
The first loaves of the harvest we have reap'd,
And then, while offering with blood-stain'd hands
The smoking inwards of the victims slain;
And, standing by his side, Eliakim
Help'd me to serve him, clad in linen stole;
While with the blood of sacrifice the priests
Sprinkled the altar and the worshippers;
There rose a tumult, and the people turn'd,
Sudden astonishment in every eye.
A woman—is to name her blasphemy?—
A woman—it was Athaliah's self.

JEHOSHEBA

Great Heav'n!

ZACHARIAH

Within the court reserved for men
This woman enters with uplifted brow,
Yea, and attempts to pass the limit set,
Where none but Levites have a right to come.
The people fly, all scatter'd in dismay;
My father—ah, what wrath blazed from his eyes!
Moses to Pharaoh seem'd less terrible,—
"Go, Queen," my father said, "and leave this place,

Bann'd to thy sex and thine impiety!
Comest to brave the majesty of God?"
And then the Queen, fiercely confronting him,
Seem'd as in act to utter blasphemies;
I know not if the Angel of the Lord
Appear'd before her with a glittering sword,
But straight her tongue seem'd frozen in her mouth,
And all her boldness utterly abash'd;
She could not move her eyes, in terror fix'd
And strange surprise on young Eliakim.

JEHOSHEBA

What! Did he stand there in her very sight?

ZACHARIAH

We both stood gazing on that cruel Queen,
Stricken with equal horror at our hearts;
But soon the priests encompass'd us around,
And forced us to withdraw. I came to thee,
To tell the outrage done; I know no more.

Scenes 4 *and* 5

Athaliah stops in the vestibule of the Temple and enters with explanations with Abner and Mattan.

ATHALIAH

I do not wish now to recall the past,
Nor give account to you for blood I shed.
A sense of duty prompted all my acts.
Nor will I take for judge a hasty crowd;
Whate'er they may presume to spread abroad,
My vindication Heav'n has made its care.
My pow'r, establish'd on renown'd success,
Has magnified my name from sea to sea;
But for some days a gnawing care has come,
To check the flood of my prosperity.
A dream (why should a dream disquiet me?)
Preys on my heart, and keeps it ill at ease;
I try to banish it; it haunts me still.
'Twas deepest night, when horror falls on man,
My mother Jezebel before me stood,
Richly attired as on the day she died,
"Tremble," she said, "child worthy of myself;
O'er thee too triumphs Judah's cruel god,
And thou must fall into his dreadful hands,
Whereat I grieve." With these alarming words,
Her spectre o'er my bed appear'd to bend;
I stretch'd my hands to clasp her; but I found
Only a hideous mass of flesh and bones,

Horribly bruised and mangled, dragg'd thro' mire,
Bleeding and torn, whose limbs the dogs of prey
Were growling over with devouring greed.

ABNER

Great God!

ATHALIAH

While thus disturb'd, before me rose
The vision of a boy in shining robe,
Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.
My drooping spirits at his sight revived:
But while my troubled eyes, to peace restored,
Admired his noble air and modest grace,
I felt the sudden stroke of murderous steel
Plunged deeply by the traitor in my breast.
Perhaps to you this dream, so strangely mix'd,
May seem a work of chance, and I myself,
For long ashamed to let my fears prevail,
Referr'd it to a melancholy mood;
But while its memory linger'd in my soul,
Twice in my sleep I saw that form again,
Twice the same child before my eyes appear'd,
Always about to stab me to the heart.
Worn out at last by horror's close pursuit,
I went to claim Baal's protecting care,
And, kneeling at his altars, find repose.
How strangely fear may sway our mortal minds!
And instinct seem'd to drive me to these courts,
To pacify the god whom Jews adore;
I thought that offerings might appease his wrath,
That this their god might grow more merciful.
Baal's High Priest, my feebleness forgive!
I enter'd; and the sacrifice was stay'd,
The people fled, Jehoiada in wrath
Advanced to meet me. As he spake, I saw
With terror and surprise that self-same boy
Who haunts me in my dreams. I saw him there;
His mien the same, the same his linen stole,
His gait, his eyes, each feature of his face;
It was himself; beside th' High Priest he walk'd,
Till quickly they removed him from my sight.
That is the trouble which detains me here,
And thereon would I fain consult you both.
Mattan, what means this omen marvellous?

MATTAN

Coincidence so strange fills me with dread.

ATHALIAH

But, Abner, hast thou seen this fatal child?
Who is he? What his family, his tribe?

ABNER

Two children at the altar lend their aid,
One is the High Priest's son, the other is
To me unknown.

MATTAN

Why hesitate to act?
Your Majesty must needs secure them both.

Abner makes objections and Mattan replies—

MATTAN

Enough for fear! I have considered all.
If from illustrious parentage he springs,
His ruin should be hasten'd by his rank;
If fate has placed him in a lot obscure,
What matters it if worthless blood be spilt?

Scene 6

Athaliah orders Abner to go and seek the two children whom she has seen. Joash arrives accompanied by Jehosheba.

Scene 7

ATHALIAH

Heav'ns! the more closely I examine him,—
'Tis he! And horror seizes me again.
(*pointing to* JOASH)
Wife of Jehoiada, is this thy son?

JEHOSHEBA

He, Madam?

ATHALIAH

He.

JEHOSHEBA

His mother? No, not I.
(*pointing to* ZACHARIAH.)
There is my son.

ATHALIAH (*to* JOASH)

Who is thy father, child?
Answer, thyself.

JEHOSHEBA

Heav'n till this very day—

ATHALIAH

Why in such haste to answer for the boy?
It is for him to speak.

JEHOSHEBA (*aside*)

Great God, put now Thy wisdom in his mouth!

ATHALIAH

What is thy name?

JOASH

My name's Eliakim.

ATHALIAH

Thy father?

JOASH

Fatherless, they say, I am,
Cast since my birth upon the arms of God;
I never knew my parents, who they were.

ATHALIAH

Hast thou no parents?

JOASH

They abandon'd me.

ATHALIAH

How? and how long ago?

JOASH

When I was born.

ATHALIAH

Where is thy home? This can at least be told.

JOASH

This Temple is my home; none else I know.

ATHALIAH

Where wast thou found? Hast thou been told of that?

JOASH

'Midst cruel wolves, ready to eat me up.

ATHALIAH

Who placed thee in this temple?

JOASH

One unknown,
She gave no name, nor was she seen again.

ATHALIAH

New wonder comes to trouble and perplex!
The sweetness of his voice, his infant grace
Unconsciously make enmity give way
To—can it be compassion that I feel!

ABNER

Madam, is this thy dreaded enemy?
'Tis evident thy dreams have played thee false;
Unless thy pity, which now seems to vex,
Should be the fatal blow that terrified.

ATHALIAH (*to* JOASH *and* JEHOSHEBA)

Why are ye leaving?

JEHOSHEBA

Thou hast heard b[illegible]ale:
His presence longer might be troublesome.

ATHALIAH (*to* JOASH)

Nay, child, come back. What dost thou all the day?

JOASH

I worship God, and hear His Law explain'd;

ATHALIAH

What says that Law?

JOASH

That God requires our love.

ATHALIAH

I understand. But all within these walls,
How are they occupied?

JOASH

In praising God.

ATHALIAH

What pleasures hast thou?

JOASH

Where God's altar stands,
I sometimes help th' High Priest to offer salt
Or incense, hear His lofty praises sung,
And see His stately ritual perform'd.

ATHALIAH

What! Hast thou pastime none more sweet than that?
Sad lot for one so young; but come with me,
And see my palace and my splendour there.

JOASH

God's goodness then would from my memory fade.

ATHALIAH

I serve my god: and thou shalt worship thine.
There are two powerful gods.

JOASH

Thou must fear mine;
He only is the Lord, and thine is naught.

ATHALIAH

Pleasures untold will I provide for thee.

JOASH

The happiness of sinners melts away.

ATHALIAH

Of sinners, who are they?

JEHOSHEBA

Madam, excuse
A child—

ATHALIAH

I like to see how ye have taught him;
And thou hast pleased me well, Eliakim,
Being, and that past doubt, no common child.
See thou, I am a queen, and have no heir;
Forsake this humble service, doff this garb,
And I will let thee share in all my wealth;
Make trial of my promise from this day;
Beside me at my table, everywhere,
Thou shalt receive the treatment of a son.

JOASH

A son!

ATHALIAH

Yes, speak.

JOASH

And such a Father leave
For—

ATHALIAH

Well, what?

JOASH

Such a mother as thyself!

ATHALIAH (*to* JEHOSHEBA)

His memory is good; in all he says
I recognize the lessons ye have given.

JEHOSHEBA

Can our misfortunes be conceal'd from them?
All the world knows them; are they not thy boast?

ATHALIAH

Yea; with just wrath, that I am proud to own,
My parents on my offspring I avenged.
Your god has vow'd implacable revenge;
Snapt is the link between thine house and mine,
David and all his offspring I abhor,
Tho' born of mine own blood I own them not.

JEHOSHEBA

Thy plans have prospered. Let God see, and judge!

ATHALIAH

Your god, forsooth, your only refuge left,
What will become of his predictions now?
Let him present you with that promised King,
That Son of David, waited for so long,—
We meet again. Farewell. I go content:
I wished to see, and I have seen.

Scene 9

CHORUS

ONE OF THE MAIDENS FORMING THE CHORUS

What star has burst upon our eyes?
What shall this wondrous child become one day?
Vain pomp and show he dares despise,
Nor lets those charms, where danger lies,
Lead his young feet from God astray.

ANOTHER VOICE

While all to Baal's altar flock,
And for the Queen their faith disown,
A child proclaims that Israel's Rock
Is the eternal God alone,
And though this Jezebel may mock,
Elijah's spirit he has shown.

ANOTHER VOICE

Who will the secret of thy birth explain?
Dear child, some holy prophet lives in thee again!

ACT III

Scenes 1 *and* 2

Mattan, at Athaliah's request, comes to the temple to speak to Jehosheba. While waiting he converses with his friend.

MATTAN

She has not been herself these two days past.
No more is she the bold, clear sighted Queen,
With spirit raised above her timid sex,
Whose rapid action overwhelm'd her foes,
Who knew the value of an instant lost:
Fear and remorse disturb that lofty soul;
She wavers, falters, all the woman now.
Not long ago I fill'd with bitter wrath
Her heart already moved by threats from Heav'n,
"I have inquired," said I, "about that child,
And hear strange boasts of royal ancestry,
How to the malcontents, from time to time,
The High Priest shows him, bids the Jews expect
In him a second Moses, and supports
His speech with lying oracles." These words
Made her brow flush. Swiftly the falsehood work'd.
"Is it for me," she said, "to pine in doubt?
Let us be rid of this perplexity.
Convey my sentence to Jehosheba:
Soon shall the fire be kindled, and the sword
Deal slaughter, soon their Temple shall be razed,
Unless, as hostage for their loyalty,
They yield this child to me."

Scene 4

Mattan tries to make Jehosheba admit Joash's identity. He is interrupted by the sudden entrance of Jehoiada crying.

MATTAN

To rail is but to be Jehoiada!
Yet might he well, in reverence for the Queen,
Show greater prudence, and forbear to insult
The chosen envoy of her high command.

JEHOIADA

With what ill-omened tidings art thou charged?
What dreadful mission brings such messenger?

MATTAN

Jehosheba has heard the royal will.

JEHOIADA

Then get thee from my presence, impious wretch;
Go, and fill up the measure of thy crimes.

MATTAN (*in confusion*)

Ere the day close—which of us is to be—
'Twill soon be seen—but, Nabal, let us go.

Scene 6

Jehosheba wishes to flee with Joash. Jehoiada reassures her, says that he is going to crown Joash publicly, summons the Levites and orders the Temple closed. He prophesies.

JEHOIADA

Lo, what avengers of Thy holy cause,
O Wisdom infinite,—these priests and babes!
But, Thou supporting, who can make them fall?
Why throbs my heart with holy ecstasy?
Is it God's Spirit thus takes hold of me,
Glows in my breast, speaks, and unseals mine eyes?
Before me spread dim distant ages rise.
Ye Levites, let your melodies conspire
To fan the flame of inspiration's fire.

THE CHORUS (*singing to the accompaniment of musical instruments*)

Lord, by Thy voice to our dull ears conveyed,
Thy holy message to our hearts be borne,
As to the tender blade
Comes, in the spring, the freshness of the morn!

JEHOIADA

Ye heavens hear my voice; thou earth give ear:
That the Lord sleeps, no more let Israel fear:
The Lord awakes! Ye sinners, disappear!

(*The music begins again, and* JEHOIADA *immediately resumes*)

Weep, Salem; faithless city, weep in vain!
Thy murderous hands have God's own prophets slain:
The Lord the queen of cities hath discrown'd,
Cast off her kings, her priests in fetters bound;
Within her streets no festal throngs are found:
The Temple falls! high leap the flames with cedar fed!
Jerusalem, sad spectacle of woe,
How in one day thy beauty disappears!
Would that mine eyes might be a fount of tears,
To weep thine overthrow!

AZARIAH

Oh, holy shrine!

JEHOSHEBA

Oh, David!

THE CHORUS

Lord, restore
Favour to Thine own Zion, as of yore!

(*The music begins again, and* JEHOIADA, *a moment afterwards, breaks in upon it*)

JEHOIADA

What new Jerusalem is this draws nigh,
With beams of light that from the desert shine?
. . . . . .
Jerusalem arise, lift up thine head!
Thy glory fills with wonder all these kings,
Each monarch of the earth his homage brings,
Her mightiest kiss the dust where thou dost tread;
All press to hail the light around thee shed.
Blessèd be he whose soul with ardour glows
To see fair Zion rise!
Drop down your dews, ye skies,
And let the earth her Saviour now disclose!

JEHOSHEBA

Ah, whence may we expect a gift so rare,
If those, from whom that Saviour is to spring,—

JEHOIADA

Prepare, Jehosheba, the royal crown,
Which David wore upon his sacred brow:

(*To the Levites*)

And ye, to arm yourselves, come, follow me
Where are kept hidden, far from eyes profane,

That dread array of lances, and of swords,
Which once were drench'd with proud Philistia's blood,
And conquering David, full of years and fame,
Devoted to the Lord who shelter'd him.
Can we employ them for a nobler use?
Come; and I will myself distribute them.

ACT IV

Jehoiada tells Joash that he is King and prepares him for the part he is to play. He presents him to the chiefs of the Levites from whom he demands an oath:

JEHOIADA

But I perceive your zeal already fired;
Swear then upon this holy volume, first,
Before this King whom Heav'n restores to-day,
To live, to fight, yea, or to die for him!

AZARIAH

Here swear we, for ourselves and brethren all,
To establish Joash on his fathers' throne,
Nor, having taken in our hands the sword,
To lay it down till we have slain his foes.
If anyone of us should break this vow,
Let him, great God, and let his children feel
Thy vengeance, from Thine heritage shut out,
And number'd with the dead disown'd by Thee!

JEHOIADA

And thou, my King, wilt thou not swear to be
Faithful to this eternal Law of God?

JOASH

How could I ever wish to disobey?

JEHOIADA

My son,—once more to call thee by that name,—
Suffer this fondness, and forgive the tears
Prompted by too well founded fears for thee.
Far from the throne, in ignorance brought up
Of all the poisonous charms of royalty,
Thou knowest not th' intoxicating fumes
Of pow'r uncurb'd, and flattery's magic spells;
Soon will she whisper that no holiest laws,
Tho' governing the herd, must kings obey;
Thus will fresh pitfalls for your feet be dug,
New snares be spread to spoil your innocence,

Till they have made you hate the truth at last,
By painting virtue in repulsive guise.
Alas! our wisest king was led astray.
Swear on this book, before these witnesses,
That God shall be thy first and constant care;
Rememb'ring how, in simple linen clad,
Thou wast thyself a helpless orphan child.

JOASH

I promise to observe the Law's commands.
If I forsake Thee, punish me, my God!

Scene 5

It is announced that Athaliah has surrounded the temple with her mercenaries. Jehoiada gives his last orders for its defence.

ACT V

Hardly has Joash been crowned in the temple when Abner enters, demanding in Athaliah's name the surrender of Joash and of the treasure of David. Jehoiada commands the entrance of Athaliah accompanied only by her chief Jewish officers.

Scene 3

JEHOIADA

Great God! The hour is come that brings Thy prey!
Hark, Ishmael.

(*He whispers in his ear*)

JEHOSHEBA

Almighty King of Heav'n,
Place a thick veil before her eyes once more,
As when, making her crime of none effect,
Thou in my bosom didst her victim hide.

JEHOIADA

Good Ishmael, go, there is no time to lose;
Fulfil precisely this important task;
And, above all, take heed, when she arrives
And passes, that no threatening signs be seen.
Children, for Joash be a throne prepared;
Let our arm'd Levites on his steps attend.
Princess, bring hither too his trusty nurse,
And dry the copious fountain of thy tears.

(*To a* LEVITE)

Soon as the Queen, madly presumptuous,
Has cross'd the threshold of the Temple gates,
Let all retreat be made impossible;
That very moment let the martial trump
Wake sudden terror in the hostile camp:
Call all the people to support their King,
And make her ears ring with the wondrous tale
Of Joash by God's providence preserved.
He comes.

Scene 4

JEHOIADA *continues*

Ye Levites, and ye priests of God,
Range yourselves round, but do not show yourselves;
Leave it to me to keep your zeal in check,
And tarry till my voice bids you appear.

(*They all hide themselves*)

My King, methinks this hope rewards thy vows;
Come, see thy foes fall prostrate at thy feet.
She who in fury sought thine infant life
Comes hither in hot haste to slay thee now;
But fear her not: think that upon our side
Stands the destroying angel as thy guard.
Ascend thy throne—The gates are opening wide;
One moment let this curtain cover thee.

(*He draws a curtain*)

Scene 5

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ABNER, ATHALIAH, AND HER ATTENDANTS

(JOASH *is hidden behind the curtain*)

ATHALIAH (*to* JEHOIADA)

Deceiver, there thou art!
Dost thou still lean upon thy god's support,
Or has that flimsy trust forsaken thee?
He leaves thee and thy temple in my pow'r.
Well might I on the altar thou dost serve—
But no, thine offer'd ransom shall suffice;
Fulfil what thou hast promised. That young boy,
That treasure which thou must to me resign,
Where are they?

JEHOIADA

Straight shalt thou be satisfied:
I am about to show them both at once.

(*The curtain is drawn up.* JOASH *is discovered on his throne; his nurse is kneeling on his right;* AZARIAH, *sword in hand, is standing on his left; and near him* ZACHARIAH *and* SALOME *are kneeling on the steps of the throne; a number of* LEVITES, *with swords in their hands, are ranged on either side.*)

Appear, dear child, worthy of royal sires.
Queen, dost thou recognize King David's heir?
Observe at least these marks thy dagger left:
Behold thine offspring, Ahaziah's son!
Welcome King Joash, Abner, people all!

ABNER

Heav'ns!

ATHALIAH

Traitor!

JEHOIADA

See this faithful Jewess here,
Whose bosom, as thou knowest, nursed him then.
Saved from thy fury by Jehosheba,
Within this temple God has guarded him.
Lo, here is all of David's treasure left!

ATHALIAH

Traitor, thy fraud will but destroy the child:
Rid me, my soldiers, of this vile pretence!

JEHOIADA

Soldiers of God, draw near, defend your King!

(*The back of the stage opens: the interior of the temple is shown; and armed* LEVITES *enter from all around upon the stage*)

ATHALIAH

Treason! Oh, where am I, unhappy Queen!
Weapons and enemies on every side!

JEHOIADA

Thy search is vain, thou canst not 'scape the toils
Cast round thee by the God whom thou hast scorn'd.

ATHALIAH

My warriors are turn'd craven, numb with fear!
Abner, is this thy coward's snare?

ABNER

My Queen,
As God is witness—

ATHALIAH

Never mind thy god,
Avenge me.

ABNER (*throwing himself at the feet of* JOASH)

Upon whom? Joash? My prince?

ATHALIAH

He Joash! He thy King! Bethink you, knaves,
That ye are still beleaguer'd by my arms;
I hear my soldiers call me with loud shouts.
Tremble, ye rebels! Succour is at hand.

Scene 6

ISHMAEL (*to* JEHOIADA)

My lord, our foes have left the Temple free:
The foreigners are fled, the Jews submit.
Our Levites, high above the courts around,
Have Ahaziah's son to all proclaim'd,
Told of his infant life saved from the sword,
And Athaliah's fall into the snare.
The trumpets sounded from all sides at once,
And, mingled with their cries, such terror spread
Throughout the camp as struck with wild dismay
Proud Midian at the flash of Gideon's sword.
Some Jews, in dazed confusion, shared their flight;
The rest for Joash loudly have declared,
Owning herein the guiding hand of God.
Yea, all the people, with one heart inspired,
Women, old men, and babes embrace with joy,
Blessing Jehovah and the King He sends,
And hymn the son of David raised to life.
All in the holy city execrate
The name of Baal, and destroy his shrine.
Mattan is slain.

ATHALIAH

Jehovah, thou hast won!
Yes, it is Joash. Vain denial now!
'Twas here I gave command to have him slain;
He has the mien and features of his sire;
I trace his kinship with the line I hate.
Thus David triumphs, Ahab is destroy'd.
Relentless god, this is thy work alone,
Well, let him reign, thy care and handiwork!
And, to inaugurate his sovereignty,
Bid him direct this dagger to my heart!

She prophesies that Joash will one day become traitor to his religion; then she goes out followed by the Levites who slay her.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CENTURY OF DISCUSSION—THE EIGHTEENTH

FRANCE began the eighteenth century with a series of disasters which made the end of Louis XIV's reign as wretched as the futile grandeur of its middle years had been brilliant. Poverty, famine, disease, death wrought their endless round. Hitherto the peasantry had been sacrificed to the nobility; now even the king himself actually suffered for food during the terrible winter of 1708–9.

It was this poor wreck of what had been the greatest monarchy of Europe that Louis XV inherited (in 1715) from his great-grandfather. Once more France found herself with a child king as in the two previous reigns, but now there was neither a Richelieu nor a Mazarin to bring an acute and far-seeing mind to bear upon a situation far beyond the power of the regent to meet. The financial situation alone would have been an almost hopeless task to the ablest financier; John Law, a probably self-deceived Scotsman, proposed a paper money solution so alluring that every last hoarded coin in the country went into the coffers of the company. The outcome was the same as with the South Sea scheme in England —further bankruptcy and ruin where it had seemed as if there could be no beyond.

In very despair of handling conditions so overwhelming, the regent, Philip of Orleans, brother of the dead king, gave over any serious attempt to do more than tide things along until his responsibility should cease when Louis reached his majority at the discreet age of thirteen! Meanwhile he and

the people about him took a long breath in the freer air of a court relieved at last of the dreary ceremonial which the Sun King had imposed, and let themselves go in the revelries of reaction. Reactionary, too, was the feeling toward religion. Louis XIV did not regard the wanderings of his private life as inconsistent with a devout attention to his religious duties. He is said never but once in his life to have missed going to mass, and the courtiers were constrained by policy if by no other reason to follow his example. Now faith was coming to be regarded as superstition and religious duties as a bore.

St. Simon tells an amusing anecdote of church-going under Louis XIV's observation.

Brissac, a few years before his withdrawal, played a strange trick on the ladies. He was an upright man who could not endure untruth. He noticed indignantly all the seats filled with ladies in the winter at the communion service on Thursdays and Sundays when the king never failed to be present, and almost no one there when they knew in time that he would not come; and on pretext of reading in their Book of Hours they all had little candles before them so that they might be recognized and noticed. One evening when the king was expected at the sacrament and when they said in the chapel the prayer that was followed every evening by the communion service, when all the guards were posted and all the ladies in their places, the major arrived toward the end of the prayer, and taking his stand by the king's empty tribune, raised his staff and cried loudly: "King's guards, withdraw; return to your halls; the king is not coming." As soon as the guards had obeyed, murmurs arose among the women, the little candles were put out, and they all left except the Duchess of Guche, Mme. de Dangeau and one or two others who stayed. Brissac had posted brigadiers at the exits of the chapel to stop the guards and send them back to their posts as soon as the ladies were far enough off not to suspect anything. Thereupon the king arrived who was much surprised at not seeing any ladies filling the tribunes and asked how it chanced that there was no one there. When they came out from the service Brissac told him what he had done, not without descanting on the piety of the ladies of the court. The king and all those with him laughed heartily. The story spread at once; all the ladies would have been glad to choke him.

Literature reflected the century's change of tone. While there were inheritors of the classic style and methods there were also writers in various forms—verse, drama, romance—who allowed themselves a liberality of theme, a naturalness of expression, and a diversity of construction that foreshadowed the romantic movement of the nineteenth century. Often witty and amusing, the work of this period, as a whole, is of no great weight.

Jean Baptiste Rousseau (1670–1741) is an example of a clever formalist, popular in his day. Here is an epigram full of satirical enjoyment.

* An aged Rohan, puffed up with his name,
A sudden stroke of illness sent to bed;
A good old Doctor, not unknown to fame,
Was quickly to the sick man's bedside led,
And as he felt his pulse, in accents still
He gravely asked if he felt very ill?
No answer came. The sly old rascal gave
A wink; then in his loudest tones he said:
"My Lord!" Still nothing! "Zounds! The case *is* grave!
Prince!" Worse and worse! "Your Highness!—He is dead."

The name "Voltaire" does not summon thoughts of lyric verse, yet this man who could wield so powerful a pen on themes of intensity could also sing of

THE CHARM OF FABLES

(Translated by Marion Pelton Guild)

O happy days, those days of fable,
Of sprites familiar, of demons good,
Of goblins to mortals serviceable!
All these things so admirable
In the old chateau they met to hear
Where the great fire-place glowed with cheer:
Father and mother, maiden pale,

* Translated by J. Ravenel Smith.

All the family, neighbors too,
Opened their ears to the chaplain's tale,
Telling what spell and charm could do.
Banished now from their ancient places,
Demon and fairy alike are gone;
Reason's weight has stifled the graces,
Dull, insipid, our days drag on;
Reasoning accredits itself, forsooth;
Alas, they all run after truth!
Ah, believe me, sons of earth,
Error has its worth!

Alain-René Le Sage (1668–1747), playwright, and author of novels realistic in tone, was another admirer of the old precisions. He is best known to us to-day by his "History of Gil Blas," a rambling tale of adventure that delights by its acuteness and good-tempered satire whose universal application places it among the books that live.

GIL BLAS ENTERS THE SERVICE OF DR. SANGRADO

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

I closed in with the doctor's proposal, in the hope of becoming an Esculapius under so inspired a master. He carried me home on the spur of the occasion, to install me in my honorable employment; which honorable employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for him in his absence. There had indeed been a register for this purpose, kept by an old domestic; but she had not the gift of spelling accurately, and wrote a most perplexing hand. This account I was to keep. It might truly be called a bill of mortality; for my members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in this system. I was a sort of bookkeeper for the other world, to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. My pen was always in my hand, for Doctor Sangrado had more practice than any physician of his time in Valladolid. He had got into reputation with the public by a certain professional slang, humored by a medical face, and some extraordinary cases more honored by implicit faith than scrupulous investigation.

He was in no want of patients, nor consequently of property. . . .

. . . "Hark you, my child," said he to me one day: "I am not one

of those hard and ungrateful masters, who leave their household to grow gray in service without a suitable reward. I am well pleased with you, I have a regard for you; and without waiting till you have served your time, I will make your fortune. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other physicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles,—the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity. Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which Nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has failed in rescuing from my pen, is comprehended in these two articles; namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience. You may enter into partnership at once, by keeping the books in the morning and going out to visit patients in the afternoon. While I dose the nobility and clergy, you shall labor in your vocation among the lower orders; and when you have felt your ground a little, I will get you admitted into our body. You are a philosopher, Gil Blas, though you have never graduated; the common herd of them, though they have graduated in due form and order, are likely to run out the length of their tether without knowing their right hand from their left."

I thanked the doctor for having so speedily enabled me to serve as his deputy; and by way of acknowledging his goodness, promised to follow his system to the end of my career, with a magnanimous indifference about the aphorisms of Hippocrates. . . .

. . . The next day, as soon as I had dined, I resumed my medical paraphernalia and took the field once more. I visited several patients on the list, and treated their several complaints in one invariable routine. Hitherto things went on under the rose; and no individual, thank Heaven, had risen up in rebellion against my prescriptions. But let a physician's cures be as extraordinary as they will, some quack or other is always ready to rip up his reputation. I was called in to a grocer's son in a dropsy. Whom should I find there before me but a little black-looking physician, by name Doctor Cuchillo, introduced by a relation of the family. I bowed round most profoundly, but dipped lowest to the personage whom I took to have been invited to a consultation with me. He returned my compliment with a distant air; then, having stared me in the face for a few seconds,—"Signor Doctor," said he, "I beg pardon for being in-

quisitive: I thought I was acquainted with all my brethren in Valladolid, but I confess your physiognomy is altogether new. You must have been settled but a short time in town." I avowed myself a young practitioner, acting as yet under the direction of Doctor Sangrado. "I wish you joy," replied he politely: "you are studying under a great man. You must doubtless have seen a vast deal of sound practice, young as you appear to be." He spoke this with so easy an assurance that I was at a loss whether he meant it seriously, or was laughing at me. While I was conning over my reply, the grocer, seizing on the opportunity, said, "Gentlemen, I am persuaded of your both being perfectly competent in your art; have the goodness without ado to take the case in hand, and devise some effectual means for the restoration of my son's health."

Thereupon the little pulse-counter set himself about reviewing the patient's situation; and after having dilated to me on all the symptoms, asked me what I thought the fittest method of treatment. "I am of opinion," replied I, "that he should be bled once a day, and drink as much warm water as he can swallow." At these words, our diminutive doctor said to me, with a malicious simper, "And so you think such a course will save the patient?" "Not a doubt of it," exclaimed I in a confident tone: "it must produce that effect, because it is a certain method of cure for all distempers. Ask Signor Sangrado." "At that rate," retorted he, "Celsus is altogether in the wrong; for he contends that the readiest way to cure a dropsical subject is to let him almost die of hunger and thirst." "Oh, as for Celsus," interrupted I, "he is no oracle of mine; as fallible as the meanest of us: I often have occasion to bless myself for going contrary to his dogmas." "I discover by your language," said Cuchillo, "the safe and sure method of practice Doctor Sangrado instills into his pupils. Bleeding and drenching are the extent of his resources. No wonder so many worthy people are cut off under his direction."—"No defamation!" interrupted I with some acrimony: "a member of the faculty had better not begin throwing stones. Come, come, my learned doctor, patients can get to the other world without bleeding and warm water; and I question whether the most deadly of us has ever signed more passports than yourself. If you have any crow to pluck with Signor Sangrado, write against him; he will answer you, and we shall soon see who will have the best of the battle." "By all the saints in the calendar!" swore he in a transport of passion, "you little know whom you are talking to. I have a tongue and a fist, my friend; and am not afraid of Sangrado, who with all his arrogance and affectation is but a ninny." The size of the little death-dealer made me hold his anger cheap. I gave him a sharp retort; he sent back as good as I brought,

till at last we came to cuffs. We had pulled a few handfuls of hair from each other's head before the grocer and his kinsman could part us. When they had brought this about, they fee'd me for my attendance, and retained my antagonist, whom they thought the more skillful of the two.

Le Sage also staged comedies of manners which ridiculed with somewhat ponderous scorn the bourgeois financiers of his day.

Lighter in touch, and with a delicate play of psychologic development is MARIVAUX (1688–1763) whose style of not unpleasant affectation added to the language, as did Marot's, a descriptive word, "marivaudage." His comedies were pleasing because, while romantic, their analysis was new and clear, though searching, and they sent home their shafts with a light touch. A novelist as well as a dramatist, Marivaux presented in "The Life of Marianne" a naturalistic story in which Parisians might read of themselves with pleased recognition. Marianne's naïve comments on her experiences in church are here related.

I had already told you that I went to church. At the entrance I found a crowd of people, but I did not stop. My new dress and my toilette would have been too disarrayed and I tried by gliding through very gently to reach the upper part of the church where I perceived many fashionable people sitting at their ease.

There were finely dressed women there, some of them ugly and conscious of it, who tried to have so elegant an air that no one would notice their lack of looks; others who did not suspect it at all and who with the best faith in the world mistook coquetry for beauty.

I noticed one among them, very sweet and lovable, who did not give herself the trouble to be a coquette; she was above such methods of pleasing, and she trusted nonchalantly to her good looks; and this it was that distinguished her from the others, of whom she seemed to be saying, "I am naturally all that these women would like to be."

There were also a number of well-made young cavaliers, gentlemen of cloak and sword, whose countenances bore witness that they were well content with themselves. They leaned upon the backs of their chairs in easy and gallant poses such as might stamp them as conversant with the good manners of the world. I noticed them now leaning forward

against their supports, then straightening themselves again; now smiling, then saluting to right and left—all less for politeness or duty than to show their air of good breeding and their importance, and to exhibit themselves under different aspects.

I guessed the thoughts of all these people with no effort; my instinct saw nothing there outside its knowledge, or lacking in clearness, for you must not mistakenly estimate my penetration for more than it is worth.

We have two kinds of understanding, we women. First we have our own understanding which we receive from nature, which we use for reasoning according to the degree of its ability, which develops as it can, and which knows only what it perceives. Then we have still another understanding which is apart from us and which is to be found in the stupidest women. It is the condition of mind that the vanity of pleasing gives us and which is called coquetry. Oh! to be well instructed this phase of mind need not wait for age; it is full grown as soon as it arrives; its knowledge always compasses the theory of what it sees in practice. It is a child of pride born grown up, which at first lacks audacity of action though not of thought. It can be taught grace and good manners, but it learns only the form and never the essence. That is my belief. And it was with this understanding I speak of that I read so well the methods of these women: it was this understanding, too, that caused me to comprehend the new; for with the extreme desire to be to their taste one has the key of all that they are doing to be to yours; and never will there be any merit in all this save to be vain and coquettish.

I could well have omitted this little parenthesis proving it to you, for you know it as well as I do; but I started too late to realize that you know it. I see my faults only when I have committed them; that is one way of seeing them plainly, but not to your profit nor to mine, is it? Let us return to the church.

The place that I had chosen placed me in the midst of the people of whom I speak. What a scene of festivity! It was my first opportunity to enjoy the success aroused by my little face. I was quite stirred by the pleasures of anticipation; indeed I nearly lost my breath; for I was certain of success, and my vanity pictured in advance the glances that everybody would throw upon me.

I did not have to wait long. Hardly was I seated before I drew the eyes of all the men. I focussed all their attention: but that was but half of my honors; the women did the rest for me. They perceived that it was no longer a question of their attractions, that no one was looking at them any longer, that I had left them not a single observer, and that the desertion was general.

"Manon Lescaut," an extract from a long story, has lived until the present as a book, a play, and an opera, because of the touching charm of its tale of tender though mistaken love. Its author, the ABBÉ PRÉVOST (1677–1763), wielded the pen of a writer too ready to take the pains necessary to greatness. He is always full of appeal, however, as this extract telling of Manon's death will show.

We walked as far as Manon's courage could sustain her, that is to say, about two leagues; for this incomparable girl constantly refused to stop sooner. Overcome at last by lassitude she confessed to me that it was impossible for her to go farther. It was already night; we sat down in a vast plain where we could not find a tree to shelter us. Her first care was to change the bandage on my wound which she herself had dressed before our departure. I opposed her desire in vain; I should have wounded her bitterly if I had refused her the satisfaction of thinking me comfortable and out of danger before she thought of caring for herself. I yielded to her wishes for some time; I received her attentions silent and ashamed.

But when she had satisfied her tenderness with what ardor did mine take its turn. I took off my garments that she might find the ground less hard to lie on. I made her consent, in spite of herself, to see me do everything I could think of for her comfort. I warmed her hands by my burning kisses and the warmth of my sighs. I passed the entire night in watching beside her and in praying heaven to grant her sweet and peaceful sleep. Oh God, how ardent and sincere were my prayers and by what a severity of judgment had you decided not to grant them!

Forgive me if I finish in a few words a tale that kills me in the telling. I am speaking to you of a misfortune that never had its like; my whole life will be spent in lamenting it. But, though I always bear it in my memory, my soul seems to recoil with horror every time that I try to speak of it.

We had passed a part of the night quietly. I thought my dear lady asleep, and I dared not draw the least breath for fear of disturbing her sleep. Toward daybreak I noticed as I touched her hands that they were cold and trembling. I laid them against my breast to warm them. She felt the movement and, making an effort to lay hold of mine, she said in a weak voice that she thought she was dying.

At first I looked on this speech as but the usual language of misfortune and I replied to it by the tender consolations of love. But her frequent sighs, her silence when I questioned her, the pressure of her hands in

which she continued to hold mine, made me realize that the end of her troubles was approaching.

Do not ask me to describe my feelings nor to tell you her last words. I lost her; I received from her tokens of affection up to the very moment when she died. That is all of this dire, and this deplorable event that I have the strength to tell you.

Alexis Piron (1689–1773) wrote a comedy "Metromania" ("Metre Madness") depicting the adventures of a poetry-crazed youth. The author managed to fall into disfavor with the king who refused to confirm his election to the Academy; whereupon Piron wrote his own epitaph, with its flavor of sour grapes.

> Here lies Piron, a failure. No magician
> Could make him even an Academician.

Jean-Baptiste-Louis Gresset (1709–1777), analyzing the pernicious activities of a malicious man, is further testimony to the century's tendency toward psychology. With that as the basis of almost all dramatic presentation there was also an undercurrent of comment on all the discussions of the day —religion, economics, philosophy. Indeed, every literary form served as a vehicle for discussion in this century which grew more and more fond of discussion as the years rolled on. Few writers confined themselves to one form. Even the omniscient encyclopedist, Diderot, wrote plays.

Destouches (1680–1754) was another dramatist of a psychological turn, who developed character studies into plays, "The Ingrate," "The Slanderer," "The Man of Irresolution."

The two Crébillons, father and son, were both writers admired in their own time, though the son's novels are too coarse to be read now, and the father's tragedies are too heavy to command our enjoyment. Both in turn held the office of Royal Censor. It would seem to have been not without its personal advantages. This extract from the

"Electra" of the older CRÉBILLON (PROSPER JOLYOT, 1674–1762) will give an idea of its "classical" leaning.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

Clytemnestra. So! far from answering a mother's kindness,
Thou heap'st defiance on that sacred name!
And when my pity seeks her happiness,
Electra scorns me still. Ay, ay, defy me,
Proud princess, unrelenting! but accuse
None save thyself, that Fate so frowns on thee!
From a great monarch, jealous of his power,
I won a hero-husband for my daughter;
And hasty Hope has shown to me the sceptre
Within our house once more, bought by that union;
Yet she, ungrateful, only seeks our ruin!
But one word more: thou hold'st the heart of Itys,
And this same day shall see your lots united.
Refuse him at thy peril! for Aegisthus
Is weary of the slave within his palace,
Whose tears move men and gods to pity.

Electra. Pity!
Against so proud a tyrant, O ye heavens,
What weapon? Can he fear my harmless tears,
Who thus defies remorse? Ah, madam,—mother!
Is it for thee to add to my misfortunes?
I, I Ægisthus's slave—alack, how comes it?
Ah, hapless daughter! who such slave has made me?
And say, of whom was this Electra born?
And is it fitting thou shouldst so reproach me?
Mother!—if still that holy name can move thee,—
And if indeed my shame be known to all
Within this palace,—show compassion on me,
And on the griefs thy hand hath heaped upon me;
Speed, speed my death! but think not to unite me
To him, the son of that foul murderer!
That wretch whose fury robbed me of a father,
And still pursues him in his son and daughter.
Usurping even the disposal of my hand!

Canst speak of such a marriage, and not shudder?
Mother! that lovedst me once,—how have I lost it,
Thy tender love? Alas! I cannot hate thee;
Despite the sorrows that have hedged me round,
The bitter tears I shed within this place,
'Tis only for the tyrant I invoke
The high gods' wrath. Ah, if I must forget
That I have lost a father—help me, madam,
To still remember that I have a mother!

Clytemnestra. What can I do? how act? Naught save thy marriage
Will satisfy the King. I pray thee, yield.
Repine no longer at thy destined lot,
And cease bewailing o'er a dead barbarian
Who—had he found another Ilion—
Thyself full quickly would have made an offering
Upon the altar of his own ambition.
Thus did he dare—oh dark and cruel heart!—
Before mine eyes to sacrifice my daughter!

Electra. Cruel,—ay, madam; yet was he thy husband.
If thus he purchased for him punishment,
What gods or men appointed *thee* avenger?
If Heaven in extremity of harshness
Compelled him, hapless hero! to outpour
His own blood—answer! was it not for Heaven
He spilled it? But thou, most unnatural mother
Of sorrow-scourged Electra and Orestes,
Thou too wouldst spill the last drops of that blood;
Not for high Heaven, jealous of its altars,
But for the vilest mortal. Ah, behold him!
He comes, inhuman wretch! and at the sight
Fierce passions stir within my seething soul.

Greatest of all the dramatists of this century was that master of many forms, FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET, called VOLTAIRE (1694–1778). His comedies were few and mediocre, but he wrote twenty-eight tragedies of which four are placed by critics in the first rank of French dramatic verse. "Zaïre" is the best of these, exact in language, classical in form, of moving plot. It tells the story of the love of the sultan

Orosmane for a beautiful slave, Zaïre, of his jealousy for a Christian captive, really Zaïre's brother, of his assassination of Zaïre in a fit of jealous passion and of his own suicide by way of expiation. The struggle which must be in every drama to give it cause for existence is between Zaïre's love for the sultan, who is about to make her his bride while she is still a Mussulman, and her latent leaning toward Christianity aroused by her newly-found father, Lusignan, a descendant of the Kings of Jerusalem, and her brother, Nêrestan. The whole tone of the play is elevated and sincere. Its climax comes in the third act when Nêrestan declares death to be the worthy punishment for a Christian who would wed a Mussulman and Zaïre cries "Strike then! I love him!" Here is the scene:

Nérestan. Sister, may I speak to you? Ah? at what a time has Heaven chosen to reunite us! You will never see again your unhappy father.

Zaïre. God! Lusignan? . . .

Nérestan. His last hour is approaching. His joy at seeing us, spurring him to effort, has sapped the source of his already weakened strength, and the emotion which filled his soul soon exhausted the springs of life. But, as a crown of horror, he is doubtful in his last moments as to the creed of his daughter; he is dying in bitterness and his restless soul is asking with sighs whether you are a Christian.

Zaïre. What! I am your sister, and yet you think that I shall renounce my lineage and my faith!

Nérestan. Ah! sister! that faith is not yet yours; the day which enlightens you is but dawning; you have not received that precious rite which washes away our crimes and opens Heaven for us. Swear by our misfortunes and by your family, by those holy martyrs whose descendant you are, that you will receive here, to-day, the seal of the living God which binds us to Him.

Zaïre. Yes, I swear between your hands by this God whom I adore, by His law which I seek, which my heart does not yet know, to live henceforth under His holy law. . . . But, dear brother, . . . Alas! what does it ask of me? What does it require?

Nérestan. To hate the sway of your masters; to serve, to love this God whom our ancestors loved, who, born hard by these walls, died here

for us; who has brought us together; who led me to you. How should I tell you of Him? I, more faithful than learned, am but a soldier, and I have but my zeal. A holy priest will come hither and bring you life, and unseal your eyes. Think of your oaths, and that the baptismal water does not bring you death and a curse. Get permission for me to return with him. But by what claim, oh, Heaven! must you obtain it? From whom in this accursed seraglio must you demand it? You, the scion of twenty kings, are the slave of Orosmane! Kin to Louis, daughter of Lusignan! You, a Christian, and my sister, are the slave of a sultan! You hear me, . . . I dare not say more: God, have you preserved us for this last outrage!

Zaïre. Ah! cruel man! continue. You know not my secret, my torments, my desires, my struggles. Brother, have pity on a sister, strayed from the fold, who burns and groans, who, all despairing, dies. I am Christian, alas! . . . I await with ardent longing this holy water, this water which can heal my heart. No, I shall not be unworthy of my brother, of my ancestors, of myself, of my unhappy father. Speak then to Zaïre and conceal nothing from her; tell me . . . what is the law of the Christian empire? What is the punishment for an unfortunate girl who, far from her relations, abandoned to slavery, finding generous support in a barbarian, touched his heart, and united herself to him?

Nérestan. Oh Heaven! What is this you say? Ah! Swiftest death should . . .

Zaïre. Enough; strike, and prevent your shame.

Nérestan. Who? You? my sister?

Zaïre. It is I myself whom I have just accused. Orosmane adores me. . . and I was about to marry him.

Nérestan. To marry him! Is it true, sister? You, yourself? You the daughter of kings?

Zaïre. Strike, I say; I love him.

Nérestan. Unhappy shameless issue of the race from whom you sprang, you ask for death and you deserve death: and if I were to give heed only to thy shame and my self-respect, to the honor of my house, of my father, and of his memory, if the law of thy God, whom thou dost not know, and of my religion did not withhold my arm, I should go into the palace this very instant and sacrifice with this sword the barbarian who loves thee, and from his unworthy side I should plunge the steel into thine, and thence withdrawing it, should plunge it into mine. Heaven! while Louis, earth's great example, is warring along the frightened Nile, previous to coming hither to deliver by his strong arm thy God and return to Him these walls, Zaïre, meanwhile, my sister, his relative, is bound by

marriage to the tyrant of a seraglio! And I return and tell Lusignan the betrayed that his daughter has chosen a Tartar as a God! Alas! At this harrowing moment thy father is dying as he asks of God the safety of Zaïre.

Zaïre. Stop, dear brother. . . . Stop, know my purpose better. Perhaps Zaïre is still worthy of you. Brother, spare me this horrible language; your anger, your reproach is greater outrage, keener and harder for me to bear than that death which I asked of you and which you do not give me. The condition in which you find me overwhelms your courage: you suffer, I see you do; I suffer more. Would that the harsh help of Heaven had arrested the flow of my blood in my heart on the day when this pure Christian blood, poisoned by a wicked flame, burned for Orosmane, the day when Orosmane, charmed by your sister. . . . Forgive me, ye Christians, who would not have loved him! He did everything for me; his heart had chosen me; I saw his pride soften for me alone. It is he who has reanimated the hope of the Christians; it is to him that I owe the happiness of seeing you; forgive; your anger, my father, my tenderness, my oaths, my duty, my remorse, my weakness are punishment enough and your sister even now is overwhelmed by her repentance far more than by her love.

Nérestan. I both blame and pity you; believe me, Providence will not let you die unless you are innocent. Alas! I forgive you these hateful struggles; God has not yet lent you his victorious arm; that arm which gives strength to the weakest, courage will sustain this weak reed beaten by storms. He will not permit that your heart, pledged to His faith, be divided between a barbarian and Himself. Baptism will extinguish this love that fills it, and you shall live in the faith or die a martyr. Then complete now the oath you began; complete it, and amidst the horror with which your heart is pressed, promise to King Louis, to Europe, to your father, to that God who already is speaking to your sincere heart, not to allow this hateful marriage before the priest has cleared your eyes, before he makes you a Christian in my presence, before God adopts you at his hands and strengthens you. Do you promise, Zaïre?

Zaïre. Yes, I promise; make me a Christian and free, I submit to it all. Go, close the eyes of our dying father. Go. Would that I might follow thee and die first.

Nérestan. I go. Adieu, sister, since my wishes can not tear you away from this palace of disgrace, I shall soon return and by a timely baptism snatch thee from the fires of hell, and once more return thee to yourself.

The moral influence of the court, grosser under the man-

hood rule of Louis XV than in the time of the regent even, affected letters as well as life. Many of the novels and poems were both irreligious and vulgar, while plays were either coarse beyond excuse or sentimental to the point of tears. Verse writers were not many. Gresset is their chief, his most amusing poem being his story of the Vert-Vert ("Greeny") the parrot, who attained such piety of speech in a convent that he was invited to visit another convent that he might astonish the nuns. He did astonish them—but it was by his profanity which he picked up from his fellow-travellers on the trip.

The following passage describes Vert-Vert's accomplishments:

> Quick at all arts, our bird was rich at
> That best accomplishment called chit chat;
> For, though brought up within the cloister,
> His beak was not closed like an oyster,
> But, trippingly, without a stutter,
> The longest sentences would utter.
> Pious withal, and moralizing,
> His conversation was surprising;
> None of your equivoques, no slander,—
> To such vile tastes he scorned to pander;
> But his tongue ran most smooth and nice on
> "*Deo sit laus*" and "*Kyrie Eleison*";
> The maxims he gave with best emphasis
> Were Suarez's or Thomas à Kempis'.
> In Christmas carols he was famous,
> "*Orate, fratres*," and "*Oremus*";

The parrot's journey was on the River Loire.

> Ver-vert took shipping in this craft,
> 'Tis not said whether fore or aft;

and he met on board a motley group.

> For a poor bird brought up in purity
> 'Twas a sad augur for futurity

To meet, just free from his indentures,
And in the first of his adventures,
Such company as formed his hansel,—
Two rogues! A friar!! and a damsel!!!
Birds the above were of a feather;
But to Ver-vert 'twas altogether
Such a strange aggregate of scandals
As to be met among the Vandals.
Rude was their talk, bereft of polish,
And calculated to demolish
All the fine notions and good-breeding
Taught by the nuns in their sweet Eden.
No billingsgate surpassed the nurse's,
And all the rest indulged in curses:
Ear hath not heard such vulgar gab in
The nautic cell of any cabin.

The bird proved an apt pupil, and grew so to like his companions that he made tremendous though useless objection to being carried from the boat to the convent.

Thus was Ver-vert, heart-sick and weary,
Brought to the heavenly monastery.
. . . . . .
Round the bright stranger, so amazing
And so renowned, the sisters, gazing,
Praised the green glow which a warm latitude
Gave to his neck, and liked his attitude.
Some by his gorgeous tail are smitten
Some by his beak so beauteous bitten!
. . . . . .
Meantime, the abbess, to draw out
A bird so modest and devout,
With soothing air and tone caressing
The pilgrim of the Loire addressing,
Broached the most edifying topics
To start this native of the tropics;
When, O, surprise! the pert young Cupid
Breaks forth,—"*Morbleu!* those nuns are stupid!"
Showing how well he learned his task on
The packet-boat from that vile Gascon.
. . . . . .

Forth, like a Congreve rocket, burst
He stormed and swore, flared up and cursed.

The younger sisters mild and meek
Thought that the culprit spoke in Greek;
But the old matrons and "the bench"
Knew every word was genuine French;

Such a wicked visitor could not be allowed to remain, and

Straight in a cage the nuns insert
The guilty person of Ver-vert;

Back to the convent of his youth,
Sojourn of innocence and truth,
Sails the *green* monster, scorned and hated,
His heart with vice contaminated.
Must I tell how on his return,
He scandalized his old sojourn,
And how the guardians of his infancy
Wept o'er their quondane child's delinquency?

Some are for punishing him severely.

But milder views prevailed. His sentence
Was, that until he showed repentance,
"A solemn fast and frugal diet
Silence exact, and pensive quiet,
Should be his lot;"

The prodigal, reclaimed and free,
Became again a prodigy,
And gave more joy, by works and words,
Than ninety-nine canary birds,
Until his death—which last disaster
(Nothing on earth endures!) came faster
Than they imagined.
. . . . . .
And from a short life and a merry,
Poll sailed one day per Charon's ferry.

Another writer who, like the Abbé Prévost, lives to-day in opera is BEAUMARCHAIS (1732–1799) who bought the right

to use the noble's *de* before his name, and who earned a patent of artistic nobility by the abundant use of his talents. His wit and invention have made "The Barber of Seville" and the "Marriage of Figaro" sure of a joyous reception even to-day, though they have not the meaning for us that they had for people trained to look at the old régime through the eyes of Voltaire and Rousseau. Through the gayety of the "Marriage" flashes the bitterness of the poor against the privileged when Figaro, the valet, asks why the Count, his master, lies on such a bed of roses, and answers his own question with the sneer "Because you took the trouble to be born!" Here is a part of Figaro's account of his life.

FIGARO, (*walking in the dark*). Count, because you are a great lord you think yourself a great genius! . . . nobility, fortune, rank, position; things like these make you haughty. What have you done to deserve such prosperity? You took the trouble to be born and nothing more! Otherwise you're an ordinary sort of man! While I, lost in the common herd, I've had to use more science and calculation just to live than has been expended in a hundred years in governing all the Spains. . . . (*He sits down on a bench.*) There's nothing stranger than my fate. Son of I know not whom and stolen by bandits, reared in their habits I become disgusted with them and wish to follow an honest career. Everywhere I am repulsed. I learn chemistry, pharmacy, surgery—and all a great lord's influence can hardly put a horse doctor's lancet in my hand. Weary of tormenting sick beasts and eager to enter upon an entirely different occupation I fling myself head-long into the theater. Better had I hung a stone around my neck! I scamper through a comedy concerning the customs of the seraglio. Being Spanish I think I can put Mahomet into it without any objection. Immediately an envoy from I know not where complains that in my verses I am offending the Sublime Porte, Persia, a part of the peninsula of India, the whole of Egypt, the Kingdom of Barca, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco; and there's my comedy ruined to please a lot of Mahometan princes not one of whom, to the best of my belief, knows how to read, and who would all bruise our shoulderblades as they called us "dogs of Christians." Unable to debase the spirit they take their revenge in abusing it. My cheeks grew hollow, my time had expired; I saw coming from afar the horrid bailiff, his pen stuck in his wig. Trembling, I struggled on. There

arose some public interest on the nature of wealth, and as it is not necessary to have a thing in order to theorize about it, not having a sou I wrote on the value of money and its net product. I soon saw from a cab the drawbridge of a stronghold lowered for me, and when I entered I lost hope and liberty. (*He rises.*) How I should like to shut up one of these powerful upstarts who are so jaunty over the trouble that they inflict, until a good dose of disgrace has lowered his pride! I would say to him . . . that marked stupidities have importance only in places where their course is obstructed; that without the liberty of blaming, there is no such thing as a flattering eulogy, and it is only the petty who fear obscure writings.—(*He sits down again.*) Tired of feeding an unknown boarder they turn me out one day and as one must dine even when not in prison, I trim my pen and ask everybody what the news is. They tell me that during my economical withdrawal there had been established at Madrid a system of free sale of products which even extended to the press; and that provided I never mention the government, nor religion nor politics nor morality nor people in high position nor business houses nor the Opera nor any other plays nor anybody who had anything to do with anything, I am at liberty to publish freely . . . under the inspection of two or three censors. In order to take advantage of such sweet liberty I announce a periodical, and thinking that I was not encroaching on any other I call it "The Useless Journal." Pow-wow! A thousand poor scribbling devils rise against me at once; I am suppressed and straightway I am out of employment.

Despair seized me. Then some one suggested me for a situation for which, as ill-luck would have it, I was suited. It needed a calculator; a dancer got it. There was nothing left for me to do but steal. I start a faro bank, and presto, good folk! I sup in town and the aristocracy politely opens their doors to me, keeping for themselves three-fourths of the profit. I was on the point of retrieving myself; I began at last to understand of how much more value "know-how" is than knowledge itself. But as every one about me was thieving while at the same time they required me to be honest I had to succumb once more. I was on the point of bidding farewell to this world and of putting twenty fathoms of water between me and it, when a kind providence recalled me to my early condition. I picked up my razor and strop again, and leaving the smoke of the town for the folk who fatten on it, and shame in the middle of the road as too heavy for a foot-passenger, I walk on, shaving my way from town to town, and thus I live without worry.

Of the contributors of general literature of this century

many were to be found among the minor as well as the greater lights of the salons which were the descendants of the meetings of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Of the women best known among these groups there stand out Julie de l'Espinasse, whose story became widely known when Mrs. Humphry Ward based on it the plot of her novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," and the Marquise du Deffand who had been Julie's protector before they quarrelled. Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was a woman of sympathy and charm; MADAME DU DEFFAND (1697–1780) conquered admiration by the real power of her intelligence. She was a great admirer of everything English, she knew the most interesting people in France, and her critical powers enabled her to talk and write with rare descriptive power. Rarely descriptive indeed is her portrait of Horace Walpole, drawn for the sitter in a letter addressed to him in November, 1765.

PORTRAIT OF HORACE WALPOLE

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

No, No! I do not want to draw your likeness; nobody knows you less than I. Sometimes you seem to me what I wish you were, sometimes what I fear you may be, and perhaps never what you really are. I know very well that you have a great deal of wit of all kinds and all styles, and you must know it better than any one.

But your character should be painted, and of that I am not a good judge. It would require indifference, or impartiality at least. However, I can tell you that you are a very sincere man, that you have principles, that you are brave, that you pride yourself upon your firmness; that when you have come to a decision, good or bad, nothing induces you to change it, so that your firmness sometimes resembles obstinacy. Your heart is good and your friendship strong, but neither tender nor facile. Your fear of being weak makes you hard. You are on your guard against all sensibility. You cannot refuse to render valuable services to your friends; you sacrifice your own interest to them, but you refuse them the slightest of favors. Kind and humane to all about you, you do not give yourself the slightest trouble to please your friends in little ways.

Your disposition is very agreeable although not very even. All your

ways are noble, easy, and natural. Your desire to please does not lead you into affectation. Your knowledge of the world and your experience have given you a great contempt for men, and taught you how to live with them. You know that all their assurances go for nothing. In exchange you give them politeness and consideration, and all those who do not care about being loved are content with you.

I do not know whether you have much feeling. If you have, you fight it as a weakness. You permit yourself only that which seems virtuous. You are a philosopher; you have no vanity, although you have a great deal of self-love. But your self-love does not blind you; it rather makes you exaggerate your faults than conceal them. You never extol yourself except when you are forced to do so by comparing yourself with other men. You possess discernment, very delicate tact, very correct taste; your tone is excellent.

You would have been the best possible companion in past centuries; you are in this, and you would be in those to come. Englishman as you are, your manners belong to all countries.

You have an unpardonable weakness to which you sacrifice your feelings and submit your conduct—the fear of ridicule. It makes you dependent upon the opinion of fools; and your friends are not safe from the impressions against them which fools choose to give you.

Your judgment is easily confused. You are aware of this weakness, which you control by the firmness with which you pursue your resolutions. Your opposition to any deviation is sometimes pushed too far, and exercised in matters not worth the trouble.

Your instincts are noble and generous. You do good for the pleasure of doing it, without ostentation, without claiming gratitude; in short, your spirit is beautiful and high.

The gatherings of Madame Necker, mother of Madame de Staël, attracted chiefly literary men, among them Diderot, the encyclopedist, and Buffon the naturalist who sent for her when on his deathbed. Madame Roland's salons were more political. Her husband was a man in public life, and their house was the center of the Girondin interests. From the horrors of 1793 Roland escaped but he died by his own hand when he heard of his wife's execution. Her life in prison was solaced by the writing of her incomparable "Memoirs." "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" was

her dying exclamation before she laid her head beneath the knife. Her own account of her first arrest not only shows her clear and direct style, but gives a picture of the turmoil and injustice of the Revolutionary days.

* I was hardly seated when I heard a knock at the door; it was about midnight; a numerous deputation from the Commune presented themselves and asked for Roland.

"He is not at home."

"But," said the personage who wore an officer's collar, "where can he be? When will he come back? You ought to know his habits and be able to guess when he will come back."

"I do not know," I answered, "if your orders authorize you to ask me such questions, but I know that nothing can oblige me to answer them. Roland left his house while I was at the Convention; he could not tell me his secrets, and I have nothing more to say."

The party retired very much dissatisfied. I noticed that they left a sentinel at my door, and a guard at the door of the house. I presumed that there was nothing more I could do but collect all my strength to sustain whatever might happen. I was overcome with fatigue. I made them give me some supper. I finished my note, and gave it to my faithful servant, and went to bed. I slept soundly for an hour, when my servant entered my room to tell me that some members of the Section begged me to go into the study.

"I understand what they mean," I answered. "Go, my child; I will not keep them waiting."

I jumped out of bed; I dressed myself; my servant came and was astonished that I took the trouble to put on anything but a dressing-gown. "One must be decent to go out," I observed. The poor girl looked at me with eyes full of tears. I passed into the apartment.

"We are come, Citoyenne, to put you under arrest and to seal your things."

"Where is your authority?"

"Here it is," said a man drawing from his pocket an order from the Revolutionary Commander, without any reason for arrest to conduct me to the Abbaye.

"Like Roland, I can tell you that I do not acknowledge these committees, that I do not submit to these orders, and that you will only take me from here by violence."

* From "Half Hours with the Best French Authors."

"Here is another order," a little man with a disagreeable face hastened to say in a conceited tone; and he read me one from the Commune which ordered the arrest of Roland and his wife without mentioning the cause.

I considered while he was reading whether I should carry my resistance as far as possible, or if I should act with resignation. I might avail myself of the law which forbids arrests by night; and if they insisted on the law that authorizes the municipality to seize suspected persons, answer that the municipality itself was illegal, having been suppressed and re-created by an arbitrary power. But this power the citizens of Paris had, in a manner, sanctioned; and the law is no longer anything but a name used to insult the most thoroughly acknowledged rights; and force reigns and if I oblige them to exert it these brutes know no bounds; resistance is useless and might endanger me.

"How do you mean to proceed, gentlemen?"

"We have sent for a justice of the peace from the Section, and you see a detachment of his armed force."

The justice of the peace arrived; they put seals on everything—on the windows, on the linen cupboard. One man wanted to put them on the pianoforte; they remarked to him that it was an instrument; he drew a foot-rule from his pocket and measured its dimensions as if he would fix its destination. I asked to be allowed to take out some things composing my daughter's wardrobe, and I made a little packet of night things for myself. Nevertheless fifty or a hundred people went in and out continually, filled the two rooms, surrounded everything and might have concealed ill-intentioned persons who intended to take up or put down anything. The air was loaded with pestilential exhalations; I was obliged to go near the window of the anteroom to breathe. The officer did not dare to command this crowd to retire; he only ventured a gentle entreaty now and then, which only increased it. Seated at my desk, I wrote to tell a friend of my situation and to commend my daughter to her care. As I was folding the letter, "Madame," cried Monsieur Nicaud (the bearer of the order of the Commune), "you must read your letter and name the person that you have written to."

"I consent to read it if that is enough for you!"

"It would be better to say to whom you have written."

"I shall not do so; to be called my friend just now is not such an agreeable thing that I should wish to name those in whom I trust"; and I tore up my letter. As I turned my back, they picked up the bits to place them under seal. I could have laughed at this stupid persistence; there was no address.

At last, at seven o'clock in the morning, I left my daughter and all my

servants, after having exhorted them to be calm and patient. I felt that their tears honored me more than oppression could terrify me.

"You have people there who love you," said one of these commissioners.

"I have never had any others about me," I replied, and went down. I found two rows of armed men, reaching from the bottom of the staircase to a carriage which stopped on the other side of the street, and a crowd of curious people. I went on gravely and slowly, noticing this cowardly or deluded mob. The armed force followed the carriage in two lines; the unhappy people who are deceived, and whose throats are cut in the persons of their lost friends, attracted by the sight, stopped in my way, and some women cried out, "To the guillotine!"

"Would you like the curtains drawn?" said the commissioners, obligingly.

"No; innocence, however oppressed it may be, never assumes the appearance of guilt. I fear nobody's looks, I do not wish to withdraw myself from them, whoever they may be."

"You have more spirit than many men; you are waiting calmly for justice."

"Justice! If there were such a thing as justice I should not be in your power at this very time. Should an iniquitous proceeding lead me to the scaffold I should mount it as firmly and quietly as I am now going to prison. I groan for my country. I regret the mistakes which made me think her fit for liberty and happiness; but I value life; I fear nothing but crime; I despise injustice and death."

These poor commissioners did not understand much of this language, and probably thought it very aristocratic.

We arrived at the Abbaye, that theater of the bloody scenes the repetition of which the Jacobins have advocated for some time with so much fervor. Five or six camp-beds occupied by as many men in a dark room, were the first objects that attracted my notice. After we had passed the grating they got up and began to move, and my guides made me mount a narrow and dirty staircase. We reached the keeper's room, a kind of little drawing room, pretty clean, where he offered me a couch.

"Where is my room?" I asked his wife, a fat person with a kind face.

"Madam, I did not expect you; I have nothing ready, but you can stay here while you are waiting."

The commissioners entered the next room, had their orders entered, and gave their oral instructions. I learned afterwards that they were very strict, and that they had them renewed several times later, but did not

dare to put them on paper. The keeper knew his trade too well to fulfil to the very letter what was not obligatory; he is an honest, active, obliging man, who mingles with the exercise of his functions all that justice and moderation could desire.

"What would you like for your breakfast?"

"Some tea."

The commissioners withdrew, telling me that if Roland were not guilty he would not have absented himself.

"It is exceedingly strange that they can suspect such a man; one who has rendered such great services to liberty. It is extremely odious to see a minister calumniated and persecuted with such rancour, whose conduct is so open, whose accounts are so clear, that he ought not to have been obliged to save himself from the extreme excesses of envy. Just as Aristides, severe as Cato: these are the virtues that have made him enemies. Their rage knows no bounds; let it practise all its cruelty on me; I brave it and I sacrifice myself; he, he ought to preserve himself for his country, to which he can still render great services."

An embarrassed bow was the answer of these gentlemen. They went away. I breakfasted while the bedroom that I was to have was hastily prepared.

"You will be able, madam, to remain here all day; and if I cannot get a place ready for you this evening—for there are a great many people here—a bed will be put up in the drawing room."

The wife of the keeper, who spoke to me thus, added some kind remarks on the regret she always felt when she saw people of her own sex come in; "for," she added, "they do not all look as calm as Madam does."

I thanked her, smiling; she shut me in. "Here I am, then, in prison," I said to myself.

The agitation in which I had passed the preceding evening made me feel extremely tired; I longed to have a room. That very night I obtained one, and took possession of it at ten o'clock. When I found myself between four tolerably dirty walls, in the middle of which was a common bedstead without curtains, when I saw a double-grated window, and when I was struck with that smell that a person accustomed to a very clean room always finds in those that are not, I was very sensible that it was a prison I was going to inhabit and that it was not a place where I might expect anything pleasant. However, the space was pretty large, and there was a chimney; the counterpane was tolerable; they gave me a pillow; and by considering these things without making any comparisons I came to the conclusion that I was not badly off. I went to bed, quite resolved to remain there as long as I was comfortable.

A group of scientists added to the sum of eighteenth century literature as well as to the field of endeavor to which they were more directly attached. The most prominent was the COMTE DE BUFFON (1707–1788) who is classed with Montesquieu, Rousseau and Voltaire in the quartette of the century's greatest writers, and he modestly classed himself with Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz and Montesquieu as one of the world's greatest men. He travelled in Italy, lived in England, studied Newton, was given charge of the Royal Gardens in Paris, and wrote many volumes on the life and habits of quadrupeds and birds, on minerals, on the origins of the earth and of man. His style is simple and dignified, his descriptions close, his theories advanced and so far from unreasonable that many of them have been accepted as true. Both as a scientist and a literary man he was regarded almost with reverence. Here is his description of

THE HUMMING-BIRD

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

Of all animated beings this is the most elegant in form and the most brilliant in colors. The stones and metals polished by our arts are not comparable to this jewel of Nature. She has placed it least in size of the order of birds, *maxime miranda in minimis*. Her masterpiece is the little humming-bird, and upon it she has heaped all the gifts which the other birds may only share. Lightness, rapidity, nimbleness, grace, and rich apparel all belong to this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz gleam upon its dress. It never soils them with the dust of earth, and in its aërial life scarcely touches the turf an instant. Always in the air, flying from flower to flower, it has their freshness as well as their brightness. It lives upon their nectar, and dwells only in the climates where they perennially bloom.

All kinds of humming-birds are found in the hottest countries of the New World. They are quite numerous and seem to be confined between the two tropics, for those which penetrate the temperate zones in summer only stay there a short time. They seem to follow the sun in its advance and retreat; and to fly on the wing of zephyrs after an eternal spring.

The smaller species of the humming-birds are less in size than the

great fly wasp, and more slender than the drone. Their beak is a fine needle and their tongue a slender thread. Their little black eyes are like two shining points, and the feathers of their wings so delicate that they seem transparent. Their short feet, which they use very little, are so tiny one can scarcely see them. They alight only at night, resting in the air during the day. They have a swift continual humming flight. The movement of their wings is so rapid that when pausing in the air, the bird seems quite motionless. One sees him stop before a blossom, then dart like a flash to another, visiting all, plunging his tongue into their hearts, flattening them with his wings, never settling anywhere, but neglecting none. He hastens his inconstancies only to pursue his loves more eagerly and to multiply his innocent joys. For this light lover of flowers lives at their expense without ever blighting them. He only pumps their honey, and to this alone his tongue seems destined.

The vivacity of these small birds is only equaled by their courage, or rather their audacity. Sometimes they may be seen chasing furiously birds twenty times their size, fastening upon their bodies, letting themselves be carried along in their flight, while they peck them fiercely until their tiny rage is satisfied. Sometimes they fight each other vigorously. Impatience seems their very essence. If they approach a blossom and find it faded, they mark their spite by hasty rending of the petals. Their only voice is a weak cry, "*screp, screp,*" frequent and repeated, which they utter in the woods from dawn, until at the first rays of the sun they all take flight and scatter over the country.

Linnaeus the botanist, Galvani the physicist and our own Franklin who both made a study of electricity, were among the writers on scientific subjects, but their work is more technical than literary.

The most important writers of this century are those whose discussions of political and governmental science, of economics, of philosophy, and of religion crystallized popular thought into understanding and understanding into action—the fearful action of the Revolution.

To understand their fervor it is well to return once again to the beginning of the century when the House of Hanover came to the throne of a united England and Scotland and the five year old Louis XV ascended the throne of France.

England was astir with Stuart sympathizers and she was heavily taxed to pay for her share in the continental wars, yet her condition, though disturbed, was by no means wretched. France, on the other hand, was crippled in every limb, and she found no skilful surgeon in the regent. Louis was declared of age when he became thirteen in 1723, and he promptly added to the country's suffering by ordering the persecution of the Huguenots, always a thrifty element worthy of conciliation. Once more the tax-gatherers were instructed to levy for the support of the armies which Louis put into the field in the wars of the Polish Succession and the Austrian Succession. Toward the middle of the century a few years of peace gave a chance for a growth of trade, but all too soon France found herself embroiled again, this time with England and Austria on the continent, and with England in India and in America. France lost in every instance.

Louis XV had been reared in his great-grandfather's belief in the divine right of kings. He did not share his great-grandfather's pride in promoting the glory of France. His only idea was to keep the old ship from sinking during his day. "After us, the deluge," he said, for the approach of the deluge was evident even to his careless eyes. The logical outcome of his sincere acceptance of his divine mission was that he felt himself outraged by any smallest hint of opposition. He abolished the Parliaments (courts) in Paris and the provinces and punished their members, practically the only people in France who were making even a feeble attempt to secure justice or to better conditions. The king looked on his subjects as so many chattels to be turned into money for his use in some way even if that way was selling them into prison at the expense of a creditor or enemy. His crowning infamy was the replenishment of his purse by the cornering of the country's grain supply, with its resulting famine and forced purchase of food at high prices.

It was said in a previous chapter that the seventeenth century developed the literary qualities peculiar to France and the eighteenth century her soul—the spirit of liberty, and of brotherhood. This development resulted from one of the most cruel periods of growth that ever land endured. There comes a time when the beaten dog's very misery teaches him to use his teeth for protection and retaliation. In Louis XIV's time the "Glory of France" had been a slogan that deceived even the sufferers; Louis XV betrayed his trust so grossly that no patriotic cry could carry deception. Fénélon's political suggestions were developed and expanded by MONTESQUIEU (1689–1755) whose "Spirit of Laws" made a logical appeal for a constitutional government as against absolutism, illustrating his argument by the case of England. His usually dignified style offered discussion of the interrelations of social life and the influence upon it of environment and custom that never had been made before and never has been equalled since in completeness of material or ability of presentation.

The idea of Montesquieu's colossal "Spirit of Laws" came to him while he was writing the "Persian Letters" in which three travellers from the East comment with entire and caustic freedom on the manners, morals and politics of France. That the subjects were boldly chosen is shown by this description of Louis XIV.

The King of France is old. We have no instance in our history of a monarch who reigned so long. They say that he possesses to a high degree the ability to make himself obeyed; with the same skill he governs his family, his court, his state. He has often been heard to say that of all the governments of the world that of the Turks or of our august sultan pleased him best, so high is his opinion of oriental politics. I have studied his character and I have found contradictions impossible for me to reconcile; for instance, he has a minister but eighteen years old and a favorite of eighty. He likes to gratify those who serve him, but he pays as liberally for the attentions, or, rather, the idleness of his courtiers as for the

toilsome campaigns of his captains; often he prefers a man who attends upon his toilet or who hands him his napkin when he sits at table to some other who captures cities or gains battles for him.

His contemplation of France and her conditions led Montesquieu to a consideration of their causes, and he extended his survey to include the laws of government, of liberty, of natural physical advantages and disadvantages, of individual liberty, of economic relations, and of religion. His views, tempered by the observations of intelligent travel, are sane and lenient. He was as popular as Voltaire, and more respected. His style is not always free from the vulgarity which most writers of the period employed either to attract attention or because, in accordance with the trend of the time, they confused liberty with license in matters of expression as they did in religion and in morals. An example of Montesquieu's simplicity and clearness when free from this fault is to be found in his discussion of

THE SPIRIT OF TRADE

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

Commerce is a cure for the most destructive prejudices: for it is almost a general rule, that wherever we find agreeable manners, there commerce flourishes; and that wherever there is commerce, there we meet with agreeable manners.

Let us not be astonished, then, if our manners are now less savage than formerly. Commerce has everywhere diffused a knowledge of the manners of all nations; these are compared one with another; and from this comparison arise the greatest advantages.

Commercial laws, it may be said, improve manners for the same reason as they destroy them. They corrupt the purest morals; this was the subject of Plato's complaints; and we every day see that they polish and refine the most barbarous.

Peace is the natural effect of trade. Two nations who traffic with each other become reciprocally dependent; for if one has an interest in buying, the other has an interest in selling; and thus their union is founded on their mutual necessities.

But if the spirit of commerce unites nations, it does not in the same

manner unite individuals. We see that in countries where the people are moved only by the spirit of commerce, they make a traffic of all the humane, all the moral virtues: the most trifling things—those which humanity itself demands—are there done or there given only for money.

The spirit of trade produces in the mind of man a certain sense of exact justice; opposite on the one hand to robbery, and on the other to those moral virtues which forbid our always adhering rigidly to the rules of private interest, and suffer us to neglect this for the advantage of others.

The total privation of trade, on the contrary, produces robbery; which Aristotle ranks in the number of means of acquiring, yet it is not at all inconsistent with certain moral virtues. Hospitality, for instance, is most rare in trading countries, while it is found in the most admirable perfection among nations of vagabonds.

VOLTAIRE (1694–1778) also quoted England as the country at that time most advanced in democracy. It must indeed have seemed a land of liberty to people deprived of every one of the rights which Voltaire mentions among a nation's

* DESIDERATA

This is the point reached by English legislation: it gives every man his natural rights of which he is despoiled in almost all monarchies. These rights are:—entire liberty of person and property; of speech to the nation by means of his pen; of being judged in criminal cases only by a jury of independent men; of being judged in any case only according to the exact terms of the law; of professing without molestation whatever religion he wishes, as long as he gives up occupations in which only members of the Established Church are employed. These are called prerogatives. And indeed it is a very great and very happy prerogative, above those of many nations, to be sure when you go to bed that you will wake the next day with the same fortune that you possessed the evening before, that you will not be torn from the arms of your wife and children in the middle of the night to be sent to a dungeon or a desert; that when you rouse from sleep you shall have the power to publish everything you think; that if you are accused, whether for having behaved or spoken or written ill you shall be judged only in accordance with law. . . . I venture to say that if the human race should be assembled for the making of laws it is thus that it would make them for its own surety.

* From "Philosophical Dictionary" (1771) article on "Government."

It is clear that men were growing bold or they would not have dared so to praise a country which had been France's enemy with but short intervals of peace for four centuries. The nobleman who ventured such ideas in the Grand Monarch's day would have had short shrift; now a plebeian made such assertions and worse. Almost a decade before Voltaire set down his Desiderata he had pronounced in favor of a republic. In 1762 he wrote:

* There has never been a perfect government because men have passions; and if they had no passions there would be no need of governments. The most tolerable of all governments is undoubtedly the republican because that is the one which brings men closest in natural equality. Every father of a family should be master in his own house and not in his neighbor's. Since a community is made up of several houses and of the several pieces of land attached to them, it is a contradiction for one man to be the master of these houses and lands; and it is natural that every master should have his say for the good of the community.

Should those in the community who have neither land nor house have a vote? They have no more right than a clerk in the pay of merchants would have to regulate their business; but they may be associated either by rendering service or by paying for their association.

Voltaire was strongly impressed by the philosophic and economic thought which he found in England, and his output in its wide variety of literary criticism, religion, philosophic and political speculation, drama, letters, satires, developed one and another phase in which he happened to be interested at the moment. His style was striking, his irony both keen and amusing, two appeals which made everything he wrote read both by admirers and foes. That he worked drifts of the solid body of ore which Montesquieu presented in its rich entirety was the natural expression of a temperament brilliant and restless rather than soberly capable of sustained effort. Undoubtedly he has been far more widely read than has Montesquieu.

* From article on "Republican Ideas."

Last of the four superlative writers of the century, and the most powerful because he appealed to the heart as well as the head, was JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU (1712–1778). He was a Genevese of uneven character and irregular life, whose imagination produced works whose value he himself probably did not realize and whose influence not only was one of the potent causes of the Revolution, but, oddly enough in the light of his own life, aroused a love of clean living and thinking and speech which went far to banish the prevalent vulgarity. It laid its hand, too, upon the literature of the next century with a decided impulse toward Romanticism.

Rousseau first attracted attention by several articles asserting that pursuit of the arts and sciences had had an evil effect upon human development because by the side of their high coloring the pursuit of morality was but a drab affair. The "Social Contract" whose principles were quoted and misquoted as bases of the Revolution, declared that there was just cause of revolution when either party to the implied contract—whereby the strong cherished the weak and the weak were subservient to the strong—broke the contract.

I suppose men to have reached that point where the obstacles that harm their preservation in their natural state by their resistance prevail over the forces which each individual can employ to maintain himself in this state. Then this primitive state can no longer endure and the human species would perish if it did not change its mode of life.

Now, since men cannot bring new forces into being, but can only bring together and direct those which exist, they have no longer any means of preserving themselves other than by forming by means of aggregation a sum of forces which can prevail over the resistance, by putting them into action by a single motion, and by making them act in concert.

This sum of forces can be brought into being only by the coöperation of many; but since the strength and liberty of each man are the first instruments of his preservation, how shall he pledge them without injuring himself, without neglecting the duties which he owes himself? This difficulty, leading again to my subject can be expressed in these terms.

"To find a form of association which defends and protects with the entire force of the community the person and property of each member, and by which each one, uniting himself to all, nevertheless obeys only himself, and remains as free as before." Such is the fundamental problem to which the social contract gives the solution.

The clauses of this contract are so determined by the nature of the instrument, that the least modification would render them void and of no effect; in such a manner that, although they have never perhaps been formally expressed, they are, nevertheless, everywhere the same, everywhere tacitly admitted and recognized, so that, the social contract being violated, each one returns then to his original rights, and resumes his natural liberty, while losing the conventional liberty for which it was renounced.

These clauses, clearly, all reduce themselves to a single one: to wit, the total relinquishment of all his rights of each member to the whole community; for, first of all, every one giving himself completely, the condition is equal for all; and the condition being equal for all no one is desirous of making it onerous for the others.

Moreover, the relinquishment being made without reserve, the union is as perfect as possible, and no member has any longer anything to lay claim to; for if there remained some rights belonging to certain of them, as there would be no common superior who could give judgment between them and the public, each one, being on some special point his own judge, would soon attempt to be judge on all; the state of nature would prevail, and the association would necessarily become tyrannical or empty.

Finally each one giving himself to all gives himself to nobody; and as there is no member over whom one does not acquire the same right that one yields to him over himself, one gains the equivalent of all that one loses, and more strength to protect what one possesses.

If then one sifts out of the social contract all that is not essential in character we find that it is reduced to the following terms: *Each one of us gives to the common stock his person and all his power to be used under the supreme direction of the general will; and further, we receive each member as an indivisible part of the whole.*

"Back to Nature" was Rousseau's cry, yet simplicity of life and thought did not, with him, mean action according to the inclination of the individual, for he held that freedom of speech, religious liberty and political tolerance should all be

subordinated to the "general will," which, if necessary, should insist on what it regarded as breadth of view.

"Émile" laid down principles of education which have been followed by Pestalozzi and studied by all modern educators. It included (in the "Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar") an explanation of Rousseau's religious belief which held enough of the fundamentals not to be looked upon as especially shocking today, but which succeeded then in arousing both religionists and materialists. "Émile" also contained much simple good sense.

* You also see that an explanation which I can give in writing in a couple of pages may take a year in practice, for in the course of moral ideas we cannot advance too slowly, nor plant each step too firmly. Young teacher, pray consider this example, and remember that your lessons should always be in deeds rather than words, for children soon forget what they say or what is said to them, but not what they have done nor what has been done to them.

Such teaching should be given, as I have said, sooner or later, as the scholar's disposition, gentle or turbulent, requires it. The way of using it is unmistakable; but to omit no matter of importance in a difficult business let us take another example.

Your ill-tempered child destroys everything he touches. Do not vex yourself; put anything he can spoil out of his reach. He breaks the things he is using; do not be in a hurry to give him more; let him feel the want of them. He breaks the windows of his room; let the wind blow upon him night and day, and do not be afraid of his catching cold; it is better to catch cold than to be reckless. Never complain of the inconvenience he causes you, but let him feel it first. At last you will have the windows mended without saying anything. He breaks them again; then change your plan; tell him dryly and without anger, "The windows are mine, I took pains to have them put in, and I mean to keep them safe." Then you will shut him up in a dark place without a window. At this unexpected proceeding he cried and howls; no one heeds. Soon he gets tired and changes his tone; he laments and sighs; a servant appears, the rebel begs to be let out. Without seeking any excuse for refusing, the servant merely says, "I, too, have windows to keep," and goes away. At last, when the child has been there several hours, long

* Translation by Barbara Foxley.

enough to get very tired of it, long enough to make an impression on his memory, some one suggests to him that he should offer to make terms with you, so that you may set him free and he will never break windows again. That is just what he wants. He will send and ask you to come and see him; you will come, he will suggest his plan, and you will agree to it at once, saying, "That is a very good idea; it will suit us both; why didn't you think of it sooner?" Then without asking for any affirmation or confirmation of his promise, you will embrace him joyfully and take him back at once to his own room, considering this agreement as sacred as if he had confirmed it by a formal oath. What idea do you think he will form from these proceedings, as to the fulfilment of a promise and its usefulness? If I am not greatly mistaken, there is not a child upon earth, unless he is utterly spoilt already, who could resist this treatment, or one who would ever dream of breaking windows again on purpose. Follow out the whole train of thought. The naughty little fellow hardly thought when he was making a hole for his beans that he was hewing out a cell in which his own knowledge would soon imprison him.*

We are now in the world of morals, the door to vice is open. Deceit and falsehood are born along with conventions and duties. As soon as we can do what we ought not to do, we try to hide what we ought not to have done. As soon as self-interest makes us give a promise, a greater interest may make us break it; it is merely a question of doing it with impunity; we naturally take refuge in concealment and falsehood. As we have not been able to prevent vice, we must punish it. The sorrows of life begin with its mistakes.

I have already said enough to show that children should never receive punishment merely as such; it should always come as the natural consequence of their fault. Thus you will not exclaim against their falsehood, you will not exactly punish them for lying, but you will arrange that all the ill effects of lying, such as not being believed when we speak the truth, or being accused of what we have not done in spite of our protests, shall fall on their heads when they have told a lie. But let us explain what lying means to the child.

There are two kinds of lies; one concerns an accomplished fact, the

* Moreover if the duty of keeping his word were not established in the child's mind by its own utility, the child's growing consciousness would soon impress it on him as a law of conscience, as an innate principle, only requiring suitable experiences for its development. This first outline is not sketched by man, it is engraved on the heart by the author of all justice. Take away the primitive law of contract and the obligation imposed by contract and there is nothing left of human society but vanity and empty show. He who only keeps his word because it is to his own profit is hardly more pledged than if he had given no promise at all. This principle is of the utmost importance, and deserves to be thoroughly studied, for man is now beginning to be at war with himself.

other concerns a future duty. The first occurs when we falsely deny or assert that we did or did not do something, or, to put it in general terms, when we knowingly say what is contrary to facts. The other occurs when we promise what we do not mean to perform, or, in general terms, when we profess an intention which we do not really mean to carry out. These two kinds of lie are sometimes found in combination,* but their differences are my present business.

He who feels the need of help from others, he who is constantly experiencing their kindness, has nothing to gain by deceiving them; it is plainly to his advantage that they should see things as they are, lest they should mistake his interests. It is therefore plain that lying with regard to actual facts is not natural to children, but lying is made necessary by the law of obedience; since obedience is disagreeable, children disobey as far as they can in secret, and the present good of avoiding punishment or reproof outweighs the remoter good of speaking the truth. Under a free and natural education why should your child lie? What has he to conceal from you? You do not thwart him, you do not punish him, you demand nothing from him. Why should he not tell everything to you as simply as to his little playmate? He cannot see anything more risky in the one course than in the other.

The lie concerning duty is even less natural, since promises to do or refrain from doing are conventional agreements which are outside the state of nature and detract from our liberty. Moreover, all promises made by children are in themselves void; when they pledge themselves they do not know what they are doing, for their narrow vision cannot look beyond the present. A child can hardly lie when he makes a promise; for he is only thinking how he can get out of the present difficulty, any means which has not an immediate result is the same to him; when he promises for the future he promises nothing, and his imagination is as yet incapable of projecting him into the future while he lives in the present. If he could escape a whipping or get a packet of sweets by promising to throw himself out of the window to-morrow, he would promise on the spot. This is why the law disregards all promises made by minors, and when fathers and teachers are stricter and demand that promises shall be kept, it is only when the promise refers to something the child ought to do even if he had made no promise.

The child cannot lie when he makes a promise, for he does not know what he is doing when he makes his promise. The case is different

* Thus the guilty person, accused of some evil deed, defends himself by asserting that he is a good man. His statement is false in itself and false in its application to the matter in hand.

when he breaks his promise, which is a sort of retrospective falsehood; for he clearly remembers making the promise, but he fails to see the importance of keeping it. Unable to look into the future, he cannot foresee the results of things, and when he breaks his promises he does nothing contrary to his stage of reasoning.

Children's lies are therefore entirely the work of their teachers, and to teach them to speak the truth is nothing less than to teach them the art of lying. In your zeal to rule, control, and teach them, you never find sufficient means at your disposal. You wish to gain fresh influence over their minds by baseless maxims, by unreasonable precepts; and you would rather they knew their lessons and told lies, than leave them ignorant and truthful.

We, who only give our scholars lessons in practice, who prefer to have them good rather than clever, never demand the truth lest they should conceal it, and never claim any promise lest they should be tempted to break it. If some mischief has been done in my absence and I do not know who did it, I shall take care not to accuse Emile, nor to say, "Did you do it?" * For in so doing what should I do but teach him to deny it? If his difficult temperament compels me to make some agreement with him, I will take good care that the suggestion always comes from him, never from me; that when he undertakes anything he has always a present and effective interest in fulfilling his promise, and if he ever fails this lie will bring down on him all the unpleasant consequences which he sees arising from the natural order of things, and not from his tutor's vengeance. But far from having recourse to such cruel measures, I feel almost certain that Emile will not know for many years what it is to lie, and that when he does find out, he will be astonished and unable to understand what can be the use of it. It is quite clear that the less I make his welfare dependent on the will or the opinions of others, the less is it to his interest to lie.

When we are in no hurry to teach there is no hurry to demand, and we can take our time, so as to demand nothing except under fitting conditions. Then the child is training himself, in so far as he is not being spoilt. But when a fool of a tutor, who does not know how to set about his business, is always making his pupil promise first this and then that, without discrimination, choice, or proportion, the child is puzzled and overburdened with all these promises, and neglects, forgets or even

* Nothing could be more indiscreet than such a question, especially if the child is guilty. Then if he thinks you know what he has done, he will think you are setting a trap for him, and this idea can only set him against you. If he thinks you do not know, he will say to himself, "Why should I make my fault known?" And here we have the first temptation to falsehood as the direct result of your foolish question.

scorns them, and considering them as so many empty phrases he makes a game of making and breaking promises. Would you have him keep his promise faithfully, be moderate in your claims upon him.

The "New Hêloïse" showed an appreciation of women's intelligence and abilities which won the sex to Rousseau's standard, while his description of natural beauties stirred what really amounted to a cult with its own value, though inclined to the sentimental and to a support of the *larmoyante* (tearful) drama. Few men ever have had influence in so many directions and that in spite of living a life whose almost every practice was in opposition to his preaching. Rousseau's career is a triumph of intellect and imagination. Of course his novel ideas stirred opposition as well as approval and the conservative element harried him into practical exile in England and drove him from one spot to another when he returned to France.

Back of the magnificent work of these outstanding figures was the huge mass of polemic and argumentative writing which the men nicknamed the "Philosophers" poured forth in popular form, and gathered in the Encyclopedia. The convenience of a survey of literature, history, or science has always appealed to the French mind. The massive undertaking of the eighteenth century was not the first of the sort. It had had at least three predecessors. The latest, called the "Historical and Critical Dictionary" was the work of Pierre Bayle (1647–1706) and it introduced the philosophic discussions which were developed by the later Encyclopedists in support of the philosophic and economic writers whose arguments drew the Revolution to a head. Denis Diderot (1713–1784) was editor-in-chief—a man of brilliant and varied parts, not always a steady thinker but invariably a facile writer on politics, religion, drama, education, art—the list is almost as long as the subjects treated in the thirty-five volumes of the colossal work.

His opinion of Rousseau makes interesting reading.

Letter to Mlle. Voland, 1762

Rousseau, concerning whom you still speak, is making a fine uproar in Geneva. The people, irritated by the presumption both of the author and of his works, made a great mob and unanimously declared to the consistory of ministers that the *Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar* was theirs. Well, well! there is a trifling event for you, nothing in itself, which must have caused 20,000 souls to abjure the Christian religion in one day. Oh! what a good comedy this world would be if one were not playing a part in it; if one existed, for example, at some point of space in that portion betwixt the celestial orbs where sleep the gods of Epicurus, very, very far away, whence one would look upon this globe on which we walk so haughtily, no larger in all than a lemon, and whence one would observe with a telescope the infinite multitude of diverse manners of all these two-legged insects whom one calls manikins! I want to see scenes of life only in miniature, so that those which are atrocious may be reduced to an inch of space and to the size of actors but half a line in height, and then they would not longer inspire me with feelings of horror or with violent grief. But is it not a very queer thing that the aversion which injustice causes us should be a matter of size and of masses? I become greatly angered if a large animal unjustly attacks another. I experience no feelings if they are two atoms who wound one another. What an influence our feelings have over our morals! That's a fine text to philosophize over! What say you, Uranie?

It is precisely because this *Profession of Faith* is a kind of nonsensical rubbish that the heads of people are turned by it. Reason, which presents nothing strange and new, does not sufficiently astonish one, and the people wish to be astonished.

I see Rousseau investigating on all sides a Capuchin friary where he will thrust himself some of these days. Nothing persists in his mind; he is a man of immoderate ideas, who is tossed about from atheism to the baptism of the bells. Who knows where he will stop?

Jean-le-Rond d'Alembert (1717–1783) who gained his baptismal name from the fact that he was a foundling picked up on the steps of the church of St. John-the-Round, wrote for the Encyclopedia the mathematical articles, the opening essay, and a famous article on Geneva which provoked a reply from Rousseau. A few paragraphs from d'Alembert's com-

parison of Massillon and Bourdaloue will give an idea of his critical power.

Massillon is often compared with Bourdaloue, as Cicero is compared with Demosthenes or Racine with Corneille. This sort of comparison, fertile in contrasts, only proves that the writer has greater or less skill in making them. We shall not allow ourselves these commonplaces and we shall limit ourselves to a single reflection. When Bourdaloue appeared the pulpit was still barbarous, competing, as Massillon himself says, with the theater in buffoonery, and with the school in dryness. The Jesuit orator was the first to discuss religion in a language worthy of her; he was solid, veracious, and especially severe and compelling in his logic.

If he who first enters upon a path has many thorns to uproot he enjoys on the other hand, a great advantage in that his steps are more deeply marked and on that account more celebrated than those of all his successors. The public, accustomed for a long time to the reign of Bourdaloue who had been the first object of its worship, was long persuaded, especially while Massillon was living, that he could have no rival, and that Bourdaloue from his tomb heard that the cry of the multitude was no longer in his favor. At last Death, which brings Justice in his train, put the two orators in their due places, and Envy, which had taken his from Massillon can now return it to him without fear of his rejoicing over it. However, we shall abstain from giving him a preëminence which grave judges doubt; Bourdaloue's greatest glory is that he still disputes superiority with Massillon. But if it were to be decided by counting the number of their readers Massillon would have the advantage; Bourdaloue is no longer read except by preachers, or the pious; his rival is in the hands of everybody who reads at all. . . .

If, however, one were trying to lay down some sort of comparison of these two illustrious orators, one might say with a certain man of wit, that Bourdaloue had greater reasoning power and that Massillon was the more appealing. An excellent sermon in every respect would be one in which Bourdaloue had attended to this first quality and Massillon to the second. Perhaps a more perfect discourse still would be one where they did not appear thus consecutively, but where their united talents interpenetrate, so to speak, and the dialectician should be at once pathetic and logical.

Jean François Marmontel (1723–1799), best known as a literary critic, was the author of most of the Encyclopedia's

articles on literature. He was a man of accomplishment in other lines, too, for he was the editor of the "Mercure de France" and the author of charming "Memoirs" from which the following extract is taken. Knowing the misery of France at this time it is relieving to think that there might be households where poverty did not spell wretchedness.

Add to the household my grandmother's three sisters and my mother's sister—the aunt who is still left to me. It was in the midst of these women and of a swarm of children that my father took his place as the solitary man. All this family lived on very little money. Order, economy, work, a little business and above all frugality kept us in ease. The small garden produced almost enough vegetables for the needs of the house; the enclosure gave us fruits, and our quinces, our apples and pears, honey sweets for our bees, and made most delicious breakfasts throughout the winter for the children and the old women. The flock of the sheepfold of St. Thomas provided now the women and now the children with woollen clothing; my aunts spun it; they spun also the hemp of the field which gave us cloth, and in the evening when by the light of lamp fed by oil from our nuts, the young people of the neighborhood came to strip with us this beautiful hemp, they made a lovely picture. The grain harvest of our little farm assured our subsistence, the wax and honey from the bees which one of my aunts cared for scrupulously was a revenue resulting from but small expense; the oil pressed from our nuts while they were still fresh, had a taste, a fragrance which we preferred to the taste and perfume of olive oil. Our buckwheat cakes (called in the speech of the country, *tourtus*), moist and smoking hot, with good Mont d'Or butter, we considered the most royal dainty. I know not what dishes could have seemed better to us than our radishes and chestnuts, and on winter evenings when these splendid radishes were broiling on the hearth or we heard the water boiling in the vessel in which these savory, sweet chestnuts were cooking, our hearts beat with happiness. I remember, too, the fragrance that a fine quince roasted beneath the ashes gave forth and the pleasure that our grandmother took in dividing it among us.

Another Encyclopedist was ANNE-ROBERT-JACQUES TURGOT (1727–1781), Louis XVI's Minister of Finance and the author of well-considered histories and of "Reflections on the

Formation and Distribution of Wealth," a work of permanent economic value.

PROGRESS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

And meanwhile from the heart of this barbarous epoch are to issue some day sciences and perfected arts. In the midst of ignorance an insensible progress is preparing the brilliant successes of the last centuries. Under this soil the feeble roots of a distant harvest are already developing. Cities, among all civilized people, are by their nature the centre of commerce and of the forces of society. They continue to subsist, and if the spirit of the feudal government, born from ancient German customs, combined with accidental circumstances had humbled them, there was in the constitution of the states a contradiction which would remedy this in the long run. I see ere long cities being raised up under the protection of princes, who, stretching out their hands to an oppressed nation, will diminish the power of their vessels, and increase little by little that of the people.

. . . . . .

Already we see the royal authority reborn in France; the power of the people established in England; the cities of Italy formed into republics and presenting the appearance of ancient Greece; the small monarchies of Spain driving the Moors before them, and uniting little by little into a single nation.

Soon the seas which until then had divided the nations, become through the invention of the compass, their bond. The Portuguese in the Orient and the Spanish in the Occident discover new worlds. The globe is at last known. Already the mixture of barbaric tongues with Latin has produced new languages in the course of centuries; while Italian, less distant from their common source, less mingled with strange tongues, is raised to the first place in elegance of style and beauty of poetry. The Ottomans spread over Asia and Europe like an impetuous wind, have succeeded in conquering the empire of Constantinople and are dispersing throughout the Occident the feeble sparks of the sciences that Greece still preserves.

Quotations possible to the limits of this volume can give no real idea of the spirit of the philosophic writers of this period. The country's state—of poverty, of bigotry, of corruption, of mal-administration, of brutality—was one to

warrant the gravest fears. These men saw its danger and they consciously set themselves to arouse a public opinion which should demand reforms, trusting that when the hour came the necessary men of affairs would come with it. They found a thinking public, eager to read Voltaire's appeals to reason, willing to study CONDORCET'S (1743–1794) exposition of liberalism and democracy, sensitive to the imaginative urging of Rousseau. They poured forth argument whose acceptance they believed would release men from enslavement to cruelty and superstition and avarice.

One of Condorcet's optimistic theories concerned the perfectibility of the human race. Its argument ran like this:

> The possibility of the process of organic perfection or degeneration of races whether in the vegetable or animal kingdom may be regarded as one of the general laws of nature.
>
> This law embraces human kind and without doubt no one will deny that the progress in preventive medicine, the use of more wholesome food and more sensible dwelling houses, a routine of life which would develop strength by exercise without undermining it by overdoing, that, in short, the destruction of the two most active causes of degradation, namely excessive poverty and too great wealth, should prolong for mankind the length of their lives and assure for them a more steady well-being and a more robust constitution. One feels that the progress of preventive medicine which has become more efficacious with the progress of reason and of social order, should cause contagious or transmissible diseases to disappear in the long run and also those general maladies which owe their origin to climates, foods, or kind of work. It would not be difficult to prove that this belief should extend to nearly all other illnesses whose distant causes we shall probably come to understand. Would it be absurd, then, to suppose that this perfectibility of the human species should be regarded as susceptible of an indefinite progress, that a time might arrive when death would no longer result except from extraordinary accidents or from the slower and slower destruction of vital forces, and that, in short, the duration of the space between birth and this destruction has no assignable limit? Certainly man will not become immortal; but cannot the interval between the moment when he commences to live and the common time when naturally, without sickness, without accident, he experiences difficulty in living be continually in-

creased? Since we speak here of a progress susceptible of being represented with precision by numerical quantities or by lines, the time has come where it is as well to develop the two meanings of which the word "indefinite" is susceptible.

In fact, this mean duration of life which should continually lengthen according as we delve into the future, may receive continued increase resulting from a law such that it continually approaches an unlimited length without the possibility of ever attaining it; or indeed following a law such that this same duration may attain, in the immensity of the centuries, an extent greater than any determined quantity whatever which might be assigned to it as a limit. In this latter case the accretions are really indefinite in the most absolute sense since there exists no limit within which they must stop.

Louis XV died in 1774. His grandson and successor, Louis XVI, was well-meaning but young and not forceful. He had the good sense to restore the parliaments, and to commit the finances to Turgot's administration and then to Necker's. Increasing indebtedness due to his support of the American revolutionists against England, and increasing disturbance at home obliged him to summon the States General, its first meeting in 175 years. Previously the three estates had met separately and had voted by classes; now, after some dissension, they met together and voted as individuals. From their decision not to dissolve until they had adopted a written constitution they took the name of the National Constituent Assembly. On the 14th of July, 1789, the Bastille was destroyed by a mob which feared that the king was planning to use it to overawe the city. Its fall marks the beginning of the Revolution. The attack also instituted the orgy of force and brutality which sent to the guillotine the king and queen and a million of their subjects. The aristocrats fell first after some show of judicial condemnation; then the factions flew at each other's throats until at last the mere whim of an irresponsible tyrant was enough to cause a head to roll in the sawdust. Everything was overturned;—the calendar was reorganized, the months renamed,

religious observances were forbidden, society was disrupted, anarchy replaced government.

At the very beginning of the Revolution ANDRÉ CHÉNIER (1762–1794) floated in a calm backwater unruffled by the bursting storm that sent him to the guillotine. He found himself sufficiently calm to write about "Nature" and to compose idylls on Greek models. His lyrics recall Ronsard. Perhaps best of all his verse is the poem from which the following stanzas are taken:

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

"The corn in peace fills out its golden ear;
Through the long summer days, the flowers without a fear
Drink in the strength of noon.
And I, a flower like them, as young, as fair, as pure,
Though at the present hour some trouble I endure,
I would not die so soon!

"No, let the stoic heart call upon Death as king!
For me, I weep and hope; before the bitter wind
I bend like some lithe palm.
If there be long, sad days, others are bright and fleet;
Alas! what honeyed draught holds nothing but the sweet?
What sea is ever calm?

"And still within my breast nestles illusion bright;
In vain these prison walls shut out the noonday light;
Fair Hope has lent me wings.
So from the fowler's net, again set free to fly,
More swift, more joyous, through the summer sky,
Philomel soars and sings.

"Is it my lot to die? In peace I lay me down,
In peace awake again, a peace nor care doth drown,
Nor fell remorse destroy.
My welcome shines from every morning face,
And to these downcast souls my presence in this place
Almost restores their joy.

"The voyage of life is but begun for me,
And of the landmarks I must pass, I see
So few behind me stand.
At life's long banquet, now before me set,
My lips have hardly touched the cup as yet
Still brimming in my hand.

"I only know the spring; I would see autumn brown;
Like the bright sun, that all the seasons crown,
I would round out my year.
A tender flower, the sunny garden's boast,
I have but seen the fires of morning's host;
Would eve might find me here!

"O Death, canst thou not wait? Depart from me, and go
To comfort those sad hearts whom pale despair, and woe,
And shame, perchance have wrung.
For me the woods still offer verdant ways,
The Love their kisses, and the Muses praise:
I would not die so young!"

Thus, captive too, and sad, my lyre none the less
Woke at the plaint of one who breathed its own distress,
Youth in a prison cell;
And throwing off the yoke that weighed upon me too,
I strove in all the sweet and tender words I knew
Her gentle grief to tell.

Melodious witness of my captive days,
These rhymes shall make some lover of my lays
Seek the maid I have sung.
Grace sits upon her brow, and all shall share,
Who see her charms, her grief and her despair:
They too "must die so young"!

After Chênier the literary output of the twelve Revolutionary years is what might be expected in a time of such upheaval—various light and amusing forms, and oratory. There were novels of no importance, rhymes catching rather than commanding, comic operas, dramas not original but borrowed or paraphrased from bygone masters. Human

nature cannot respond indefinitely to the same stimulus; men and women turned from scenes of hatred and blood to books or plays which were meant to be amusing and amusing only. There were grisly jokes in these "amusing" productions—jokes about the guillotine and epigrams that must have made Liberty, Equality and Fraternity shudder at the atrocities committed in their names. But people who could look without agitation at the sharp descent of the knife so soon repeated that it was not worth while to wipe it off were not fastidious about the books they read or the plays they saw. Perfection of workmanship never died, however. It would take more than a Revolution to kill the "Gallic spirit" or the Gallic craftsmanship. MICHEL JEAN SEDAINE (1719–1797) was the most amusing playwright of this time, ECOUCHARD LE BRUN (1729–1807) the most brilliant maker of epigrams. This is an often quoted example.

> "I've just been robbed." "Your trouble gives me grief."
> "My manuscripts." "I'm sorry for the thief!"

Quite naturally declamation both on the platform and in newspapers was another form popular in appeal. Speakers inflamed passions already stirred; journalists set the match to trains already laid. There was small attempt at guidance or explanation; the days of philosophizing were over; one cry after another howled in the ears of a people eager for more and bloodier excitements—not the battle cry that rings of patriotism, but the shriek of a mob leader urging his followers to savage destruction.

Of the men who may be called worthy orators MIRABEAU (1749–1791), who was truly an economist and truly sincere, stands at the head by virtue of his incomparable eloquence while DANTON (1759–1794) was more popular because of his persuasive power.

The literary man seldom leads a pampered life; in the

eighteenth century his path was made especially thorny if he dabbled in politics. And who did not? Philosopher, economist, playwright, poet—no one could resist touching on the affairs of the day—and when they did not they were accused of it. Before the Revolution the Bastille, the Abbaye and the Temple after its destruction, often housed men whose only crimes were the misuse of their pens.

It is to the Revolution that French literature owes two of its best known songs. One, the "*Ca Ira*" ("It will succeed") gained stanza after stanza to fit the various stages of the Revolution. A literal translation gives a totally inadequate idea of its swing and spirit.

Ah, it will go, it will go, it will go!
The people today repeat it unceasingly—
Ah, it will go, it will go, it will go!
In spite of mutineers all will succeed!
Our enemies are in confusion
And we shall sing "Alleluia!"

Ah, it will go, it will go, it will go!
When Boileau in days gone by talked of the clergy
He predicted this outcome like any prophet;
When they sing my little song
They'll say with joy
Ah, it will go, it will go, it will go!
In spite of mutineers all will succeed!

The other, the "Marseillaise" by Rouget de Lisle (1760–1836), an officer, has won after various ups and downs a final place as the national hymn of France.

THE MARSEILLAISE

(Translated by John Oxenford)

Come, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standards have unfurled;

Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those banded serfs,—what would they have,
By tyrant kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you they would enchain;
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those marshalled foreigners,—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Then tremble, tyrants,—traitors all,—
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die
Our France can well their place supply;
We're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear,
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes,
But O, those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey;—
Death to the savage tiger-brood!
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the selfsame path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might,
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy stirring accents, haste;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

CHAPTER IX

THE CENTURY OF INVENTIONS—THE NINETEENTH

At the opening of the nineteenth century France was in no state to encourage or to enjoy literature. Napoleon was steadying politics, but his methods were deadening to the creative impulse. Enthusiasts for the "classic" still were turning out prose correct but dull, rhymesters were walking decorously through accurately rhythmical lines, and political essayists were dashing off arguments and appeals which grew less and less forceful as Napoleon's autocratic censorship grew more and more smothering. During the progress of the wars that convulsed Europe in the first fifteen years of the century imagination seemed to have no play, and the reactionary period when Louis XVIII was opposing progress and Charles X was trying to restore absolutism was a climax to a time of turbulence so long that it left the literary spirit exhausted. Whether or not the accession in 1830 of Louis Philippe, the "citizen king," gave the mass of the people a feeling of unity and balance sufficient to make for intellectual regeneration it is hard to say, but it was in this year that the Romantic Movement was born, like Minerva, fully equipped.

Yet it had been foreshadowed. Rousseau's descriptions had turned men's thoughts to Nature with appreciation of her possibilities not only for giving enjoyment but for furnishing "copy." He had some followers of eminence. Bernardine de St. Pierre (1737–1814) was one. He wrote sketches and essays on many themes, but his romance of "Paul and Virginia" remains popular for its story of touch-

ing affection and its pictures of tropical scenery. Here is the account of the storm which will recall the well-known painting "The Storm" or "Paul and Virginia" by P. A. Cot.

One of those summers which from time to time lay waste countries situated within the tropics began its ravages here. It was towards the end of December, when the sun in Capricorn for three weeks heats the Isle of France with its vertical rays. The south-east wind which prevails there nearly the whole year through fell to a calm. Lofty whirlwinds of dust were raised over the roads and remained suspended in the air. On every side the soil cracked open and the grass was burned. Hot gusts blew fitfully from the mountain sides, and most of the streams were dried up. No cloud rose from the sea, but, during the day, ruddy mists rose above its stretches and appeared at sunset like the flames of a conflagration. Even night brought no relief to the stifling atmosphere. The moon's red orb magnified out of all measure, rose from a haze-laden horizon. The herds, suffering on the sides of the hills, their necks stretched towards the sky, sniffed the air and filled the valleys with mournful bellowings. Even the Caffir who led them stretched himself on the earth. Everywhere the sun was burning hot and the thick air throbbed with the buzzing of insects seeking to quench their thirst in the blood of men and animals.

Meanwhile, the excessive heat drew from the ocean vapours which hung over the island like a vast umbrella. The mountain peaks gathered them around about, and long trails of fire from time to time shot from their smoky craters. Soon terrific thunder reverberated through forest and plain and valley; frightful sheets of rain, like cataracts, fell from heaven. Foaming torrents dashed down the sides of the mountain: the bottom of the valley became a sea; the plateau where the huts rested, a little island; and the entrance of the valley, a sluice where earth, trees and rocks rushed along with the roaring torrent.

Madame de Staël (1766–1817), bridged the century with St. Pierre but her influence on the literature that followed her is linked with that of Chateaubriand. She was the daughter of Necker, the banker who had been Louis XVI's financial adviser, met many people of the literary world in her mother's salon, and married Baron de Staël-Holstein. Her marriage proved unhappy, and as she fell into disfavor with Napoleon she was forced to spend many years out of Paris. In Switzer-

land and Italy and especially in Germany she gathered much information which she wove into her books. "Corinne or Italy" had a wide vogue in days when readers were more willing than they are now to have the pill of information but scantily sugared by fiction. The following extract will give an idea of the possibilities of enlightenment in "Corinne."

Oswald and Corinne first went to the Pantheon, which is called to-day Sainte Marie de la Rotonde. In Italy Catholicism has everywhere become the heir of paganism; but the Pantheon is the only antique temple in Rome which is preserved entire, the only one where one can see the beauty of architecture of the Romans as a whole, and the peculiar character of their creed. Oswald and Corinne stopped at the Pantheon to admire the portico of the temple and its sustaining columns.

Corinne observed to Lord Nevil that the Pantheon was constructed in such a manner as to appear much larger than it was.

"The Church of St. Peter," said she, "produces quite a different effect; at first you believe it not so vast as it is in reality. The illusion so favorable to the Pantheon comes, we are assured, because there is more space between the columns, and the light has free play about it; but above all because almost no ornamental details are to be seen, while St. Peter is overloaded with them. It is in this way that ancient art outlined great masses and left the filling in of details to the imagination of those persons who looked at it. We moderns in every way say too much."

"This temple," Corinne went on, "was consecrated by Agrippa, the favorite of Augustus, to his friend or rather his master. This master however had the modesty to refuse the dedication of the temple; and Agrippa found himself obliged to dedicate it to all the Gods of Olympus, to replace the god of the earth—power. There was a bronze chariot at the peak of the Pantheon, on which the statues of Augustus and Agrippa were placed. On each side of the portico these same statues were found in another form; and on the frontispiece of the temple one still reads: AGRIPPA CONSECRATED IT. Augustus gave his name to his century, because he made of this century an epoch of the human mind. The masterpieces of different sorts that his contemporaries achieved, formed, so to speak, the rays of his aureole. He knew how to honor suitably men of genius who cultivated letters, and among posterity his glory was well made by it."

It was Madame de Staël's volume "On Germany" which brought to French writers an interest in their neighbors

across the Rhine whose literature was but little known to them. When they had read Goethe and Schiller and had put them with Scott and Byron on their list of acquaintances they were ready to adopt Madame de Staël's name for them—"romantic" and to respond to Chateaubriand's invitation to step into the open and to pass the emotions that it aroused through their individuality. The literature of the eighteenth century, taken as a whole, had been either deadly earnest or foolishly frivolous. People cannot live forever at high pressure, nor do inanities relieve the strain adequately; the time had come when they wanted to think naturally about subjects of natural interest and to write their thoughts as naturally as they spoke them. Even in the freedom of the twentieth century there is a prejudice against calling a spade a spade; in the days when the "classic" influence was uppermost no follower of the rules prescribed for verse or diction would have called a dog a dog or a cock a cock. Such commonplace creatures must be darkly described in elegantly vague language.

The laws of meter were of the strictest. Subjects were chosen from antiquity and their treatment was one of impersonal analysis. Setting was utterly destitute of local color. The "unities" were binding.

Religious feeling had been looked upon as weakness in the skeptical days when Reason ruled; but man is at heart religious and the absence of religion from life and letters had been a suppression and not an uprooting. Now the pendulum swung back and man allowed himself to feel and to speak the old truth that lay in him.

Chateaubriand (1768–1848), himself was not an image-breaker; it was not he who threw the bomb among the formalists, but he did write with an infinite wealth of expression about scenes rich in local color which he described as his temperament felt—and such outspokenness foreshadowed revolution.

Here is a moonlight scene from

A NIGHT AMONG THE SAVAGES OF AMERICA

(From "Half Hours with the Best French Authors")

The moon was at the highest point of the heavens; here and there at wide, clear intervals twinkled a thousand stars. Sometimes the moon rested on a group of clouds which looked like the summit of high mountains crowned with snow: little by little these clouds grew longer and rolled out into transparent and waving zones of white satin, or changed into light flakes of froth, into innumerable wandering flocks on the blue plains of the firmament. Again the arch of Heaven seemed transformed into a shore on which one saw level rows, parallel lines such as are made by the regular ebb and flow of the sea; a gust of wind tore this veil again and there appeared everywhere in the sky great banks of dazzling white down, so soft that one could almost feel their softness and their elasticity. The scene on the earth was not less delightful: the silvery and velvety light of the moon floated silently over the top of the forest, and here and there penetrated through the trees, throwing rays of light even in the deepest shadows. The narrow brook which flowed at my feet, burying itself from time to time amidst thickets of oak, willow, and sugar trees, and reappearing a little farther off in the glades, all sparkling with the constellations of the night, seemed like a ribbon of azure silk spotted with diamond stars, and striped with black bands. Across the river in a wide natural meadow the moonlight rested quietly on the pasture, where it spread out like a sheet. A few birch trees scattered here and there over the savannah, sometimes blending with the caprice of the winds into the background, seemed to be surrounded with pale gauze, sometimes rising from their chalky trunks hidden by the darkness, formed, as it were, islands of floating shadows on an immovable sea of light. Nearby, all was silence and stillness save for the falling of the leaves, the rough passing of a sudden gust, or the rare and broken whooping of the grey owl; while in the distance the solemn rolling of Niagara was heard, as it echoed in the stillness of the night from desert to desert, and died away in the solitary forest.

THE FRANKS

The whole appearance of the Roman army served but to make more formidable the army of the enemy by contrast with its savage simplicity.

Clothed in the skins of bears, seals, aurochs, and wild boars the Franks looked from a distance like a drove of wild beasts. A short close tunic

displayed the height of their figures and did not conceal their knees. The eyes of these savages looked like a stormy sea; their light-coloured hair, falling in front over their breasts, and dyed with a red liquid, looked like blood and fire. Most of them let their beards grow only above the mouth, in order to make their mouths look like the jaws of dogs and wolves. Some held in the right hand a long weapon called a *framée* and in their left a shield which they turned rapidly like a wheel; others instead of this buckler held a sort of javelin, called an *angon*, made of two bent steel prongs; but they all had in their belts the dreaded *francisque*, a kind of two-edged axe whose handle is covered by hard steel, a terrible weapon which was thrown by the Frank as he shouted his battle cry, and which rarely failed to strike the mark which his intrepid eye had selected.

These savages, according to the custom of the ancient Germans, were formed in a triangle, the accustomed order of battle. This formidable triangle where one could see only a forest of *framées*, of the skins of beasts and of half naked bodies, rushed forward impetuously, but regularly, to pierce the Roman line. At the apex of the triangle were stationed braves who had long and bristling spears and who carried on their arms a ring of steel. They had sworn not to take off these marks of servitude until they had sacrificed a Roman. Each chief in this vast body was surrounded by the warriors of his family in order that he might stand firm in the shock of battle, and either wrest victory or die among his friends. Each tribe rallied under a symbol; the noblest being distinguished by bees or three lance heads. The old king of the Sicambres, Pharamond, led the entire army, and gave a part of the command to his grandson, Merovée. The Frankish cavalry, facing the Roman cavalry, covered two sides of their infantry. From their casques, shaped like open jaws, waved two vulture wings; by their steel corslets and white bucklers, one might have taken them for phantoms or strange figures seen amid tempest clouds. Clodion, son of Pharamond, father of Merovée, shone at the head of this menacing cavalry.

An example of Chateaubriand's verse is this

FAIR YOUNG GIRL AND FLOWER

(From Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe")

The bier descends, the spotless roses too,
The father's tribute in his saddest hour;
O earth that bore them both, thou hast thy due,—
The fair young girl and flower.

Give them not back into a world again,
  Where mourning, grief and agony have power,—
Where winds destroy and suns malignant reign,—
  That fair young girl and flower.

Lightly thou sleepest, young Eliza, now,
  Nor fear'st the burning heat, nor chilling shower;
They both have perished in their morning glow,—
  The fair young girl and flower.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed brow is pale,
  Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower;
And Time the old oak's roots doth now assail,
  O fair young girl and flower.

Chateaubriand allowed himself a truly lyric expression of his own emotions, and this new liberty made especial appeal to the imaginations of the "temperamentals" who felt that their personality was lost in the cold generalizations of the classic forms. Chateaubriand's "Réné" was the delight of every would-be confessor of his own thoughts and feelings, the joy and the excuse of the individualistic author.

A follower of Chateaubriand in religious and poetic spirit was ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE (1790–1869), orator, prose writer and poet of distinction in all forms. Like his master, Lamartine did nothing radical, but he persevered in the expression of simple, human subjects in language both direct and beautiful, and his work was another step toward the upheaval begun by ALFRED DE VIGNY (1797–1863) and ALFRED DE MUSSET (1810–1857) and brought to a head by Victor Hugo. Lamartine's most famous poem is "The Lake" and it shows the inter-relation between the moods of Nature and of Man which was a note of this period in German and English as well as in French literature.

ODE TO THE LAKE OF B——

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

Thus sailing, sailing on forevermore,
Still borne along, to winds and waves a prey,
Can we not, on life's sea without a shore,
Cast anchor for a day?

Dear lake! one little year has scarcely flown
And near thy waves she longed once more to see,
Behold I sit alone upon this stone,
Where once she sat with me.

As now, thy restless waves were moaning through
The creviced rocks, where they their death did meet;
And flecks of foam from off thy billows blew
Over my dear one's feet.

One night we rowed in silence,—dost recall
That night? When under all the starry sky
Was heard alone the beat of oars that fall
In cadenced harmony.

When suddenly, upon the startled ear
Accents unknown to earth melodious break;
And with these mournful words, a voice most dear
Charms all the listening lake:—

"O Time, pause in thy flight! and you, propitious hours,
Pause on your rapid ways!
Let us enjoy the springtime of our powers,
The fairest of all days!

"So many wretched souls would speed your flight,
Urge on the lingering suns,
Take with their days the canker and the blight;
Forget the happy ones!

"But all in vain I try to stay its course:
Time slips away and flies.
I say to night, 'Pass slowly!' and the dawn
Breaks on my startled eyes.

"Let us love, then, and love forevermore!
Enjoy life while we may;
Man has no port, nor has time any shore;
It flees, we pass away!"

She paused: our hearts speak through our ardent eyes,
Half-uttered phrases tremble on the air;
And in that ecstasy our spirits rise
Up to a world more fair.

And now we cease to speak; in sweet eclipse
Our senses lie, weighed down with all love's store;
Our hearts are beating, and our clinging lips
Murmur, "Forevermore!"

Great Heaven! can then these moments of delight,
When love all happiness upon us showers,
Vanish away as swiftly in their flight
As our unhappy hours?

Eternity, the Darkness, and the Past,
What have you done with all you've made your prey?
Answer us! will you render back at last
What you have snatched away?

O lake, O silent rocks, O verdurous green!—
You that time spares, or knows how to renew,—
Keep of this night, set in this lovely scene,
At least a memory true!

A memory in thy storms and thy repose,
O lake! and where thy smiling waters lave
The sunny shore, or where the dark fir grows,
And hangs above the wave.

In the soft breeze that sighs and then is gone,
In thy shores' song, by thy shores echoed still;
In the pale star whose silvery radiance shone
Above thy wooded hill!

That moaning winds, and reeds that clashing strike,
And perfumes that on balmy breezes moved,
With all we hear, we see, we breathe, alike
May say, "They loved!"

The poetic fire which kindled Provence in the days of the troubadours has never entirely died. Now and again it flames up in beauty. One of these revivals came to pass when Romanticism laid its torch of sympathy to the southern spirit. Of the poets of this time Frederic Mistral tells with simple charm the legend of

THE SHEPHERD AND THE HERMIT

(Translated by Harriet W. Preston)

Once in the wild woods of the Luberon,
A shepherd kept his flock. His days were long;
But when at last the same were wellnigh spent,
And toward the grave his iron frame was bent,
He sought the hermit of Saint Ouqueri,
To make his last confession piously.

Alone, in the Vaumasco valley lost,
His foot had never sacred threshold crost,
Since he partook his first communion.
Even his prayers were from his memory gone;
But now he rose and left his cottage lowly,
And came and bowed before the hermit holy.

"With what sin chargest thou thyself, my brother?"
The solitary said. Replied the other,
The aged man, "Once, long ago, I slew
A little bird about my flock that flew,—
A cruel stone I flung its life to end:
It was a wagtail, and the shepherd's friend."

"Is this a simple soul," the hermit thought,
"Or is it an impostor?" And he sought
Curiously to read the old man's face
Until, to solve the riddle, "Go," he says,
"And hang thy shepherd's cloak yon beam upon,
And afterward I will absolve my son."

A single sunbeam through the chapel strayed;
And there it was the priest the suppliant bade
To hang his cloak! But the good soul arose,
And drew it off with mien of all repose,

And threw it upward. And it hung in sight
Suspended on the slender shaft of light!

Then fell the hermit prostrate on the floor,
"O man of God!" he cried, and he wept sore,
"Let but the blessed hand these tears bedew,
Fulfil the sacred office for us two!
No sins of thine can I absolve, 'tis clear:
Thou art the saint, and I the sinner here!"

One of the qualities inherent in individualism is a certain naive pessimism that is almost invariably found in the work of writers who enjoy analysis of their own emotions. It is naive because it usually arises from a self-deception absurd in a full-grown man or woman. The melancholy hero, sensitive to a suffering world and bearing up with heroic modesty under a realization of his own—important—insignificance, is a figure appealing to the noble misunderstood. In the early eighteen hundreds such a figure was fashionable in fact as in fiction; Byron was as outspoken in his griefs as Werther in his "Sorrows." Lamartine's love songs were sad; Alfred de Vigny's sky was hung with clouds beneath which life played its rôle in gloom and pain. He was conscious of being a genius, and a genius must move solitary among men, wrapped in the mystery of his awe-inspiring gift. A superb facility of expression joined to imaginative power of unusual scope makes noble reading of all de Vigny's works—and he wrote poems, plays, and prose fiction. Yet this is another instance of what has happened so often in French literature—the marring of a piece of workmanship approaching perfection in style and finish by the injection of some quality whose disturbing spirit poisons the inner springs. Within his limitations, however, de Vigny is a great poet.

The little "Song" that follows is slight but it has charm and delicate fancy and but a hint of sadness.

* Come on the bright sea lonely,
O maiden fair and free,
Come homeless and friendless and only
With me, with me!
My boat on the blue wave heaves:
See! what a fairy thing,
With its pennons, mast and keel;
'Tis but a little shell—
But there *I* am king!

The Earth is made for the slave,
O maiden free!
But for man, the true and the brave,
The boundless sea;
Waves whisper in their flow
A mystery
Of a secret spell they know,
Of Life and Love, and oh!
Of Liberty!

No reserves mark de Musset's revelations. His loves were many, his sufferings great, and he took the public into his confidence so openly that everybody who had had similar emotions was his friend. A poem in something less than his accustomed vein of melancholy is

JUANA

(Translated by Andrew Lang)

Again I see you, ah, my queen—
Of all my old loves that have been,
The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget—
Ah me, for I remember yet—
How the last summer days were blest?

Ah, lady, when we think of this,—
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!
How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen,
And I am twenty winters old.

* From "Thalatta."

My rose, that mid the red roses
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is!
  Yet keeps the beauty of her prime;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace;
  Remember the dead summer-time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
  To me for a peace-offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake,—
  To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware, for all we say,
This Love shall live another day,
  Awakened from his deathly sleep:
The heart that once has been your shrine
For other loves is too divine;
  A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say—why do I dream?
Why should I struggle with the stream
  Whose waves return not any day?
Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me;
Farewell, farewell! so must it be,
  So runs, so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
  And days that were, and days that flit:
The loved lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
  For you that not remember it.

By contrast, de Musset's lighter mood is full of wit and grace, as in his comedies, and he is capable of sustained dramatic power, shown at its best in "Lorenzaccio," a historical play. A number of comediettas developed proverbs entertainingly. One of these is called

*A DOOR MUST BE EITHER OPEN OR SHUT

CHARACTERS—*The Count—The Marquise*

SCENE—*Paris*

(The Marquise is seated on a sofa near the fire embroidering. Enter the Count; he bows.)

Count. I don't know when I shall get over my stupidity, but my memory is shocking. I can't possibly succeed in remembering your day; and whenever I want to see you, it is sure to be a Tuesday.

Mar. Have you anything to say to me?

Count. No; but suppose I had, I could not say it. It is only a chance that you are by yourself, and within the next quarter of an hour you are sure to have a mob of intimate friends in here.

Mar. It is true that to-day is my day, and I don't quite know why I have one. Nowadays when you are at home, you are at home to all Paris. It is the only way to see as little as possible of one's friends, and when you say, "I am at home on Tuesdays," it is clearly just as if you said, "Leave me in peace on the other days——"

Count. That makes it all the worse for me to come to-day, since you allow me to see you in the week——

Mar. Make up your mind and sit down there. If you are in a good temper, you may talk; if not, warm yourself. But what's the matter with you? You seem——

Count. What?

Mar. I would not say the word for the world.

Count. Well, indeed, then I will admit it. Before I came in I was a little——

Mar. What? It is my turn now to ask.

Count. Will you be angry if I tell you?

Mar. There is a ball this evening, where I want to look my best, so I shall not lose my temper all day.

Count. Well, I was a little bored. I don't know what's the matter with me: it's a fashionable affliction like your days. I don't know what to do. I am as stupid as a magazine article.

Mar. I can say the same for myself. I am bored to extinction. It is the weather, no doubt.

Count. The fact is, cold is abominable.

* Abridged from translation by S. L. Gwynn. Courtesy of The Walter Scott Publishing Company.

Mar. Perhaps it is that we are growing old. I am beginning to be thirty, and I am losing my talent for existence.

Count. It is a talent I never had, and what scares me is that I am picking it up. As one ages, one turns fogey or fool, and I am desperately afraid of dying a wiseacre.

Mar. Ring for them to put a log on the fire. Your idea freezes me.

(*A ring heard outside.*)

Count. It is not worth while. There is a ring at the door, and your procession is arriving.

Mar. Let us see who will carry the flag; and, above all, do your best to stay.

Count. No; decidedly I am off. (*He rises, bows, and opens the door.*) Adieu, Madame, till Thursday evening.

Mar. Why Thursday?

Count. Is it not your day at the opera? I will go and pay you a little visit.

Mar. I don't want you; you are too cross. Besides, I am taking M. Camus.

Count. M. Camus, your country neighbour?

Mar. Yes. He sold me apples and hay with great gallantry, and I want to return his civility.

Count. Now, that is just your way. The most wearisome creature! He should be fed on his own wares. And by the way, do you know what the world says?

Mar. No. But no one is coming. Do shut that door. There's a terrible draught.

Count. People are saying that you are thinking of marrying again, and that M. Camus is a millionaire, and that he comes very often to your house.

Mar. Really! Is that all?

Count. I tell it you because people are talking of it.

Mar. Do I repeat all that the world says of you?

Count. Of me, Madame? What do they say, if you please, that will not bear repeating? (*sitting down again*). Tell me, I implore you, Marquise. You are the person in all the world whose opinion I value most.

Mar. One of the persons, you mean.

Count. No, Madame, I say the person—she whose esteem, whose opinion——

Mar. Good heavens, you are going to turn a phrase.

Count. Not at all. If you see nothing, evidently it is because you will not see.

Mar. See what?

Count. You can't but understand——

Mar. I only understand what people tell me, and even then I am hard of hearing.

Count. You laugh at everything; but, candidly, could it be possible, that after seeing you for a whole year, with your wit, your beauty, your grace——

Mar. But, good heavens! this is worse than a phrase; it is a declaration. Warn me at least. Is it a declaration or a New Year's compliment?

Count. And suppose it were a declaration?

Mar. Oh, I don't want it this morning. I told you I was going to a ball; I run the risk of hearing some this evening, and my health won't stand that sort of thing twice a day.

Count. Truly you are discouraging, and I shall be heartily delighted when your turn comes to be caught.

Mar. I shall be delighted myself. I swear to you, there are instants when I would give large sums to have even a little vexation.

Count. Laugh away, laugh away; your turn will come.

Mar. Very possibly: we are all mortal.

Count. So you don't choose to be made love to?

Mar. No. I am very good-natured; but as for love-making, it is quite too stupid. Come now, you who have common sense, tell me what does this mean: making love to a woman?

Count. It means that the woman in question pleases you, and that you like to tell her so.

Mar. Very well; but what about the woman? Does it please her to please you? For instance, you think me pretty, let us suppose, and it amuses you to let me know it. Is that a reason for me to love you? What does a man gain by these compliments? How can a man of brains take any pleasure in these sillinesses? It puts me into a passion when I think of it.

Count. Still there is nothing to get angry about.

Mar. On my word, there is. You must credit a woman with a very empty head and a great stock of stupidity to imagine that you can mix a charm for her out of such ingredients. Really, it seems to me that if I were a man, and saw a pretty woman, I should say to myself: "Here is a poor creature who is sure to be stifled with compliments," and if I wanted to find favour, I would do her the honour to talk to her of something else than her unhappy face. But no, it is always "You are pretty," and then "You are pretty," and then "Pretty" again. Why, good heavens! we know it well enough!

Count. Well, Madame, you are charming, take it as you will.—There's another ring. Good-bye; I am off.

Mar. Wait now; I wanted to tell you—I forget what it was. Ah! do you pass Frossin's by any chance in your wanderings?

Count. It will not be by chance, Madame, if I can be of any use to you.

Mar. Another compliment. Heavens, how you bore me! It is a ring I have broken. Of course I could simply send it, but I must explain to you. (*Taking the ring off her finger.*) There, do you see, it is the setting. (*Bell heard. Count looks out of window*). Do shut that door; you are freezing me.

Count. I'm just going. But you promise to repeat what was said to you about me, don't you, Marquise?

Mar. Come to the ball this evening, and we will have a talk.

Count. Parbleu! Yes; talk in a ball-room! A nice spot for conversation, with trombone accompaniment and a clatter of glasses of *eau sucrée*. I put it to you, is that the place——?

Mar. Will you go or stay? I tell you again, you are giving me a cold. Since no one is coming, what drives you away?

Count (*shutting the door and sitting down again*). The fact is, do what I can, I feel in such bad humour that I am really afraid of wearing out your patience. Decidedly, I must leave off coming to your house——

Mar. That is polite. And what has put that into your head?

Count. I don't know, but I bore you. You told me so yourself a moment ago, and I am quite conscious of it.

Mar. If I told you you were boring me this morning, that was because it is unusual. Seriously, you would pain me. I take great pleasure in seeing you——

Count. You? Not a bit.

Mar. What a tragic tone! I forbade you to love me?

Count. Certainly; or to speak to you of it, at least.

Mar. Well, I give you leave. Let us hear your eloquence.

Count. If you meant that——(*Bell heard*). That jingle again. Good-bye, then, Marquise. At all events, I won't let you off so. (*He opens the door.*)

Mar. Till this evening, is it not? But what is that noise I hear?

Count (*looking out of the window*). It is a change in the weather. It is raining and hailing as hard as you please.

Mar. It is frightful. Do shut the door. You can't go out in this weather.

Count (*shutting the door*). You may safely reckon, I can tell you, that with this hail you won't have any one here. There is one of your days wasted——

Mar. Not at all, since you came. Do put down your hat. It fidgets me.

Count. A compliment, Madame. Take care. You, who profess to hate them, might have yours taken for truth.

Mar. But I tell you so, and it is quite true. You give me great pleasure by coming to see me.

Count (*sitting down again near the Marquise*). Then let me love you.

Mar. But I tell you also, I am quite willing. It doesn't annoy me the least bit in the world.

Count. Then let me speak of it to you. It seems to me that one has certainly a right without offending a person one respects——

Mar. To wait till the rain is over, you mean. You came in here a moment ago without knowing why. If you had found three people here, any three, no matter who, you would be there by the corner of the fire, at the present moment, talking literature or railroads, after which you would go and dine. So it is because I was alone that you think yourself bound all on a sudden, yes, bound in honour to make love to me. Do you know what men look like under those circumstances? Like those poor hissed authors who have always a manuscript in their pockets, some unpublished and unplayable tragedy, and pull out this to batter your ears with it as soon as you are left alone with them for a quarter of an hour.

Count. So you tell me that I don't displease you. I reply that I love you, and there is an end of it to your mind.

Mar. You love me no more than the Grand Turk.

Count. Oh, come now, that is too much. Listen to me for a single moment, and if you don't believe me sincere——

Mar. No, no, and no again! Good heavens! do you think I don't know what you could tell me?

Count. You have cloyed your palate, Marquise. You are jaded——

Mar. Insults? I prefer them; they are less insipid than your sugar-plums.

Count. Yes, the plain truth is you are jaded.

Mar. You think so. Well! not a bit of it!

Count. Jaded as an old Englishwoman with fourteen children.

Mar. As the feather that dances on my hat! So you imagine that it is a deep science to know you all by heart. Why, there is no study needed to learn that lesson; simply you have to be left to yourselves. You have only one tune among you, as they say, so that the mere repetition of the same words, the mere spectacle of all these different faces which may in themselves be more or less passable, but at these fatal moments all assume the same humbly victorious expression, is enough to work our salvation by laughter, or at least by sheer weariness. Do you call this being jaded?

Count. Horribly so, if what you say is true; and it seems to me so far from natural that the doubt might be allowed.

Mar. I begged you to put a log on the fire.

Count (*putting on the log*). You discourage a poor devil by telling him, "I know what you are going to tell me." But has he not the right to reply, "Yes, madame, you know perhaps; and I too know what men say when they love; but when I speak to you I forget it."

Mar. Come, at least, this is better; you are talking capitally; it is the next thing to a book.

Count. Yes, I am talking; and I am assuring you that if you are such as it is your pleasure to seem, I pity you most sincerely.

Mar. Don't let me check you; make yourself at home.

Count. There is nothing in that to wound you. If you have the right to attack us, may we not reasonably defend ourselves? When you compare us to hissed authors, what is the stone you think you are throwing? Why, heaven help us! if love is a comedy——

Mar. The fire is burning badly; that log is crooked.

Count (*arranging the fire*). If love is a comedy, that world-old comedy, hissed or not, is still, after all is said and done, the least poor performance that has been invented. And I am wrong to call it old. Is that old which is immortal?

Mar. Monsieur, this is poetry.

Count. No, Madame; but these compliments, declarations, and all the doting nonsense are excellent old things, sometimes ridiculous, but all of them accompaniments to another thing which is always young.

Mar. You are getting confused. What is it that is always old, and what is it that is always young?

Count. Love.

Mar. Monsieur, this is eloquence.

Count. No, Madame. I mean this: That love is eternally young, and that the ways of expressing it are, and will remain, eternally old. The king never dies. Love is dead, long live Love.

Mar. Love?

Count. Love. And even suppose one were merely fancying——

Mar. Give me the fire-screen there.

Count. This one?

Mar. No; the brocaded one. Your fire is putting out my eyes now.

Count (*handing the screen to the Marquise*). Even suppose it were merely fancy that one is in love, is not that a charming thing?

Mar. But I tell you it is always the same thing.

Count. And always new, as the song says. Why, what would you have

us invent? Apparently, you must be loved in Hebrew! If you are like your grandmother, are you the less pretty for that?

Mar. That's right, there is the chorus; pretty. Give me the cushion that is by you.

Count (*taking the cushion and holding it in his hand*). No, Madame, I cannot say how painful to me is the sight of this fashionable indifference.

Mar. What is that cushion doing in your hand? I asked you for it to put under my feet.

Count. Well then, there it is, and there am I, too, and whether you will or no, I will make you a declaration, as old as the streets, and as stupid as a goose, for I am furious with you.

(*He puts the cushion on the ground before the Marquise, and kneels down on it.*)

Mar. Will you do me the favour to remove yourself from there, if you please?

Count. No; you must listen to me first.

Mar. You won't get up?

Count. No, no, and no again, as you said a moment ago, unless you consent to hear me.

Mar. I have the honour to wish you a good morning. (*Rising.*)

Count (*still on his knees*). Marquise, in heaven's name, this is too cruel. You will madden me. You drive me to despair.

Mar. You will recover at the Café de Paris.

Count (*in the same position*). No, upon my honour. I speak from my heart. I will admit as much as you please that I came in here without any purpose. I only meant to pay you a passing visit; witness this door, that I opened three times to go. The conversation we have just had, your raillery, your very coldness, drew me on further perhaps than was right; but it is not to-day only, it is since the first day I saw you that I have loved you, that I have adored you. I have dreamed——

Mar. Adieu!

(*Exit the Marquise, leaving the door open.*)

Count (*left alone, remains a moment longer on his knees, then rises and says:*) It is a positive fact that that door is icy. (*He is going out and sees the Marquise.*)

Count. Ah, Marquise, you are laughing at me.

Mar. (*leaning against the half-open door*). So you have found your feet.

Count. Yes; and I am going, never to see you again.

Mar. Come to the ball this evening. I am keeping a valse for you.

Count. I will never, never see you again. I am in despair; I am lost.

Mar. What is the matter with you?

Count. I am lost. I love you like a child. I swear to you, on all that is most sacred in the world——

Mar. Adieu! (*She is going out.*)

Count. It is for me to leave, Madame. Stay, I beg of you. I feel how much I have to suffer——

Mar. (*in a serious tone*). Let us make an end now, Monsieur. So you want to marry me?

Count. Why, undoubtedly! I am dying to. I never dared to tell you, but for this last year I have been thinking of nothing else.

Mar. I am going to tell you two proverbs. The first is, Never play at cross purposes. Consequently, we will talk it over.

Count. Then what I have dared to tell you does not displease you?

Mar. Oh no! Here is my second proverb: A door must be either open or shut. Now for three-quarters of an hour here has this door, thanks to you, been neither one nor the other, and the room is perfectly icy. Consequence again—you are going to give me your arm to take me to dine at my mother's. After that you will go to Frossin's.

Count. Frossin's, Madame? For what reason?

Mar. My ring.

Count. Ah, that is true! I had forgotten all about it. Well then, your ring, Marquise.

Mar. Marquise you say. Well then, on my ring there happens to be in the setting a little Marquise's coronet, and as that may be used for a seal, tell me, Count, what do you think? Perhaps the strawberry leaves will have to be taken off. There, I am going to put on my bonnet.

Count. You overwhelm me with joy. How am I to express——?

Mar. But do shut that unhappy door. This room will never be fit to live in again.

While de Vigny and de Musset were enthusiastically applying the methods of the new Romanticism their most powerful exponent was a young man, VICTOR MARIE HUGO (1802–1885), whose first publication, a volume of poems, showed him to be the possessor of a singing style and of a rich and novel vocabulary. Born at a time when political disturbance had been going on so long that it was becoming a tradition, Hugo knew the admiration and the repulsion earned by Napoleon and his methods, and the excitements of the later disturbances which resulted in the "Revolution"

of 1830. His naturally dramatic nature was stirred to expression by the turmoil about him, and he saw in the political flux but another incentive to work for a change that would prove the final overthrow of classicism. His first play, "Cromwell," was a drama for the library rather than the stage. Its preface, however, threw down the gauntlet to the supporters of the school of Corneille, while, incidentally, it placed its author among the critics in whom this century is rich.

Hugo's creed was a veritable charter of liberties and declaration of independence. To begin with he defied the "unities" of time and place, acknowledging only the necessity for unity of action. Local color, he declared, was a valuable enrichment that was not necessarily at war with the universality which the classicists claimed that it limited. The only limitations that he admitted were those imposed by nature and by truth, and such breadth of choice permits the drama to reflect everything that exists, even the grotesque. This liberty of subject was matched by a freedom of style that adopted the direct and enlarged vocabulary of the new school in a swinging verse that allowed many encroachments upon the old ideas.

It was at the first performance of "Hernani," on the 25th of February, 1830, that the adherents of the Classicists and the Romanticists met on a field that was literally a field of battle. Hugo's friends gathered to force a victory. The trouble burst promptly when the heretical placing of a noun and its attendant adjective on separate lines—the end of the first and the beginning of the second—fell on the ears of the conservatives. Uproar and derision increased and blows were struck. Théophile Gautier, wearing a red waistcoat horrifying to the eyes of the decorous, led the Romanticists in what has been called the "Battle of Hernani." It was at least a drawn battle, for the performance was allowed a

repetition, and repetition at last won approval. Following is an outline of this stirring drama.

Doña Sol is betrothed to her guardian and uncle, Don Ruy Gomez, but loves the bandit, Hernani, a noble in disfavor at court, and is beloved by the King, Don Carlos. Don Carlos forces an entrance to Doña Sol's apartment, compels the duenna to conceal him and listens to the conversation between Doña Sol and Hernani in which the girl vows that she will leave all that the Duke, her uncle, might give her, and will flee with her beloved.

DOÑA SOL

*I'll follow you.

HERNANI

The Duke is wealthy, great
And prosperous, without a stain upon
His ancient name. He offers you his hand,
And can give all things—treasures, dignities,
And pleasure——

DOÑA SOL

We'll set out to-morrow. Oh!
Hernani, censure not th' audacity
Of this decision. Are you angel mine
Or demon? Only one thing do I know,
That I'm your slave. Now, listen: wheresoe'er
You go, I go—pause you or move I'm yours.
Why act I thus? Ah! that I cannot tell;
Only I want to see you evermore.
When sound of your receding footstep dies
I feel my heart stops beating; without you
Myself seems absent, but when I detect
Again the step I love, my soul comes back,
I breathe—I live once more.

HERNANI (*embracing her*)

Oh! angel mine!

DOÑA SOL

At midnight, then, to-morrow, clap your hands
Three times beneath my window, bringing there
Your escort. Go! I shall be strong and brave.

Bursting from his concealment with comic expressions of discomfort, Don Carlos is about to fight with Hernani when they are interrupted by

*Translation of Frederick L. Slons and Mrs. Newton Crossland. Courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

Don Ruy Gomez, who is by no means pleased at finding two men with his niece. The King, however, silences his reproaches by disclosing his identity and declaring that he had come to consult the old man on questions connected with the death of the Emperor, his grandfather, of whom he had just heard. Doña Sol renews her promise to elope with Hernani, who is protected from the Duke's inquiries by Don Carlos's assertion that he is one of his followers; on which Hernani, left alone, comments.

HERNANI

One of thy followers! I am, oh King!
Well said. For night and day and step by step
I follow thee, with eye upon thy path
And dagger in my hand. My race in me
Pursues thy race in thee. And now behold
Thou art my rival! For an instant I
'Twixt love and hate was balanced in the scale.
Not large enough my heart for her and thee;
In loving her oblivious I became
Of all my hate of thee. But since 'tis thou
That comes to will I should remember it,
I recollect. My love it is that tilts
Th' uncertain balance, while it falls entire
Upon the side of hate. Thy follower!
'Tis thou hast said it. Never courtier yet
Of thy accursed court, or noble, fain
To kiss thy shadow—not a seneschal
With human heart abjured in serving thee;
No dog within the palace, trained the King
To follow, will thy steps more closely haunt
And certainly than I. What they would have,
These famed grandees, is hollow title, or
Some toy that shines—some golden sheep to hang
About the neck. Not such a fool am I.
What I would have is not some favour vain,
But 'tis thy blood, won by my conquering steel—
Thy soul from out thy body forced—with all
That at the bottom of thy heart was reached
After deep delving. Go—you are in front—
I follow thee. My watchful vengeance walks
With me, and whispers in mine ear. Go where
Thou wilt I'm there to listen and to spy,
And noiselessly my step will press on thine.
No day, should'st thou but turn thy head, oh King,
But thou wilt find me, motionless and grave,
At festivals; at night, should'st thou look back,
Still wilt thou see my flaming eyes behind.

Like the first act the second begins in comedy when the King with some of his gentlemen goes to the meeting-place of Hernani and Doña

Sol with the purpose of interfering with the elopement. He gives the signal agreed upon and Doña Sol comes forth, but she repulses him and Hernani rescues her, though he generously refuses to slay Don Carlos. Carlos requites him shabbily by setting the guards upon him. Hernani refuses to take Doña Sol with him to almost certain death.

The third act shows Don Ruy Gomez and Doña Sol an hour before their marriage. Hernani is introduced, disguised as a pilgrim. In a fury at Doña Sol's supposed desertion Hernani declares himself and urges some one of his hearers to take him and thereby earn the reward offered for his capture. Don Ruy Gomez says that he will protect him, his guest, even with his life. Hernani, left alone with the girl, reproaches her bitterly.

HERNANI *looks at the nuptial jewel-case with a cold and apparently indifferent gaze; then he tosses back his head, and his eyes light up.*

HERNANI

Accept my 'gratulations! Words tell not
How I'm enchanted by these ornaments.
[*He approaches the casket.*
This ring is in fine taste,—the coronet
I like,—the necklace shows surpassing skill.
The bracelet's rare—but, oh, a hundred times
Less so than she, who 'neath a forehead pure
Conceals a faithless heart. [*Examining the casket again.*
What for all this
Have you now given? Of your love some share?
But that for nothing goes! Great God! to thus
Deceive, and still to live and have no shame!
[*Looking at the jewels.*
But after all, perchance, this pearl is false,
And copper stands for gold, and glass and lead
Make out sham diamonds—pretended gems!
Are these false sapphires and false jewels all?
If so, thy heart is like them, Duchess false,
Thyself but only gilded. [*He returns to the casket.*
Yet no, no!
They all are real, beautiful, and good,
He dares not cheat, who stands so near the tomb,
Nothing is wanting.
[*He takes up one thing after another.*
Necklaces are here,
And brilliant earrings, and the Duchess' crown
And golden ring. Oh marvel! Many thanks
For love so certain, faithful and profound.
The precious box!

DOÑA SOL (*She goes to the casket, feels in it, and draws forth a dagger*)

You have not reached its depths.
This is the dagger which, by kindly aid
Of patron saint, I snatched from Charles the King
When he made offer to me of a throne,
Which I refused for you, who now insult me.

HERNANI (*falling at her feet*)

Oh, let me on my knees arrest those tears,
The tears that beautify thy sorrowing eyes.
Then after thou canst freely take my life.

DOÑA SOL

I pardon you, Hernani. In my heart
There is but love for you.

HERNANI

And she forgives—
And loves me still!

Hernani still refuses to let Doña Sol share his fate, but yields at last.

DOÑA SOL (*throwing herself on his neck*)

You are my lion, generous and superb!
I love you.

HERNANI

Ah, this love would be a good
Supreme, if we could die of too much love!

DOÑA SOL

Thou art my lord! I love thee and belong
To thee!

HERNANI (*letting his head fall on her shoulder*)

How sweet would be a poignard stroke
From thee!

DOÑA SOL (*entreatingly*)

Fear you not God will punish you
For words like these?

HERNANI (*still leaning on her shoulder*)

Well, then, let Him unite us!
I have resisted; thou would'st have it thus.

[*While they are in each other's arms, absorbed and gazing with ecstasy at each other,* DON RUY GOMEZ *enters by the door at the back of the stage. He sees them, and stops on the threshold as if petrified.*

As Hernani offers to yield his life to the old man in atonement for his breach of hospitality the King is announced. The Duke conceals Hernani in a hiding-place behind a picture of himself and refuses to give up his guest. The King takes Doña Sol as hostage for her uncle's loyalty.

Don Carlos and his train gone, Ruy Gomez releases Hernani.

DON RUY GOMEZ

Come forth, young man, to slay me, else
To be slain.

HERNANI

To die, ah yes! Against
My will thyself hast saved me, and my life
Is yours. I bid you take it.

. . . . . .

But in peace
I'd calmly die, if thou wouldst deign that ere
My soul is freed, it sees once more the soul
That shines so clearly in her eyes. To her
I will not speak. Thou shalt be there to see,
My father, and canst slay me afterwards.

DON RUY GOMEZ (*pointing to the recess still open*)

Oh, Saints of Heaven! can this recess then be
So deep and strong that he has nothing heard?

HERNANI

No, I have nothing heard.

DON RUY GOMEZ

I was compelled
To yield up Doña Sol or thee.

HERNANI

To whom?

DON RUY GOMEZ

The King.

HERNANI

Madman! He loves her.

DON RUY GOMEZ

Loves her! He!

HERNANI

He takes her from us! He our rival is!

DON RUY GOMEZ

Curses be on him! Vassals! all to horse—
To horse! Let us pursue the ravisher!

HERNANI

Listen! The vengeance that is sure of foot
Makes on its way less noise than this would do.
To thee I do belong. Thou hast the right
To slay me. Wilt thou not employ me first
As the avenger of thy niece's wrongs?
Let me take part in this thy vengeance due;
Grant me this boon, and I will kiss thy feet,
If so must be. Let us together speed
The King to follow. I will be thine arm.
I will avenge thee, Duke, and afterwards
The life that's forfeit thou shalt take.

DON RUY GOMEZ

And then,
As now, thou'lt ready be to die?

HERNANI

Yes, Duke.

DON RUY GOMEZ

By what wilt thou swear this?

HERNANI

My father's head.

DON RUY GOMEZ

Of thine own self wilt thou remember it?

HERNANI (*giving him the horn which he takes from his girdle*)

Listen! Take you this horn, and whatsoe'er
May happen—what the place, or what the hour—
Whenever to thy mind it seems the time
Has come for me to die, blow on this horn
And take no other care; all will be done.

DON RUY GOMEZ (*offering his hand*)

Your hand! [*They press hands.*

(*To the portraits*)

And all of you are witnesses.

The scene of the fourth act is the interior of the vaults which enclose the tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle. Don Carlos has learned that here is to be a meeting of conspirators against him. At the same time the Electoral College is meeting and Carlos hopes that he will be chosen emperor. In a monologue Carlos declares his ambitions.

DON CARLOS (*alone*)

Here Charlemagne rests! How can the sombre tomb
Without a rifting spasm hold such dust!
And art thou truly here, colossal power,
Creator of the world? And canst thou now
Crouch down from all thy majesty and might?
Ah, 'tis a spectacle to stir the soul
What Europe was, and what by thee 'twas made.
Mighty construction with two men supreme
Elected chiefs to whom born kings submit.

. . . . . .

Pope and Emperor, they on earth are all in all,
A mystery supreme dwells in them both,
And Heaven's might, which they still represent,
Feasts them with kings and nations, holding them
Beneath its thunder-cloud, the while they sit
At table with the world served out for food.

. . . . . .

They make and all unmake. One can release,
The other surely strike. The one is Truth,
The other Might. Each to himself is law,
And is, because he is. When—equals they
The one in purple, and the other swathed
In white like winding-sheet—when they come out
From Sanctuary, the dazzled multitude
Look with wild terror on these halves of God,
The Pope and Emperor. Emperor! oh to be
Thus great! Oh, anguish, not to be this Power
When beats the heart with dauntless courage fill'd!
Oh, happy he who sleeps within this tomb!
How great, and oh! how fitted for his time!

. . . . . .

What destiny! And yet 'tis here he lies?
Is all so little that we come to this!
What then? To have been Prince and Emperor,
And King—to have been sword, and also law;
Giant, with Germany for pedestal—
For title Cæsar—Charlemagne for name:
A greater to have been than Hannibal
Or Attila—as great as was the world.
Yet all rests here!

. . . . . .

Oh, Empire, power,
What matters all to me! I near it now
And like it well. Some voice declares to me
Thine—thine—it will be thine. Heavens, were it so!
To mount at once the spiral height supreme
And be alone—the key-stone of the arch,
With states beneath, one o'er the other ranged,
And kings for mats to wipe one's sandall'd feet!

. . . . . .

Wondrous human base
Of nations, bearing on your shoulders broad
The mighty pyramid that has two poles,
The living waves that ever straining hard
Balance and shake it as they heave and roll,
Make all change place, and on the highest heights
Make stagger thrones, as if they were but stools.
So sure is this, that ceasing vain debates
Kings look to Heaven! Kings look down below,
Look at the people!—Restless ocean, there
Where nothing's cast that does not shake the whole;
The sea that rends a throne, and rocks a tomb—
A glass in which kings rarely look but ill.
Ah, if upon this gloomy sea they gazed
Sometimes, what Empires in its depths they'd find!

. . . . . .

If I fail when there
Feeling my feet upon the trembling world,
Feeling alive the palpitating earth,
Then when I have between my hands the globe
Have I the strength alone to hold it fast,
To be an Emperor? Oh, God, 'twas hard
And difficult to play the kingly part.
Certes, no man is rarer than the one
Who can enlarge his soul to duly meet
Great Fortune's smiles, and still increasing gifts.
But I! Who is it that shall be my guide,
My counsellor, and make me great?
[*Falls on his knees before the tomb.*
'Tis thou,
Oh, Charlemagne! And since 'tis God for whom
All obstacles dissolve, who takes us now
And puts us face to face—from this tomb's depths
Endow me with sublimity and strength.
Let me be great enough to see the truth
On every side.

. . . . . .

And show me certainly
Whether to punish, or to pardon, be
The worthier thing to do.

Is it not fact
That in his solitary bed sometimes
A mighty shade is wakened from his sleep,
Aroused by noise and turbulence on earth;
That suddenly his tomb expands itself,
And bursts its doors—and in the night flings forth
A flood of light? If this be true indeed,
Say, Emperor! what can after Charlemagne
Another do! Speak, though thy sovereign breath
Should cleave this brazen door. Or rather now
Let me thy sanctuary enter lone!
Let me behold thy veritable face,
And not repulse me with a freezing breath.
Upon thy stony pillow elbows lean,
And let us talk.

. . . . . .

Speak, and do not blind
Or if thou wilt not speak,
Let me make study in the solemn peace
Of thee, as of a world, thy measure take,
Oh giant, for there's nothing here below
So great as thy poor ashes. Let them teach,
Failing thy spirit. [*He puts the key in the lock.*
Let us enter now. [*He recoils.*
Oh, God, if he should really whisper me!
If he be there and walks with noiseless tread,
And I come back with hair in moments bleached!

The conspirators meet and choose the assassin of Don Carlos. The lot falls on Hernani. Ruy Gomez offers to buy the opportunity from him by giving him Doña Sol and returning the horn whose blast is to end Hernani's life. Still Hernani refuses. A distant cannon booms thrice, the signal that Carlos has been chosen emperor. He steps from the tomb, summons his guard, and orders the arrest of all who seem noble among the conspirators. Hernani claims a place among them by virtue of his title, for he is Juan of Aragon, Duke of Segorbé and Cardona. Touched to generosity the newly-made emperor gives Doña Sol to her lover. "Duke Juan, take your wife."

Don Ruy Gomez frowns upon the scene, for he does not forgive Hernani. Don Carlos, too, suffers, but he has consolation. He bends toward the tomb.

Don Carlos

Art thou content with me, oh Charlemagne!
Have I the kingship's littleness stripped off?
Become as Emperor another man?

. . . . . .

Have I my candle lighted at thy flame?
Did I interpret right the voice that spake
Within this tomb? Ah, I was lost—alone
Before an Empire—a wide howling world
That threatened and conspired!

. . . . . .

A score of nations, each
Of which might serve to awe a score of kings.
Things ripe, all pressing to be done at once.
I cried to thee—with what shall I begin?
And thou didst answer—Son, by clemency!

The last act shows the wedding festivities of Hernani and Doña Sol, the gayety marred only by the forbidding presence of a Black Domino. Hernani and Doña Sol, alone, are speaking of their happiness when a horn sounds in the distance—the signal that claims Hernani's life by virtue of his promise to Don Ruy Gomez. The old man appears in the guise of the Black Domino and forces the fulfilment of the oath. Doña Sol joins her husband in death and Don Ruy Gomez kills himself.

Of all Hugo's dramas, some in prose and some in verse, "Ruy Blas" is next to "Hernani" in the public heart. Again the scene is laid in Spain, always vivid to Hugo from his childhood days spent there, and the action and characters are full of change and contrast.

This great man's genius was not limited to verse, though he excelled in both dramatic and lyric forms. In prose fiction his output was gigantic. Novels of enormous length and rich variety, profound in inner meaning, and plutocratic in vocabulary, rolled from his pen with a facility born of delight. Of these tremendous productions it is hard to choose the best after "Les Miserables" ("The Wretched") which is an acknowledged masterpiece, though loose in construction. "Notre Dame de Paris," named from the ancient cathedral whose spirit commands the action of the story, "The Toilers of the Sea," dealing with the life of the Channel Islands, "The Man Who Laughs," the tale of a man disfigured in his babyhood by mountebanks and doomed to belie a breaking heart by a mirth-producing face, "Ninety-three," a romance

of the Revolution—these novels, vital and unusual, illustrate yet another feature of the Romantic movement, the choice of subjects from possibilities considered anathema by the Classicists.

A part of the famous account of the battle of Waterloo from "Les Miserables" will give an idea of the onrush of words which ably reflected the movement they described.

THE CATASTROPHE

(From "Les Miserables." Translated by Lascelles Wraxall)

The rout in the rear of the guard was mournful; the army suddenly gave way on all sides simultaneously, at Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, Papelotte, and Plancenoit. The cry of "Treachery" was followed by that of "*Sauve qui peut!*" An army which disbands is like a thaw,—all gives way, cracks, floats, rolls, falls, comes into collision, and dashes forward. Ney borrows a horse, leaps on it, and without hat, stock, or sword, dashes across the Brussels road, stopping at once English and French. He tries to hold back the army, he recalls it, he insults it, he clings wildly to the rout to hold it back. The soldiers fly from him, shouting, "Long live Marshal Ney!" Two regiments of Durotte's move backward and forward in terror, and, as it were, tossed between the sabres of the Hussars and the musketry fire of Kempt's, Best's, and Peck's brigades. A rout is the highest of all confusions, for friends kill each other in order to escape, and squadrons and battalions dash against and destroy each other. Lobau at one extremity, and Reille at the other, are carried away by the torrent. In vain does Napoleon build a wall of what is left of the Guard; in vain does he expend his own special squadrons in a final effort. . . . Napoleon gallops along the line of fugitives, harangues, urges, threatens, and implores them; all the mouths that shouted "Long live the Emperor" in the morning, remained wide open; they hardly knew him. The Prussian cavalry, who had come up fresh, dash forward, cut down, kill, and exterminate. The artillery horses dash forward with the guns; the train soldiers unharness the horses from the caissons and escape on them; wagons overthrown and with their four wheels in the air, block up the road and supply opportunities for massacre. Men crush each other and trample over the dead and over the living. A multitude wild with terror fill the roads, the paths, the bridges, the plains, the hills, the valleys, and the woods, which are thronged by

this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, desperation; knapsacks and muskets cast into the wheat; passages cut with the edge of the sabres; no comrades, no officers, no generals recognized—an indescribable terror. Ziethen sabreing France at his ease. The lions become kids. Such was this fight.

. . . . The victory was completed by the assassination of the vanquished. Let us punish as we are writing history,—old Blücher dishonoured himself. This ferocity set the seal on the disaster; the desperate rout . . . only stopped at the frontier. Alas! and who was it flying in this way? The grand army.

Did this vertigo, this terror, this overthrow of the greatest bravery that ever astonished history, take place without a cause? No. The shadow of a mighty right hand is cast over Waterloo; it is the day of destiny, and the force which is above man produced that day. Hence the terror, hence all those great souls laying down their swords. Those who had conquered Europe, fell crushed, having nothing more to say or do, and feeling a terrible presence in the shadow. *Hoc erat in fatis.* On that day, the perspective of the human race was changed, and Waterloo is the hinge of the 19th century. The disappearance of the great man was necessary for the advent of the great age, and He who cannot be answered undertook the task. The panic of the heroes admits of explanation; in the battle of Waterloo, there is more than a storm; there is a meteor.

At nightfall, Bernard and Bertrand seized by the skirt of his coat, in a field near Genappes, a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, carried so far by the current of the rout, had just dismounted, passed the bridle over his arm, and was now, with wandering eye, returning alone to Waterloo. It was Napoleon, the immense somnambulist of the shattered dream still striving to advance.

Hugo's connection with the politics of his time was as intimate as might be expected of his vivid nature, and it was reflected in his work. He was an early admirer, a later accuser of Napoleon, and his Napoleonic verse makes a group valuable alike to the student of history and of literature. He was made a peer by Louis Philippe and a member of the National Assembly under the Republic of 1848. Identifying himself with the people, he was exiled after the coup d'état of 1851 and spent eighteen years out of France writing poems,

novels and political monographs. With the downfall of Napoleon III and the re-establishment of the Republic, Hugo returned to Paris in time for the siege and to be elected to the National Assembly of 1871.

No relaxation appeared with Hugo's advancing age. He was eighty-three when he died, and his pen was busy to the last.

Capable of the widest range of emotion as of expression, no aspiration was too great, no incident too trifling for him to record. His devout attitude before Nature is evident in

OLD OCEAN

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

I stood by the waves, while the stars soared in sight;
Not a cloud specked the sky, not a sail shimmered bright;
Scenes beyond this dim world were revealed to mine eye;
And the woods, and the hills, and all nature around,
Seemed to question with moody, mysterious sound,
The waves, and the pure stars on high.
And the clear constellations, that infinite throng,
While thousand rich harmonies swelled in their song,
Replying, bowed meekly their diamond blaze;
And the blue waves, which nothing may bind or arrest,
Chorused forth, as they stooped the white foam of their crest,
"Creator! we bless thee and praise!"

A friend of Hugo and working in the same field with results that seem impressive except by comparison with the production of such an unmatched power, Alexander Dumas, the elder (1805–1870), wrote historical dramas which achieved success in their day and historical romances which are still read in ours. The plays have not lived because they lacked the inner touch that would make them universal. The novels continue to charm by their relation of exciting adventures met by their heroes with the boldness and resource which we all like to think we could match if put to the test. The trilogy

of the musketeers is too well known in translation to need quotation here.

That the romantic method was applicable to other forms than the novel and the drama was proven by the activities of Augustin Thierry (1795–1856), who, inspired by Chateaubriand, told the tales of history with the vividness usually devoted to fiction.

Similiarly alive was Jules Michelet (1798–1874) to whom the writing of history was a process of resurrection. He vitalized dry bones and created from them living, picturesque figures in prose instinct with poetic suggestion. His "France" is nobly drawn.

There she is, this France, seated on the ground, like Job, among her friends who come to console her, interrogate her, better her condition, if they can, work for her safety.

"Where are your ships, your machines?" says England. And Germany "Where are your systems? Have you not then, like Italy, at least some works of art to show?"

Good sisters who thus come to console France allow me to reply. She is sick, you see; I see her with her head lowered, she does not wish to speak. If one wished to heap up what each nation has contributed of blood and gold and efforts of every sort which could be of use only to the world, France's pyramid would mount up to heaven. . . . And yours, O nations! just as you are here, ah! your heap of sacrifices would rise to the knees of a child.

Don't then come to tell me: "How pale she is, this France! . . ." She has shed her blood for you . . . . "How poor she is!" She has given without counting for your health. . . . And having no longer anything, she says: "Neither gold nor silver have I, but what I have, I give you. . . ." Then she has given her soul and it is on that you live.

"What is left her, she has given. . . ." But listen closely, Nations, know that without us you would have never learned: "The more one gives, the more one keeps!" Her mind can sleep within her, but it is always whole, always near a powerful dream.

It has been long that I have followed France, living with her day by day for two thousand years, and I have acquired the faith that this

country is one of invincible hope. It must be that God gives her more light than any other nation, since in full night she sees when no others do; in those frightful shadows which have often occurred in the middle ages and since, when nobody could see Heaven, France alone saw it.

That is France. With her nothing is concluded; she is always ready to start afresh.

Unaffected by the Romantic Movement, yet lifted above the commonplace to which the classicists had sunk, were the members of a group of orators, historians and critics who wrote and spoke with dignity of expression as well as thought. The mention of the names of the political and literary rivals, Guizot and Thiers will be enough to place these men among the conservatives. The quotation below, from FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT (1787–1874) compared with that from Michelet, will show how definite is the contrast in style and method.

* In studying the state of Gaul in the fourth and fifth centuries we found two literatures, one sacred, the other profane. The distinction was marked in persons and in things; the laity and the ecclesiastics studied, meditated, wrote; and they studied, meditated, and wrote upon both lay and religious subjects. Sacred literature dominated more and more, but it was not alone—profane literature existed.

From the sixth to the eighth century there is no longer any profane literature; sacred literature stands alone; priests only study or write; and they study and write, save with some rare exceptions only upon religious subjects. The general character of the epoch is the concentration of intellectual development in the religious sphere. The fact is evident whether we regard the state of the schools which still existed, or the works which have come down to us.

. . . . . .

A still more important revolution, and less perceived, is manifested: not only did literature become entirely religious, but, when religious, it ceased to be literary; there was no longer any literature, properly so called. In the finest times of Greece and Rome, and in Gaul up to the fall of the Roman empire, people studied and wrote for the mere pleasure of studying

* From "Half Hours with the Best French Authors."

and of knowing, in order to procure for themselves and for others intellectual enjoyment. The influence of letters over society, over real life, was only indirect; it was not the immediate end of the writers; in a word, science and literature were essentially disinterested, devoted to the research for the true and the beautiful, satisfied with finding them, with enjoying them, and pretending to nothing more.

At the epoch which now occupies us it was otherwise; people no longer studied in order to know; they no longer wrote for the sake of writing. Writings and studies took a practical character and aim. Whoever abandoned himself thereto aspired to immediate action upon men, to regulate their actions, to govern their life, to convert those who did not believe, and to reform those who believed and did not practise. Science and eloquence were means of action, of government. There is no longer a disinterested literature, no longer any true literature. The purely speculative character of philosophy, of poetry, of letters, of the arts, have vanished; it is no longer the beautiful that men seek; when they meet with it, it no longer serves merely for enjoyment; positive application, influence over men, authority, is now the end, the triumphs of all works of mind, of all intellectual development.

It is from not having taken proper heed to this characteristic of the epoch upon which we are occupied that, in my opinion, a false idea has been formed of it. We find here scarcely any works, no literature, properly so called, no disinterested intellectual activity distinct from positive life. It has been thence concluded, and you have surely heard it said, you may everywhere read, that this was a time of apathy and moral sterility,—a time abandoned to the disorderly struggle of material forces, in which intellect was without development and without power.

Adolphe Thiers (1797–1877) shared with Guizot and Lamartine a reputation for successful activity in many lines. His journalistic work practically brought about his entrance into a public life which culminated in his election, in 1871, to the presidency of the Third Republic, and his speeches were chiefly political. As a writer Thiers developed economic and historical themes, his "Life of Napoleon" being his strongest production. The following short extract not only shows Thiers's simplicity of expression, but gives an interesting account of

THE POLICY OF NAPOLEON IN EGYPT

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

Bonaparte, in order to make himself better acquainted with the manners of the Arabs, resolved to attend all their festivals. He was present at that of the Nile, which is one of the greatest in Egypt. The river is the benefactor of the country. It is, in consequence, held in great veneration by the inhabitants, and is the object of a sort of worship. During the inundation, its water is introduced into Cairo by a great canal: a dike prevents it from entering the canal until it has attained a certain height; the dike is then cut, and the day fixed for this operation is a day of rejoicing. The height to which the river has risen is publicly proclaimed, and when there are hopes of a great inundation, general joy prevails, for it is an omen of abundance.

It is on the 18th of August (1st of Fructidor) that this festival is held. Bonaparte had ordered the whole army to be under arms, and had drawn it up on the banks of the canal. An immense concourse of people had assembled, and beheld with joy the "brave men of the West" attending their festival. Bonaparte, at the head of his staff, accompanied the principal authorities of the country. A sheik first proclaimed the height to which the Nile had risen. It was twenty-five feet, which occasioned great joy. Men then fell to work to cut the dike. The whole of the French artillery was fired at once, at the moment when the water of the river poured in. According to custom, a great number of boats hastened to the canal, in order to obtain the prize destined to that which should first enter. Bonaparte delivered the prize himself. A multitude of men and boys plunged into the waters of the Nile, from a notion that bathing in them at this moment is attended with beneficial effects. Women threw into them hair and pieces of stuff. Bonaparte then ordered the city to be illuminated, and the day concluded with entertainments.

In this connection Napoleon's address to his army after the disaster of Aboukir is quoted here. It shows both the felicity of Thiers' introduction and the tact and clarity of the Great General's speech. Comparison of these compact phrases with those of the famous "Forty Centuries here look down upon you" will show that Napoleon himself was the possessor of no mean style.

NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AFTER THE DISASTER OF ABOUKIR

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

On the festival of the foundation of the republic, celebrated on the 1st of Vendémiaire, he strove to give a new stimulus to their imagination: he had engraven on Pompey's Pillar the names of the first forty soldiers slain in Egypt. They were the forty who had fallen in the attack on Alexandria. These forty names of men sprung from the villages of France were thus associated with the immortality of Pompey and Alexander. He issued this grand and extraordinary address to his army, in which was recorded his own wonderful history:—

"*Soldiers:*

"We celebrate the first day of the year VII of the republic.

"Five years ago the independence of the French people was threatened: but you took Toulon; this was an omen of the destruction of your enemies.

"A year afterwards you beat the Austrians at Dego.

"The following year you were on the summits of the Alps.

"Two years ago you were engaged against Mantua, and you gained the famous victory of St. George.

"Last year you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isonzo, on your return from Germany.

"Who would then have said that you would be to-day on the banks of the Nile, in the centre of the Old World?

"From the Englishman, celebrated in the arts and commerce, to the hideous and ferocious Bedouin, all nations have their eyes fixed upon you.

"Soldiers, yours is a glorious destiny, because you are worthy of what you have done and of the opinion that is entertained of you. You will die with honor, like the brave men whose names are inscribed on this pyramid, or you will return to your country covered with laurels and with the admiration of all nations.

"During the five months that we have been far away from Europe, we have been the object of the perpetual solicitude of our countrymen. On this day, forty millions of citizens are celebrating the era of representative governments; forty millions of citizens are thinking of you. All of them are saying, 'To their labors, to their blood, we are indebted for the general peace, for repose, for the prosperity of commerce, and for the blessing of civil liberty.'"

The two brothers DE MAISTRE, JOSEPH (1754–1821) and XAVIER (1763–1852) represent two quite different forms of

literary production. Both were brilliant and witty, but Joseph's cleverness was exhibited in pamphlets on what would be called today political science, and Xavier was delicate, meditative, whimsical in sketch and story. His "Journey around my Room" is much read in schools.

Still another writer of those untouched by the Romantic Movement was Abel Villemain (1790–1870), a lecturer on literature at the Sorbonne. With him began one of the forms of that criticism of literature in which the French greatly delight—the exposition of the inter-relations of history and literature.

In the pulpit and on the platform was a group of men so brilliant that it is impossible to choose among them for this limited chapter. Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, Proudhon, Cousin, are names in the foremost rank of the nineteenth century serious writers. Alexis de Tocqueville (1805–1859) has a special interest for us because of his study of "Democracy in America" which had no worthy successor until Ambassador Bryce wrote the "American Commonwealth."

In verse Pierre Jean de Béranger (1780–1857) is one of the best examples of the men not swept into the romantic rush. His political verse had cleverness rather than any touch of greatness. He was a man of the people, and his satire was highly relished by his contemporaries. "The King of Yvetot," written in 1813 when Napoleon was striving to conquer all Europe, laughed at all other monarchs for their easy-going qualities. The lines have been paraphrased by Thackeray:

THE KING OF YVETOT

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;

And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny, with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing, ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he:
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he;
And, step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing, ho, ho, ho! etc.

If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot,
At least a pot.
Sing, ho, ho! etc.

. . . . . .

Neither by force nor false pretence,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)—
"Live and let live," his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by,
Were known to cry.
Sing, ho, ho! etc.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people, in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing, ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.

A different expression of Béranger's admiration is found in

THE GRANDMOTHER'S TALE

(Translated by William Toynbee. Courtesy of The Walter Scott Publishing Company)

His fame shall never pass away!
Beside the cottage-hearth the hind
No other theme shall list to find
For many and many a distant day.
When winter nights their gloom begin,
And winter embers ruddy glow,
Round some old gossip closing in,
They'll beg a tale of long ago—
"For all," they'll say, "he wrought us ill,
His glorious name shall ne'er grow dim,
The people love, yes, love him still,
So, Grandmother, a tale of him,
A tale of him!"

"One day past here I saw him ride,
A caravan of kings behind;
The time I well can call to mind,
I hadn't then been long a bride.
I gazed out from the open door,
Slowly his charger came this way;
A little hat, I think, he wore,
Yes, and his riding coat was grey.
I shook all over as quite near,
Close to this very door he drew—
'Good-day,' he cried, 'good-day, my dear!'"—
"What, Grandmother, he spoke to you,
He spoke to you?"

"The following year I chanced to be
In Paris; every street was gay,
He'd gone to Notre Dame to pray,
And passed again quite close to me!
The sun shone out in all its pride,
With triumph every bosom swelled,
'Ah, what a glorious scene!' they cried,
'Never has France the like beheld!'

A smile his features seemed to wear,
As on the crowds his glance he threw,
For he'd an heir, at last, an heir!"—
"Ah, Grandmother, what times for you,
What times for you!"

"Then came for France that dreadful day
When foes swept over all the land;
Undaunted he alone made stand,
As tho' to keep the world at bay!—
One winter's night, as this might be,
I heard a knocking at the door;
I opened it; great heavens! 'twas he!
A couple in his wake, no more;
Then sinking down upon a seat,
Ay, 'twas upon this very chair,
He gasped 'Defeat! ah God, defeat!'"—
"What, Grandmother, he sat down *there*,
He sat down *there?*"

"He called for food; I quickly brought
The best I happened to have by;
Then when his dripping clothes were dry,
He seemed to doze awhile, methought;
Seeing me weeping when he woke,
'Courage,' he cried, 'there's still a chance;
I go to Paris, one bold stroke,
And Paris shall deliver France!'
He went; the glass I'd seen him hold,
The glass to which his lips he'd set,
I've treasured since like gold, like gold!"—
"How, Grandmother, you have it yet,
You have it yet?"

"'Tis there. But all, alas, was o'er;
He, whom the Pope himself had crown'd,
The mighty hero world-renown'd,
Died prisoner on a far-off shore.
For long we none believed the tale,
They said that he would reappear,
Across the seas again would sail,
To fill the universe with fear!

But when we found that he was dead,
When all the shameful truth we knew,
The bitter, bitter tears I shed!"—
"Ah, Grandmother, God comfort you,
God comfort you!"

Like many another, whether poet or man of prose, whether contemporary or successor, Béranger fell a victim to the charms of Mary Stuart. When she left France to return to Scotland she wrote the quatrain which leads the verses below. Béranger finished the poem with incomparable charm.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL

(Translated by William Toynbee. Courtesy of the Walter Scott Publishing Company)

Farewell, farewell, thou beauteous clime,
Scene of so many a joy gone by!
Land of my girlhood's golden prime,
Farewell! to leave thee is to die!

Homeless, in thee I found a home,
From which I now afar must flee;
But tho' to alien shores I roam,
Ah, cease not to remember me!
The billows sweep the vessel's side,
The wind is waking o'er the main,
Ah, why will Heaven not turn the tide,
And give me back to thee again?

Farewell, farewell, thou beauteous clime,
Scene of so many a joy gone by!
Land of my girlhood's golden prime,
Farewell! to leave thee is to die!

When, lily-crown'd, through all the air
I heard thy people's plaudits ring,
Was it because a queen stood there,
Or Mary in her beauty's spring?
Of what avail to vaunt the sway
Of Caledonia's drear domain?
Her sceptre I'd resign for aye
To be one hour thy sovereign!

Farewell, farewell, thou beauteous clime,
  Scene of so many a joy gone by!
Land of my girlhood's golden prime,
  Farewell! to leave thee is to die!

'Mid Glory's glow, and Love's delight,
  My days have passed in bliss supreme,
But yon bleak wilderness of blight
  Will all too soon dispel the dream!
With coming ill my heart is fraught,
  Dread phantoms round my pillow flock;
Last night awaiting me, methought
  There loomed the scaffold and the block!

Farewell, farewell, thou beauteous clime,
  Scene of so many a joy gone by!
Land of my girlhood's golden prime,
  Farewell! to leave thee is to die!

Ah, France, my France, when doom draws near,
  When woe-begirt I end my days,
To thee who now my sobs dost hear,
  To thee I'll turn my weeping gaze!
Slowly the shore recedes from sight,
  Out o'er the surf my bark is tost,
And in the deepening gloom of night
  The last faint glimpse of thee is lost!

Farewell, farewell, thou beauteous clime,
  Scene of so many a joy gone by!
Land of my girlhood's golden prime,
  Farewell! to leave thee is to die!

The output of the writers of this first half of the nineteenth century was wonderfully varied. It was as if the new liberty so inspired them that one form alone was not a sufficient outlet. Almost every great name of the day will appear in more than one list—among dramatists as well as poets, among novelists as well as dramatists. Casimir Delavigne (1793–1843) was one of these facile writers. He had a great vogue both as poet and dramatist. His lyric verse was,

perhaps, over-praised, but both in tragedy and comedy he effected a happy combination of the classic and the romantic.

A writer who provoked both liking and annoyance in his day was Gustave Nadaud (1820-1893). His songs were chiefly for the moment—satires on politics in large degree—and he would have no place here by the side of men of far greater importance except that he lives in one poem true to human nature. It is called

CARCASSONNE

(Translated by M. E. W. Sherwood)

"How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long,
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen,—
It almost seems a wrong;
A dream I had when life was new,
Alas, our dreams! they come not true:
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,—
That lovely city, Carcassonne!

"One sees it dimly from a height
Beyond the mountains blue,
Fain would I walk five weary leagues,—
I do not mind the road's fatigues,—
Through morn and evening's dew.
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes,—that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne.

"They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome!
The Bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds.
Alas! I know not Carcassonne,—
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

"Our Vicar's right! he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, 'O, guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart
Against Ambition's snare!'
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind,
I then could go to Carcassonne,—
I still could go to Carcassonne!

"My God and Father! pardon me
If this my wish offends!
One sees some hope, more high than he,
In age, as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,—
But I have not seen Carcassonne!"

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me
To-morrow; then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church-bell's low and solemn toll,
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

Most admired then and best known now among dramatists was EUGÈNE SCRIBE (1791–1861) whose plays, chiefly comedies, are put on today, and whose varied and ingenious plots have furnished material for the playwrights of all countries. "The Ladies' Battle" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" are titles well-known to theatre-goers.

The Romantic Movement was a reflection in letters of the revolutionary spirit that stirred Spain, Naples and Greece in the twenties and culminated in 1830 in the suffrage struggle in England, in the separation of the Netherlands, in the de-

mand for more liberal constitutions in the German states, and in the revolt of Poland. In like manner the reaction to Realism in the middle of the century ran parallel to the upheaval of 1848 which sought liberty in a new republic in France, and which made a struggle for unity in Germany and Italy and Austria.

Law requires that every uninterrupted pendulum-swing in one direction must be matched by an equal movement in the other. The early enthusiasm of the Romantics was somewhat satisfied by twenty years of expression during which they had worked for political as for personal liberty. Now the leaders were growing old and it was natural that they should become less imaginative and more conservative. The ferment of inventive power which in England was applied chiefly to industry, in France made its most noteworthy development in the discoveries of Daguerre. The nation was filled with interest in photography, and more or less consciously literature followed the model of exactness which it set. Liberty now meant the less spectacular liberty of selecting material from real life and of dealing with it accurately.

As at the beginning of the Romantic Movement there had been foreshadowing. THÉOPHILE GAUTIER (1811–1872) wrote both prose and verse of exquisite imaginative content expressed with precision and elegance. Examples of both forms follow.

THE NEST OF NIGHTINGALES*

About the château there was a beautiful park.

In the park there were birds of all kinds; nightingales, blackbirds, and linnets; all the birds of earth had made a rendezvous of the park.

In the spring there was such an uproar that one could not hear one's self talk; every leaf concealed a nest, every tree was an orchestra. All the little feathered musicians vied with one another in melodious contest. Some chirped, others cooed; some performed trills and pearly cadences, others

* Translated by George Burnham Ives for "Théophile Gautier," in Little French Masterpieces Series. Permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

executed bravura passages and elaborate flourishes; genuine musicians could not have done so well.

But in the château there were two fair cousins who sang better than all the birds in the park; Fleurette was the name of one, and Isabeau that of the other. Both were lovely, alluring, and in good case; and on Sundays, when they wore their fine clothes, if their white shoulders had not proved that they were real maidens, one might have taken them for angels; they lacked only wings. When they sang, old Sire de Maulevrier, their uncle, sometimes held their hands, for fear that they might take it into their heads to fly away.

I leave you to imagine the gallant lance-thrusts that were exchanged at tournaments and carrousels in honour of Fleurette and Isabeau. Their reputation for beauty and talent had made the circuit of Europe, and yet they were none the prouder for it; they lived in retirement, seeing almost nobody save the little page Valentin, a pretty, fair-haired child, and Sire de Maulevrier, a hoary-headed old man, all tanned by the sun, and worn out by having borne his war-harness sixty years.

They passed their time in tossing seeds to the little birds, in saying their prayers, and, above all, in studying the works of the masters and in rehearsing together some motet, madrigal, villanelle, or other music of the sort; they also had flowers which they themselves watered and tended. Their life passed in these pleasant and poetical maidenly occupations; they remained in the château, far from the eyes of the world, and yet the world busied itself about them. Neither the nightingale nor the rose can conceal itself; their melody and their perfume always betray them. Now, our two cousins were at once nightingales and roses.

There came dukes and princes to solicit their hands in marriage; the Emperor of Trebizond and the Sultan of Egypt sent ambassadors to propose an alliance to Sire de Maulevrier; the two cousins were not weary of being maidens and would not listen to any mention of the subject. Perhaps a secret instinct had informed them that their mission here on earth was to remain maidens and to sing, and that they would lower themselves by doing anything else.

They had come to that manor when they were very small. The window of their bedroom looked upon the park, and they had been lulled to sleep by the singing of the birds. When they could scarcely walk, old Blondiau, the old lord's minstrel, had placed their tiny hands on the ivory keys of the virginal; they had possessed no other toy and had learned to sing before they had learned to speak; they sang as others breathed; it was natural to them.

This sort of education had had a peculiar influence on their characters.

Their melodious childhood had separated them from the ordinary boisterous and chattering one. They had never uttered a shriek or a discordant wail; they wept in rhythm and wailed in tune. The musical sense, developed in them at the expense of the other senses, made them quite insusceptible to anything that was not music. They lived in melodious space, and had almost no perception of the real world otherwise than by musical notes. They understood wonderfully the rustling of the foliage, the murmur of streams, the striking of the clock, the sigh of the wind in the fireplace, the hum of the spinning-wheel, the dropping of the rain on the shivering grass, all varieties of harmony, without or within; but they did not feel, I am bound to say, great enthusiasm at the sight of a sunset, and they were as little capable of appreciating a painting as if their lovely blue and black eyes had been covered with a thick film. They had the music sickness; they dreamed of it, it deprived them of their appetite; they loved nothing else in the whole world. But, yes, they did love something else—Valentin and their flowers; Valentin because he resembled the roses, the roses because they resembled Valentin. But that love was altogether in the background. To be sure, Valentin was but thirteen years of age. Their greatest pleasure was to sing at their window in the evening the music which they had composed during the day.

The most celebrated masters came from long distances to hear them and to contend with them. The visitors had no sooner listened to one measure than they broke their instruments and tore up their scores, confessing themselves vanquished. In very truth, the music was so pleasant to the ear and so melodious, that the cherubim from heaven came to the window with the other musicians, and learned it by heart to sing to the good Lord.

One evening in May the two cousins were singing a motet for two voices; never was a lovelier air more beautifully composed and executed. A nightingale in the park, perched upon a rose-bush, listened attentively to them. When they had finished, he flew to the window, and said to them, in nightingale language:

"I would like to compete in song with you."

The two cousins replied that they would do it willingly, and that he might begin.

The nightingale began. He was a master among nightingales. His little throat swelled, his wings fluttered, his whole body trembled; he poured forth roulades, flourishes, arpeggios, and chromatic scales; he ascended and descended; he sang notes and trills with discouraging purity; one would have said that his voice, like his body, had wings. He paused, well assured that he had won the victory.

The two cousins performed in their turn; they surpassed themselves. The song of the nightingale, compared with theirs, seemed like the chirping of a sparrow.

The vanquished virtuoso made a last attempt; he sang a love romanza, then he executed a brilliant flourish, which he crowned by a shower of high, vibrating, and shrill notes, beyond the range of any human voice.

The two cousins, undeterred by that wonderful performance, turned the leaves of their book of music, and answered the nightingale in such wise that Saint Cecilia, who listened in heaven, turned pale with jealousy and let her viol fall to earth.

The nightingale tried again to sing, but the contest had utterly exhausted him; his breath failed him, his feathers drooped, his eyes closed, despite his efforts; he was at the point of death.

"You sang better than I," he said to the two cousins, "and my pride, by making me try to surpass you, has cost me my life. I ask one favour at your hands; I have a nest; in that nest there are three little ones; it is on the third eglantine in the broad avenue beside the pond; send some one to fetch them to you, bring them up and teach them to sing as you do, for I am dying."

Having spoken, the nightingale died. The two cousins wept bitterly for him, for he had sung well. They called Valentin, the fair-haired little page, and told him where the nest was. Valentin, who was a shrewd little rascal, readily found the place; he put the nest in his breast and carried it to the château without harm. Fleurette and Isabeau, leaning on the balcony rail, were awaiting him impatiently. Valentin soon arrived, holding the nest in his hands. The three little ones had their heads over the edge, with their beaks wide open. The girls were moved to pity by the little orphans, and fed them each in turn. When they had grown a little they began their musical education, as they had promised the vanquished nightingale.

It was wonderful to see how tame they became, how well they sang. They went fluttering about the room, and perched now upon Isabeau's head, now upon Fleurette's shoulder. They lighted in front of the music-book, and in very truth one would have said that they were able to read the notes, with such an intelligent air did they scan the white ones and the black ones. They learned all Fleurette's and Isabeau's melodies, and began to improvise some very pretty ones themselves.

The two cousins lived more and more in solitude, and at night strains of supernal melody were heard to issue from their chamber. The nightingales, perfectly taught, took their parts in the concert, and they sang almost as well as their mistresses, who themselves had made great progress.

Their voices assumed each day extraordinary brilliancy, and vibrated in metallic and crystalline tones far above the register of the natural voice. The young women grew perceptibly thin; their lovely colouring faded; they became as pale as agates and almost as transparent. Sire de Maulevrier tried to prevent their singing, but he could not prevail upon them.

As soon as they had sung a measure or two, a little red spot appeared upon their cheek-bones, and grew larger and larger until they had finished; then the spot disappeared, but a cold sweat issued from their skin, and their lips trembled as if they had a fever.

But their singing was more beautiful than ever; there was in it a something not of this world, and to one who heard those sonorous and powerful voices issuing from those two fragile maidens, it was not diffcult to foresee what would happen—that the music would shatter the instrument.

They realised it themselves, and returned to their virginal, which they had abandoned for vocal music. But one night, the window was open, the birds were twittering in the park, the night wind sighed harmoniously; there was so much music in the air that they could not resist the temptation to sing a duet which they had composed the night before.

It was the *Swan's Song*, a wondrous melody all drenched with tears, ascending to the most inaccessible heights of the scale, and redescending the ladder of notes to the lowest round; something dazzling and incredible; a deluge of trills, a fiery rain of chromatic flourishes, a display of musical fireworks impossible to describe; but meanwhile the little red spot grew rapidly larger and almost covered their cheeks. The three nightingales watched them and listened to them with painful anxiety; they flapped their wings, they went and came and could not remain in one place. At last the maidens reached the last bar of the duet; their voices assumed a sonority so extraordinary that it was easy to understand that they who sang were no longer living creatures. The nightingales had taken flight. The two cousins were dead; their souls had departed with the last note. The nightingales had ascended straight to heaven to carry that last song to the good Lord, who kept them all in His Paradise, to perform the music of the two cousins for Him.

Later, with these three nightingales, the good Lord made the souls of Palestrina, of Cimarosa, and of Gluck.

* THE CARAVAN

The human caravan day after day
Along the trail of unreturning years,
Parched with the heat, and drinking sweat and tears,
Across the world's Sahara drags its way.

Great lions roar, and muttering storms dismay.
Horizons flee, no spire nor tower appears,
Nor shade, save when the vulture's shadow nears,
Crossing the sky to seek his filthy prey.

Still onward and still onward, till at last
We see a place of greenness cool and blest,
Strewn with white stones, where cypress-shade lies deep.

Oasis-like, along Time's desert waste,
God sets His burial-grounds, to give you rest.
Ye way-spent travellers, lie down, and sleep.

In the novel, HENRI BEYLE called STENDHAL (1783–1842), stands as the early exponent of that sort of psychology which makes so large a part of the realist's battery. His novels were poorly constructed, but the minuteness of their analysis shows the care of the close observer. His study of the courage of women is an example.

I remember meeting the following phrase in a history: "All the men were losing their heads; it is now that the women show incontestable superiority over them."

Women's courage has a reserve which is lacking in that of their lover; they pique themselves on it with self-satisfaction, and find so much pleasure in being able, under the fire of danger, to dispute firmness with the man who often wounds them by the haughtiness of his protection and of his strength, that the fervor of this enjoyment raises them above any fear whatever which, at the moment, makes the weakness of men. A man, also, if he received such succor at such a moment, would show himself superior to everything; for the fear is never in the danger, it is in us.

I am not trying to depreciate the courage of women: I have seen them

* Translated by Curtis Hidden Page, for "Théophile Gautier," in Little French Masterpieces. Permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

from time to time superior to the bravest men. It is only necessary that they should have a man to love; that their feelings are absorbed in him, and the most frightful and direct personal danger becomes for them like a rose to be gathered in his presence.

I have found also in women who did not love, the coolest intrepidity, most astonishing and most exempt from nervousness.

It is true that I thought that they were not so brave except because they were ignorant of the pain of the wounds.

As to moral courage, so superior to the other, the firmness of a woman who resists her love is in itself the most admirable thing that can exist on earth.

All other possible marks of courage are negligible beside an exhibition so strongly contrary to nature and so painful. Perhaps they find strength in this habit of sacrifice that modesty forces them to contract.

A master of accurate diction, another of the realist's strong points, is PROSPER MÉRIMÉE (1803–1870), public man and novelist, whose tales are of compact construction abounding in beautiful description. Like de Maistre's "Journey around my Room," Mérimeé's "Colomba" is a story much liked in schools. The swift march of this author's style is well shown in an account of

THE STORMING OF THE REDOUBT

(From "Half Hours with the Best French Authors")

One of my military friends, who died of fever in Greece some years ago, gave me an account one day of the first affair in which he had been engaged. I was so struck, that I wrote it down from memory as soon as I had leisure. Here it is:—

I rejoined the regiment on the evening of the fourth of September. I found the colonel in bivouac. He received me at first roughly enough; but when he had read the letter of recommendation from General B—, he changed his tone, and addressed some kind words to me. He presented me to my captain, who returned at that instant from reconnoitreing. This captain whom I did not have much time to know, was a tall dark man, with a hard, repulsive physiognomy. He had been a common soldier and had gained his epaulets and his cross on the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and weak, contrasted strangely with his almost gigantic stature. They told me that this odd voice was owing to a ball which had pierced him through and through at the battle of Jéna.

Learning that I came from the school of Fontainebleau, he made a grimace and said, "My lieutenant died yesterday" . . . I understood that he meant to say "You ought to take his place and you are not capable of it." A sharp word came to my lips but I restrained myself.

. . . . . .

Directly the order to march forward had been given us, my captain looked at me so fixedly, that I was forced to pass my hand over my young moustache with as easy an air as possible.

. . . . . .

A rather considerable explosion carried off my shako and killed a man near me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain, as I came back from picking up my shako; "you are quit for the day." I knew this military superstition, that the axiom *non bis in idem* finds its application as much on a field of battle as in a court of justice. I put on my shako proudly. "That's an unceremonious way of saluting people," said I as gaily as I could. This bad joke, under the circumstances, seemed excellent.

. . . . . .

To this carnage succeeded a moment of stupor. The colonel, putting his hat on the end of his sword was the first to climb the breastwork, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" He was followed immediately by all the survivors. I have hardly any further clear remembrance of what followed. We entered the redoubt. I do not know how. We fought hand to hand, in the midst of a smoke so thick that we could not see one another. I believe I struck, for my sword was all bloody.

At last I heard the cry of victory and, the smoke clearing off, I perceived that the ground of the redoubt was quite hidden by dead bodies and blood. The cannon, particularly, were buried under a heap of corpses. About two hundred men in French uniforms were grouped without any order; some were loading their guns, others wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them. The colonel was lying bleeding on a broken cannon near the gorge. A few soldiers pressed round him: I approached. "Where is the oldest captain?" he asked a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a very expressive manner. "And the oldest lieutenant?" "This gentleman who came yesterday," said the sergeant in a perfectly calm tone. The colonel smiled bitterly. "Come, sir," he said to me, "you command in chief; have the gorge of the redoubt fortified quickly with these wagons, for the enemy is in force; General C— will support you." "Colonel," I said, "you are badly wounded?" "Done for, my good fellow, but the redoubt is taken."

Madame Dudevant who wrote under the pen name of GEORGE SAND (1804–1876) is a landmark both of the Romantic and the Realistic Schools, for her style changed with the changing fashion. A woman of as many loves as de Musset, who was one of them, she was emotional and enthusiastic both in her early writing, whose basis was pure imagination, and in her later work which served as a vehicle to set forth political notions while at the same time it abounded in rich and vigorous description. Like Stendhal, George Sand builds up her points with an infinite number of details, all well-chosen and pertinent. Comparison with the extracts from Chateaubriand and St. Pierre will show the advance of the realistic method in the following selection.

A MARCH COUNTRY-SIDE

Here we are in the centre of France, in a fresh green valley, on the edge of the Indre, beneath a shady grove of beautiful nut trees, which looks out over a country-side altogether sweet to the eye and to the thought. This consists of narrow meadows bordered by willows, alders, ashes and poplars. A few scattered cottages; the Indre, a deep and silent stream, which unrolls like a snake asleep in the grass, and which the trees crowded along either bank mysteriously shroud beneath their motionless shadows; great cows chewing the cud with a solemn air; colts bounding around their mother, a miller behind his sack on a thin horse pursuing his way and singing in order to dissipate the dulness of the dark and stony road; mills ranged along the river bank with the weirs of their dams boiling and with their pretty rustic bridges, that you would not traverse without perhaps, some emotion, for they are not at all solid and commodious; an occasional old woman plying her distaff as she sits behind a thicket while her flock of geese hastily make a marauding trip into a neighboring meadow; there you have the sole incidents of this rustic scene. I do not know how to tell you wherein lies its charm, but you would surely be filled with it, especially if in a spring night, a little before mowing time, you were to wander along these paths of the meadow, where the grass with its thousand flowers rises to your knees, where the thicket exhales the perfume of hawthorn, and where the bull bellows mournfully. During a night toward the end of Autumn your walk will be less agreeable

but more romantic. You would step through moist meadows over a great cloth of mist as white as silver. You would have to beware of the ditches enlarged by the overflow of some branch of the river and hidden by reeds and iris. You would be given warning by the sudden cessation of the croaking of frogs, whose evening concert would be disturbed by your approach. And, if, by chance, there were to pass beside you in the mist a great white shadow with a rattling of chains you need not jump too quickly to the conclusion that it is some spectre; for it might well be some farmer's white mare dragging the irons with which her fore feet are fettered.

More ambitious in plan than any of his contemporaries, even Hugo, was HONORÉ DE BALZAC (1799–1850). He determined to write a series of novels which should develop man's salient characteristics, the whole forming a Human Comedy immense in scope, valiant in execution. Balzac is not subtle; even his psychology is objective; he could not brush the dew from a flower without crushing the flower. Yet he is brilliantly alert, spectacularly omniscient, a realist in theme and romantically realistic or realistically romantic in treatment. His expositions of the trend and outcome of passions and frailties are worthy of place among the psychological classics. His method built up a character by the relation of countless details and with no stint of words. At the end of the book the man or woman reached a climax of advance or degeneration of whose progress no step had been omitted, and of whose contributing causes—of inheritance or environment, of inner urging or outside pressure—not one had been passed over. No better examples of Balzac's work can be found than "Eugènie Grandet" and "Père Goriot."

Of unmixed realism as it appeared in the last half of the nineteenth century, there is no better exponent than ERNEST RENAN (1823–1892). Moralist, philosopher, philologist, historian, scientist, Renan brought a powerful mind to bear on a multiplicity of themes which he developed individually and then interwove in support of his great work on religion.

A student of all religions he strove to extract from them the essence common to all. By his treatment of Christianity he roused great enmity, some of it justified by an occasional flippancy of tone and some of it understood, whether sympathized with or not, by us of later day accustomed to the methods and teachings of the higher criticism.

Renan's own nature was gentle and sincere; he was not a vulgarian who wrote for the pleasure of shocking; he was an earnest supporter of freedom of belief and of the application of scientific laws to the facts that lie behind theology. His work, nevertheless, forwarded a skeptical reaction against the religious impulse set in motion by Chateaubriand.

It is in Renan's literary output that we are concerned, however, for he stands forth as a prince of realists. The photographic instinct was strong in him, yet he knew how to subordinate the unimportant, to select the vital, and to develop everything with the accuracy of the scientist and the taste of the artist. His main work is that of the thinker and the scholar, but he delights also in sketches and "memories" which are delicately executed drawings. Of his power of cumulative description the following extract from "The Life of Jesus" is an example.

Nazareth was a little town, situated in a fold of the land wide open to the summit of the group of mountains which encloses on the north the plain of Esdrelon. The population is now from three to four thousand souls, and it cannot have greatly varied. In winter the cold is sharp and the climate healthful. Nazareth, at this epoch like all the Jewish towns, was a group of buildings built with no style, and must have presented that worn, poverty-stricken aspect that towns in Semitic countries offer. The houses, it seems to me, did not differ much from those cubes of stone, without elegance either within or without, which today cover the richest portions of Liban, and which, placed among vines and fig trees, are not without a certain charm. The environs, moreover, are delightful, and no place in the world was so well made for dreams of absolute happiness.

Even today Nazareth is a delightful place to stay, the only place, perhaps, in Palestine where the soul feels itself somewhat relieved from

the weight which oppresses it in the midst of this unequalled desolation. The population is amiable and smiling; the gardens are fresh and green. Antonine the Martyr at the end of the sixth century draws an enchanting picture of the fertility of its surroundings which he compares to Paradise. Some valleys on the west side plainly justify his description. The fountain, where formerly the life and gayety of the little village was concentrated, is destroyed. Its cracked canals give only trouble in the water supply. But the beauty of the women who assemble there in the evening, that beauty which was already noticed in the sixth century as a gift of the Virgin Mary, is continued in a striking manner. It is the Syrian type in all its languorous grace. No doubt Mary was there nearly all her days and took her place, an urn upon her shoulder, in the line of her fellow women who remained obscure. . . .

If ever the Christian world reaches a better notion of what constitutes respect for origins, and wishes to replace by authentic holy localities the aprocryphal shabby sanctuaries to which the piety of grosser ages was attached it is upon this height of Nazareth that it will build its temple. There, on the spot where Christianity appeared and at the centre from which radiated the activity of its founder should be raised the great church where all Christians could pray. There, also, in this land where sleep the carpenter Joseph and thousands of forgotten Nazarenes who never rose above the horizon of their valley, the philosopher would be in a better position than anywhere else in the world to contemplate the course of human affairs, console himself for the contradictions that they oppose to our dearest instincts, reassure himself as to the divine end which the world pursued through innumerable failures and in spite of universal self-love.

The fall of Napoleon III and the establishment of the Third Republic, with the vicissitudes of Paris besieged and the struggle with the Prussians seem, for once, to have laid no serious check on literary production. Rather strangely the chief poets of the third quarter of the century were not realists but classicists. They thought enough of their own work to call themselves the "Parnassians," but none of them rose to the impassioned heights which the name would suggest. Indeed classicism and realism impose restrictions of theme which permit only the wings of a superlative genius to attain the heights. On the foothills of Parnassus, however,

dwelt and sang a group of men who gave each his individual impress to verse which as a body they wrote with exquisite skill.

Leconte de Lisle (1820–1894) led the poets who insisted that the lyric form did not demand the entire soul revelation in which the Romanticists delighted. He loved the Greek and followed ancient models with precision.

PAN

(From "Library of the World's Best Literature")

Roistering Pan, the Arcadian shepherd's god,
Crested like ram and like the wild goat shod,
Makes soft complaint upon his oaten horn.
When hill and valley turn to gold with morn,
He wanders joying with the dancing band
Of nymphs across the moss and flowering land.
The lynx-skin clothes his back; his brows are crowned
With hyacinth and crocus interwound,
And with his glee the echoes long rejoice.
The barefoot nymphs assemble at the voice,
And lightly by the crystal fountain's side,
Surrounding Pan in rhythmic circles glide.
In vine-bound grottoes, in remote retreats,
At noon the god sleeps out the parching heats
Beside some hidden brook, below the domes
Of swaying oaks, where sunlight never comes.
But when the night, with starry girdle bound,
Wafts her long veils across the blue profound,
Pan, passion-flushed, tracks through the shadowy glade
In swift pursuit the nimble-footed maid;
Clasps her in flight, and with exulting cries
Through the white moonlight carries off his prize.

A poet whose popularity has undergone many shifts is Sully-Prudhomme (1839–1907) whose work shows a happy commingling of grave and fanciful, with frequent passages of sober beauty, usually teaching a lesson, as does

THE SHADOW

(Translated by Arthur O'Shaughnessy)

We walk: our shadow follows in the rear,
Mimics our motions, treads where'er we tread,
Looks without seeing, listens without an ear,
Crawls while we walk with proud uplifted head.

Like to his shadow, man himself down here,
A little living darkness, a frail shred
Of form, sees, speaks, but with no knowledge clear,
Saying to Fate, "By thee my feet are led."

Man shows but a lower angel who,
Fallen from high is but a shadow too;
So man himself an image is of God.

And, may be, in some place by us untrod,
Near deepest depths of nothingness or ill,
Some wraith of human wraiths grows darker still.

Smitten with the old-time beauties and framing them in language rich in imagination is Theodore de Banville's

BALLADE OF THE MIDNIGHT FOREST

(Paraphrased by Andrew Lang)

Still sing the mocking fairies, as of old,
Beneath the shade of thorn and holly-tree;
The west wind breathes upon them, pure and cold,
And wolves still dread Diana roaming free
In secret woodland with her company.
'Tis thought the peasants' hovels know her rite
When now the worlds are bathed in silver light,
And first the moonrise breaks the dusky grey,
Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

With water-weeds twined in their locks of gold,
The strange cold forest-fairies dance in glee;
Sylphs over-timorous and over-bold
Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may be,
The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy;

Then 'mid their mirth, and laughter, and affright,
The sudden Goddess enters, tall and white,
With one long sigh for summers pass'd away;
The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

She gleans her silvan trophies; down the wold
She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee
Mixed with the music of the hunting roll'd,
But her delight is all in archery,
And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she
More than her hounds that follow on the flight;
The Goddess draws a golden bow of might
And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay.
She tosses loose her locks upon the night,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

ENVOY

Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,
The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight:
Amid the forest leaves and fountain spray
There is a mystic home of our delight,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

CATULLE MENDÈS (1841–1909) is another name belonging to this classicist group which found its point of contact with the realistic poets in the exactness and detail to which each gave allegiance.

The realistic writers and even more, the naturalistic, who are realists *plus*, act on the belief that any theme is worthy of literary treatment, actuality providing the halo usually supplied by the imagination. The result is that both the prose and the verse of the last half of the last century developed in fiction, in drama and in poetry a mass of production often of such extraordinary merit in psychological analysis, in descriptive power, and in technical workmanship that it cannot be denied a place in real literature, yet is grudgingly admitted because of a serious inherent fault. Literature truly worthy of the name is something more than an ex-

hibition of craftsmanship, however accurate or brilliant. If it fails to create and support a healthy mental attitude toward life, if it fails to stir the spiritual impulses, in just such degree it fails in fulfilling its noblest mission. It must be granted that much of the French literature of this period achieves this failure. The admission is made with regret, for the frame is too perfectly made to be contrasted with an unworthy picture, the setting too exquisitely elaborate to be wasted on a sham jewel.

The punishment for this mistake is the natural outcome of the fault. Frenchmen wonder, for instance, why English and Americans think them a nation of loose domestic ideas when they themselves know that their home life is as devoted and affectionate as that of any other people. They have only to look at their novels and plays for the last fifty years to find the answer to their questioning.

The French temperament is journalistic. It sees in vivid flashes, it enjoys the disclosures caught thus melodramatically, and it "plays them up." That the Frenchman has wit where the Englishman and the American have humor is a further explanation of the difference in taste which permits the former to delight in the fine malice of a clever play whose suggestiveness must be expunged entirely when it is adapted for the trans-Channel and trans-Atlantic stage.

A just example of the qualities which make the grace and the disgrace of the French writers of this school is the "Madame Bovary" of GUSTAVE FLAUBERT (1821–1880). This novel probably comes as close to perfection of form as any work of fiction ever written in any language. It is praised for its closeness of construction and the verbal precision which results from constant re-writing; for its acute psychological analysis which develops all the comedy or pathos latent in every character, and for the universality of its "types" which makes it a book that lives. Such honor is

accorded it by critics of all nations;—but to the Anglo-Saxon its choice of situation and incident is so abhorrent that the brilliancy of its art is cast into shadow by the murk of its spirit. "Art for Art's sake" is a cry not confined to any one time or country; at the moment it is heard very little in England and America and France herself seems to be coming to a realization that a beautiful soul enhances the beauty of a fair body.

No translation can do justice to Flaubert's exquisite diction; the following paragraph describing Rouen, will, however, give an idea of the happy figures which enrich his carefully chosen details.

> At a single glance the town appeared. Sloping like an amphitheatre and drowned in mist, it was enlarged confusedly beyond the bridges. Farther on the open country rose again monotonously till it touched in the distance the uncertain edge of the pale sky. Seen thus from a height, the entire countryside had a motionless air like a picture; the boats at anchor were heaped together at a bend; the river curved into a bow at the foot of the green hills, and the islands, oblong in shape, seemed like huge black fish motionless on the water. Factory chimneys belched forth great dark plumes feathering toward the end. The roaring of the foundries mingled with the clear chimes of the churches, which rose through the fog. The trees of the boulevards made violet copses of leafless brushwood among the houses, and the eaves, glistening with rain, dappled the roofs here and there. Sometimes a gust of wind drove the clouds towards the Saint Catherine side, like aërial surges breaking in silence against a cliff.

Even this brief extract gives a hint of Flaubert's imaginative power sufficient to prevent any surprise at the knowledge that he did romantic work of great ability. It is as a realist, however, that he is famous.

Of the literary forms developed almost to exhaustion in the France of the nineteenth century the novel, the short-story and literary criticism are outstanding. Contemporaries and successors of Flaubert followed his methods and enlarged them. Émile Zola (1840–1902) for instance, massed natural-

istic detail around themes frequently disgusting. His novels have robust problems and he preaches his sermons with a fearlessness that lays on color with a trowel and does not hesitate for even the fraction of a second at the nomenclature of a spade. Anyone who attempts a volume must expect a treatment coarse as well as powerful, but the author's purpose is always sane and honest. "Lourdes," "Paris," "Le Débacle" ("The Overthrow") all leave an impression of inexhaustible strength.

While separate volumes like "The Dream," and individual characters in other novels, show Zola's ability to appreciate the beautiful and the delicate, his strength both as teacher and author lies in his merciless exposure of the degradation of society. Social and political corruption had brought about the state of affairs which resulted in the Franco-Prussian War, in the overthrow of the Second Empire and in the horrible internal dissension of the Commune. Zola felt that regeneration would be more rapid if the causes of degeneration were understood. His method was to write the history of different members of a supposititious family, the Rougon-Macquart. Each novel of this series is a unit; all together they make a terrific arraignment of the evils of French society in the early seventies.

At the time of the Dreyfus case Zola defended the accused officer with a vigor which finally broke down his health and at last caused his death.

The de Goncourt brothers, Edmond (1822–1896) and Jules (1830–1870) worked in collaboration, and succeeded in becoming popular either because or in spite of a style original but so eccentric and involved, so burdened with revived and manufactured words and phrases, so combined of Rambouillet "preciosity" with Browning obscurity as to be almost unintelligible to a foreigner. "Germinie Lacerteux" is their best work.

Edmond About (1828–1885) is known in our own country by his imaginative tales, "The Notary's Nose" and "The Man with the Broken Ear" which have long been read in English translation. The same is true of Saintine and his "Picciola," the story of a prisoner's flower, of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" of Octave Feuillet, whose simplicity and sincerity make him popular in schools, together with Emile Souvestre and his "Attic Philosopher," with the collaborators, Erckmann and Chatrian, and their historical tales of which "Madame Thérèse" is an example, with André Theuriet and his rustic stories, and with the joyously imaginative travels, "To the Center of the Earth," "To the Moon," "Around the World in Eighty Days," of Jules Verne. Needless to say, these books are free from the vulgarities of "naturalism" and are realistic only in so far as they strive to give an impression of actuality to imaginative themes.

A few sensational writers have compassed fame of a certain quality. They are Paul de Kock, Hector Malot, Georges Ohnet, whose "Forge Master" has been dramatized and played in this country, and Eugène Sue, whose "Wandering Jew" and "Mysteries of Paris" are well known.

A realist with naturalistic tendencies, but left until now because of his work in the field of the short-story as well as of the novel is Guy de Maupassant (1850–1893). His novel, "A Life" is a pathetic horror whose good intention or worthy purpose it is hard to discover. Many of de Maupassant's short-stories are brutal, but others are pitiful, others tender, and all show a penetrating psychology and a masterly workmanship which has made them models for the short-story writers of other countries.

Like de Maupassant, Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897) worked in more than one form. His novels are varied; "The Little Fellow" tells the pathetic tale of his own childhood; the "Tartarin" stories record the burlesque adventures of a

south-of-France boaster; "Sapho" is a naturalistic warning to young men; and other books, equally liked, are psychological studies of different social classes. In his shorter work Daudet shows a delicacy and restraint that put him in the class of the more purely psychological fiction writers of the end of the century, and he disputes short-story honors with de Maupassant.

The following story gives a touching insight into the grief of the Alsatians when Alsace was taken over by Germany after the Franco-Prussian War.

*THE LAST CLASS

I was very late for school that morning, and I was terribly afráid of being scolded, especially as Monsieur Hamel had told us that he should examine us on participles, and I did not know the first thing about them. For a moment I thought of staying away from school and wandering about the fields. It was such a warm, lovely day. I could hear the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the wood, and in the Rippert field, behind the sawmill, the Prussians going through their drill. All that was much more tempting to me than the rules concerning participles; but I had the strength to resist, and I ran as fast as I could to school.

As I passed the mayor's office, I saw that there were people gathered about the little board on which notices were posted. For two years all our bad news had come from that board—battles lost, conscriptions, orders from headquarters; and I thought without stopping:

"What can it be now?"

Then, as I ran across the square, Wachter the blacksmith, who stood there with his apprentice, reading the placard, called out to me:

"Don't hurry so, my boy; you'll get to your school soon enough!"

I thought he was making fun of me, and I ran into Monsieur Hamel's little yard all out of breath.

Usually, at the beginning of school, there was a great uproar which could be heard in the street, desks opening and closing, lessons repeated aloud in unison, with our ears stuffed in order to learn quicker, and the teacher's stout ruler beating on the desk:

"A little more quiet!"

I counted on all this noise to reach my bench unnoticed; but as it hap-

*Translated by George Burnham Ives for "Alphonse Daudet" in Little French Masterpieces Series. Permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

pened, that day everything was quiet, like a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my comrades already in their places, and Monsieur Hamel walking back and forth with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter, in the midst of that perfect silence. You can imagine whether I blushed and whether I was afraid!

But no! Monsieur Hamel looked at me with no sign of anger and said very gently:

"Go at once to your seat, my little Frantz; we were going to begin without you."

I stepped over the bench and sat down at once at my desk. Not until then, when I had partly recovered from my fright, did I notice that our teacher had on his handsome blue coat, his plaited ruff, and the black silk embroidered breeches, which he wore only on days of inspection or of distribution of prizes. Moreover, there was something extraordinary, something solemn about the whole class. But what surprised me most was to see at the back of the room, on the benches which were usually empty, some people from the village sitting, as silent as we were: old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the ex-mayor, the ex-postman, and others besides. They all seemed depressed; and Hauser had brought an old spelling-book with gnawed edges, which he held wide-open on his knee, with his great spectacles askew.

While I was wondering at all this, Monsieur Hamel had mounted his platform, and in the same gentle and serious voice with which he had welcomed me, he said to us:

"My children, this is the last time that I shall teach you. Orders have come from Berlin to teach nothing but German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher arrives to-morrow. This is the last class in French, so I beg you to be very attentive."

Those few words overwhelmed me. Ah! the villains! that was what they had posted at the mayor's office.

My last class in French!

And I barely knew how to write! So I should never learn! I must stop short where I was! How angry I was with myself because of the time I had wasted, the lessons I had missed, running about after nests, or sliding on the Saar! My books, which only a moment before I thought so tiresome, so heavy to carry—my grammar, my sacred history—seemed to me now like old friends, from whom I should be terribly grieved to part. And it was the same about Monsieur Hamel. The thought that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget the punishments, the blows with the ruler.

Poor man! It was in honour of that last lesson that he had put on

his fine Sunday clothes; and I understood now why those old fellows from the village were sitting at the end of the room. It seemed to mean that they regretted not having come oftener to the school. It was also a way of thanking our teacher for his forty years of faithful service, and of paying their respects to the fatherland which was vanishing.

I was at that point in my reflections, when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say from beginning to end that famous rule about participles, in a loud, distinct voice, without a slip! But I got mixed up at the first words, and I stood there swaying against my bench, with a full heart, afraid to raise my head. I heard Monsieur Hamel speaking to me:

"I will not scold you, my little Frantz; you must be punished enough; that is the way it goes; every day we say to ourselves: 'Pshaw! I have time enough. I will learn to-morrow.' And then you see what happens. Ah! it has been the great misfortune of our Alsace always to postpone its lessons until to-morrow. Now those people are entitled to say to us: 'What! you claim to be French, and you can neither speak nor write your language!' In all this, my poor Frantz, you are not the guiltiest one. We all have our fair share of reproaches to address to ourselves.

"Your parents have not been careful enough to see that you were educated. They preferred to send you to work in the fields or in the factories, in order to have a few more sous. And have I nothing to reproach myself for? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of studying? And when I wanted to go fishing for trout, have I ever hesitated to dismiss you?"

Then, passing from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the most clear, the most substantial; that we must always retain it among ourselves, and never forget it, because when a people falls into servitude, "so long as it clings to its language, it is as if it held the key to its prison." * Then he took the grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how readily I understood. Everything that he said seemed so easy to me, so easy. I believed, too, that I had never listened so closely, and that he, for his part, had never been so patient with his explanations. One would have said that, before going away, the poor man desired to give us all his knowledge, to force it all into our heads at a single blow.

When the lesson was at an end, we passed to writing. For that day Monsieur Hamel had prepared some entirely new examples, on which was written in a fine, round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace."

* "S'il tient sa langue, il tient la clé qui de ses chaînes le délivre."—Mistral.

They were like little flags, waving all about the class, hanging from the rods of our desks. You should have seen how hard we all worked and how silent it was! Nothing could be heard save the grinding of the pens over the paper. At one time some cockchafers flew in; but no one paid any attention to them, not even the little fellows, who were struggling with their straight lines, with a will and conscientious application, as if even the lines were French. On the roof of the schoolhouse, pigeons cooed in low tones, and I said to myself as I listened to them:

"I wonder if they are going to compel them to sing in German too!"

From time to time, when I raised my eyes from my paper, I saw Monsieur Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and staring at the objects about him as if he wished to carry away in his glance the whole of his little schoolhouse. Think of it! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his yard in front of him and his class just as it was! But the benches and desks were polished and rubbed by use; the walnuts in the yard had grown, and the hop-vine which he himself had planted now festooned the windows even to the roof. What a heart-rending thing it must have been for that poor man to leave all those things, and to hear his sister walking back and forth in the room overhead, packing their trunks! For they were to go away the next day—to leave the province forever.

However, he had the courage to keep the class to the end. After the writing, we had the lesson in history; then the little ones sang all together the *ba, be, bi, bo, bu.* Yonder, at the back of the room, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and, holding his spelling-book in both hands, he spelled out the letters with them. I could see that he too was applying himself. His voice shook with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him, that we all longed to laugh and to cry. Ah! I shall remember that last class.

Suddenly the church clock struck twelve, then the Angelus rang. At the same moment, the bugles of the Prussians returning from drill blared under our windows. Monsieur Hamel rose, pale as death, from his chair. Never had he seemed to me so tall.

"My friends," he said, "my friends, I — I ——"

But something suffocated him. He could not finish the sentence.

Thereupon he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing on with all his might, he wrote in the largest letters he could:

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Then he stood there, with his head resting against the wall, and without speaking, he motioned to us with his hand:

"That is all; go."

Leaving fiction for the moment other forms of expression must be noticed.

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804–1869) applied to criticism the realistic method of elaboration of detail. He was not content with commenting upon a writer's work apart from the writer; he insisted on knowing the man's ancestry and environment and the circumstances of his life which influenced his production. His work is vital, and has an interest born of intimacy as will be seen by the following abridgement of his essay on

MADEMOISELLE DE SCUDÉRY

(Translated by Elizabeth Lee. Courtesy of the Walter Scott Publishing Company)

I am not going to attempt a rehabilitation, but it is well to have accurate notions of certain names that often recur. Mdlle. de Scudéry's books are no longer read, but they are still talked of; she serves to designate a literary style, a fashion of genius in a celebrated age; she is a medal which almost ended by passing into circulation and becoming current coin. What is its value, and what right does it possess to the title? Let us do with Mdlle. de Scudéry what she herself liked so much to do, let us examine, distinguish, and analyse.

That lady of *extraordinary merit*, as she was called, was born at Havre in 1607, under Henri IV.; she did not die until 1701, at the age of ninety-four, towards the end of the reign, as she liked to say, of *Louis quatorzième*. Her father was from Provence; he had been transplanted to Normandy, and had married there, but he transmitted something of the southern temperament to his children. His son, George de Scudéry, was celebrated for his heroical verses, his boastings and rodomontades, in which he had the misfortune one day to encounter and offend Corneille, and posterity never pardoned him. Mdlle. Madeleine de Scudéry's talent was quite different from that of her brother; Normandy, if I may say so, was more conspicuous in her: she reasons, argues, pleads, as regards intelligence, like an able attorney and pettifogger. However, it would appear that she too had her fair share of the family vanity: she always said: "Since the ruin of our house." "You would think she was speaking of the fall of the Grecian Empire," observed the arch Tallemant des Réaux. The boast of the Scudérys was, in fact, that they were descended from a noble, ancient, and *very warlike* house, originally from the kingdom of Naples, and estab-

lished for centuries in Provence. Whilst transforming persons of her acquaintance into heroes and princes in her romances, Mdlle. de Scudéry did not consider she was going out of her own house. Having lost her parents while young, Mdlle. de Scudéry had been brought up in the country by an uncle, a learned man and a gentleman, who took great pains with her education, much more than was usual at that period with young girls. Writing, orthography, dancing, drawing, needlework, she learned everything, Conrart tells us, and what was not taught to her she discovered for herself. " As she possessed at that time an extraordinary imagination, an excellent memory, an exquisite judgment, a lively disposition, and was naturally inclined to inform herself concerning all she saw, the curious things, and everything that she heard praised, she taught herself things connected with agriculture, gardening, the household, the country, the kitchen; the cause and effects of disease, the composition of an infinitude of remedies, perfumes, scented waters, distillations, useful or agreeable, for necessity or pleasure. She wanted to learn to play on the lute, and took a few lessons with some success." But the lute needed too much time, and, without giving it up, she preferred to apply herself more particularly to occupations of the mind. She learned Italian and Spanish perfectly, and her chief delight was in reading, and in select conversation, which she was able to obtain among her neighbours. The picture that Conrart gives us of Mdlle. de Scudéry's early education reminds us of Madame de Genlis's early education in Burgundy, and I will say from the first that in studying her as closely as I have just done, Mdlle. de Scudéry seems to me to have much of Madame de Genlis, but with virtue to boot. To learn everything, to know everything, from the properties of simples and the making of preserves to the anatomy of the human heart, to be early a marvel and a prodigy, to derive from everything that took place in society material for romance, portraiture, moral dissertation, compliment, and moral lesson, to unite a store of pedantry to an extreme delicacy of observation, and a perfect knowledge of the world, are characteristics common to both. It is not, however, less essential to note the differences. Mdlle. de Scudéry, " who was very nice-looking," and of a somewhat grand air, had no beauty. Tallemant tells us, " She is a tall woman, thin and dark, with a very long face." She was endowed with moral qualities that have never been denied. Respect and esteem were, for her, never separated from the idea of fame and glory. In a word, she was a Genlis of the time of Louis XIII., full of strength and virtue, who remained a virgin and a spinster till the age of ninety-four. The relations of unlikeness and likeness will, without our dwelling on them, reveal themselves as we proceed.

And, further, we must hear her speak of herself, whenever, under a thin

disguise, she does so. In most of her dialogues, when making her characters converse, she finds a way, at every pretty speech she puts into their mouths, to make the one who replies say: "All that you say is well said. . . . All that is wonderfully to the point." Or according to a phrase she delights in: "That is very clearly expressed." The indirect compliment she addresses to herself continually recurs, and she is inexhaustible in methods of approving herself. She has partly described herself in the character of Sapho in the tenth volume of the *Grand Cyrus*, and the name of Sapho stuck to her. Those who had read the *Grand Cyrus* never called Mdlle. de Scudéry otherwise than "the admirable Sapho." . . .

One of Mdlle. de Scudéry's pretensions was to know thoroughly, and to describe very well, the most secret impulses of love, although she had scarcely felt them, except by reflection: in fact, she often succeeded in all that was delicacy and refinement, in all that was not the passion itself. "You explain that so admirably," might be said to her with a character in her dialogues, "that if you had done nothing all your life but be in love you could not speak of it better." "If I have not been myself in love," she would reply, with her most charming smile, "I have lady friends who have been in love for me, and they have taught me to speak of it." That is wit indeed, and of that Mdlle. de Scudéry had plenty.

In the portrait of Sapho, which is, in so great part, her own, she strongly insists that Sapho does not only thoroughly know what has to do with *love*, but she is also equally well acquainted with all that belongs to *generosity;* and this wonder of science and nature is, according to her, further crowned with modesty. . . .

Mdlle. de Scudéry, in fact, did not delay to bring herself into notice. She did not remain long in the country. Having lost her uncle, she hesitated between Rouen and Paris; but her brother, who at that time was held in some estimation among dramatic authors, and whose pieces were successful at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, decided her to come and establish herself in the capital. She appeared there directly with success, was welcomed and praised in the best society, and began to write romances, without, however, putting her name, but concealing herself under that of her illustrious brother.

Mdlle. de Scudéry's real epoch is at that period, at the time of the Regency, in the happy days of Anne of Austria, before and after the Fronde, and her reputation lasted without any check until Boileau, true kill-joy as he was, made an attack on it. "That Despréaux," said Legrais, "knows nothing but how to talk about himself and criticise others. Why speak ill of Mdlle. de Scudéry as he has done?"

In order to understand rightly Mdlle. de Scudéry's success and the di-

rection her talent took, the aristocratic society of Paris as it was before the rule of Louis XIV. must be described. For some years a taste for intelligence and literary genius had prevailed, a taste which contained more zeal and emulation than discernment and enlightenment. D'Urfé's romance, Balzac's letters, the great success of the dramas of Corneille and of the other fashionable authors, Richelieu's slightly pedantic but real and efficacious protection, the foundation of the French Academy, had all contributed to awaken a great curiosity, especially among women, who felt that the moment for them to put society on their level was come. They were freed from antiquity and the classical languages; they wished to know their native language, and applied to professional grammarians. Men of the world acted as intermediaries between learned men properly so called and the drawing-rooms in which they desired, while instructing, to gain favour. But a vast want of experience was mingled with the first attempts at a serious and polished society. To render Mdlle. de Scudéry all the justice due to her, and to assign her her true title, she ought to be regarded as one of the *instructresses* of society at that period of formation and transition. That was her *rôle* and, in great part, her aim.

. . . . . .

Tallemant tells us that in conversation she had a tone of *master* and *preacher* which was by no means agreeable. The tone was not apparent in her romances, coming as it did from the mouths of her characters, and a certain amount of study is necessary now to discover its didactic basis. Of true imagination and invention Mdlle. de Scudéry had none. When she wished to construct and invent fictions, she took the plots most in vogue at the moment; she procured her materials from the fashionable shop and dressing-room; she imitated the process of d'Urfé in *Astrée*. In so doing she flattered herself that she combined fiction with history, and art with reality. "A wise man," she thought, "never permitted himself to invent things that could not be believed. The true art of falsehood is to resemble the truth." There is a conversation in *Clélie* where the "way to invent a fable," and the writing of romances is discussed. Mdlle. de Scudéry nearly preaches observation of nature. She puts into the mouth of the poet Anacreon almost as good rules of rhetoric as could be found in Quintilian. It is a pity that she did not put them more into practice. At the present time it would be impossible to speak of Mdlle. de Scudéry's romances, and to analyse them, without calumniating her, so ridiculous would she appear. We should impute to her alone what was the caprice of the time. To appreciate her romances properly as such, we should be obliged to go back to the models she set herself, and write the history of a whole branch of literature.

What strikes us about her at first sight is, that she takes all the people of her acquaintance and circle, travesties them as Romans, Greeks, Persians, Carthaginians. The principal events play much the same part as is assigned them in history, but the characters are made to talk and think as she knew them in the Marais.

. . . . . .

What is remarkable and really of worth in Mdlle. de Scudéry's romances are the Conversations, for which she had a particular talent, a true vocation. Later, when her romances were out of fashion, she made extracts from these conversations in little volumes, which appeared successively to the number of ten (she scarcely ever did anything except in ten volumes.)

. . . . . .

She treats in the same way every imaginable subject; she gives us a short complete treatise, often too complete, in which she combines with the historical examples she had collected, the anecdotes she gathered from the society of her time. She analyses everything, she dissertates on everything, on perfumes, pleasures, desires, moral characteristics and virtues; once indeed her observations on the colour of the wings and on the flight of butterflies are almost those of a physicist or a naturalist. She conjectures, refines, symbolises; she seeks and gives reasons for everything. Never has more use been made of the word *because*. There are times when she is a grammarian, an academician, when she discusses the synonomy of words, and carefully distinguishes their acceptations; how *joy* and *enjoyment* differ; whether *magnificence* is not an heroic and regal quality rather than a virtue, for magnificence is only becoming to a few persons, while virtues are becoming to everybody; how *magnanimity* comprises more things than *generosity*, which has usually narrower limits, so that we may sometimes be very generous without being truly magnanimous. There are short essays which she names most charmingly, such as "On Ennui without a Cause." In some respects, in the *Conversations*, Mdlle. de Scudéry proves herself the Nicole of women, with more refinement perhaps, but with a foundation of pedantry and inflexibility that the clever theologian did not possess. And then Nicole ends everything by God and the consideration of the supreme end, while Mdlle. de Scudéry invariably finishes by the praises and apotheosis of the King; therein she puts a particular skill and industry noticed by Bayle, but which is all the same slightly displeasing.

In fact, the estimable lady, long ill-treated by fortune, early accustomed herself to pay compliments which might be useful to her. A certain amount of tact was at the bottom of all her bad taste. No one

has combined more insipid praise with a mania for redressing the little faults of the society round her. What would you have? it was necessary to her to sell her books, and see them placed under illustrious patronage. And then to describe her friends and acquaintances at length, their town houses and their country houses, served, while flattering them, to fill pages and enlarge the volume. *Sapho* was not above such little methods of her craft. "Truly," said Tallemant, "she wants to leave no stone unturned. When I think seriously of it, I forgive her." She liked such positive proofs as little presents, favours, pensions, to be added to the consideration that never failed her. It somewhat contributed to lower the moralist in her, and to limit her view to the narrow circle of the society of the time.

In some places, however, we believe we recognise a firm and almost vigorous mind, a mind that approaches lofty subjects with critical acuteness, and understands their different aspects; and while always submitting to received opinions, is, above all, determined by considerations of propriety.

Mdlle. de Scudéry was approaching sixty years of age when Boileau appeared and began, in his early *Satires* (1665), to ridicule the long romances, and to regard an admiration for *Cyrus* as only permissible to country squires. The war boldly declared by Boileau against a false style in literature that had had its day, and only survived through superstition, struck it a mortal blow, and from that time Mdlle. de Scudéry was for the new generation merely an antiquated author out of date. Madame de la Fayette finished the work of reducing Mdlle. de Scudéry to the rank of a venerable antique by publishing her own two romances of *Zaïde* and the *Princesse de Clèves*, where she let it be seen how concise, natural, and refined it was possible to be.

. . . . . .

In 1671 the French Academy awarded, for the first time, the prize for eloquence founded by Balzac. The prize was at first awarded for a sort of treatise or sermon on a Christian virtue. The first subject, fixed by Balzac himself, was "Praise and Glory." Mdlle. de Scudéry wrote an essay and gained the prize, to the great applause of all who remained of the old academicians of Richelieu's time. The Muse, who with the greatest ease carried off the first crown and led the procession of future laureates, was then sixty-four years old.

She continued to grow old and to outlive her fame, deprived of reputation in the outer world, but still enjoying glory in private, within the closed doors of her own room. Her merit and her estimable qualities gained her a little court of friends, who spoke of her as "the first woman

in the world," and "the wonder of the age of Louis the Great." When she died, June 2, 1701, the *Journal des Savants* of the following month (July 11) recorded those magnificent eulogies.

Hippolyte Taine (1828–1893) was another of the critics whom this century developed in good number and quality. Taine's "History of English Literature" is valuable for judgments made without bias and lacking only where it is impossible for a man of different race to understand the English "genius." He was stirred by the excitements of 1870 to the writing of history to which he also applied his trained critical faculty.

* Now appeared the English romantic school, closely resembling the French in its doctrines, origin, and alliances, in the truths which it discovered, the exaggerations it committed, and the scandal it excited. . .

In this confusion of labours two great ideas are distinguished: the first producing historical poetry, the second philosophical; the one especially manifest in Southey and Walter Scott, the other in Wordsworth and Shelley; both European, and displayed with equal brilliancy in France by Hugo, Lamartine, and Musset; with greater brilliancy in Germany by Goethe, Schiller, Ruckert, and Heine; both so profound, that none of their representatives, except Goethe, divined their scope; and hardly now, after more than half a century, can we define their nature, so as to forecast their results.

The first consists in saying, or rather foreboding, that our ideal is not the ideal; it is one ideal but there are others. The barbarian, the feudal man, the cavalier of the Renaissance, the Mussulman, the Indian, each age and each race has conceived its beauty, which was a beauty. Let us enjoy it, and for this purpose put ourselves in the place of the discoverers; altogether; for it will not suffice to represent, like the previous novelists and dramatists, modern and national manners under old and foreign names; let us paint the sentiments of other ages and other races with their own features, however different these features may be from our own, and however unpleasing to our taste. Let us show our character as he was, grotesque or not, with his costume and speech: let him be fierce and superstitious if he was so; let us dash the barbarian with blood, and load the covenanter with his bundle of biblical texts. Then one by

* Translated by H. Van Laun.

one on the literary stage men saw the vanished or distant civilisations return: first the middle age and the Renaissance; then Arabia, Hindostan, and Persia; then the classical age, and the eighteenth century itself; and the historic taste becomes so eager, that from literature the contagion spread to other arts. The theatre changed its conventional costumes and decorations into true ones. Architecture built Roman villas in our northern climates, and feudal towers amidst our modern security. Painters travelled to imitate local colouring, and studied to reproduce moral colouring. Every one became a tourist and an archaeologist; the human mind, quitting its individual sentiments to adopt sentiments really felt, and finally all possible sentiments, found its pattern in the great Goethe, who by his *Tasso*, *Iphigenia*, *Divan*, his second part of *Faust*, became a citizen of all nations and a contemporary of all ages, seemed to live at pleasure at every point of time and place, and gave an idea of universal mind. Yet this literature, as it approached perfection, approached its limit, and was only developed in order to die. Men did comprehend at last that attempted resurrections are always incomplete, that every imitation is only an imitation, that the modern accent infallibly penetrates the words which we lend to antique characters, that every picture of manners must be indigenous and contemporaneous, and that archaic literature is a false kind. They saw at last that it is in the writers of the past that we must seek the portraiture of the past; that there are no Greek tragedies but the Greek tragedies; that the concocted novel must give place to authentic memoirs, as the fabricated ballad to the spontaneous; in short, that historical literature must vanish and become transformed into criticism and history, that is, into exposition and commentary of documents.

In the excitements attendant on the Franco-Prussian struggle and the establishment of the Republic LEON GAMBETTA (1838–1882) showed powerful oratorical ability.

The theater in France never fails to be an exponent of the times and the drama produced after 1850 is illustrative of this generally conceded truth. ÉMILE AUGIER (1820–1889) followed Scribe and showed the realistic influence in his analysis of the faults and foibles of the bourgeois. ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, (1824–1895), painted with a heavier brush the sins not so much of individuals as of society, especially in its attitude toward problems arising from

the relations of the sexes. Even more than Augier and Dumas the younger has VICTORIEN SARDOU (1831–1908) provided the theater of other nations with plots and ideas for incidents and situations and above all with standards for the details of dramatic technique. His plays have had a joyous popularity. They include various forms of comedy, possibly the best being that based on some historical happening.

All three of these playwrights are realists. Naturalism is too realistic for the stage; visualization is a degree beyond its audacity. In verse, however, an intellectual naturalism appeared with CHARLES BAUDELAIRE (1821–1867) who wrote with exquisite though misplaced art about death and physical decay, who solaced an artificial weariness by artificial stimulation, and who looked upon himself and his experiences, however lurid, with detached and languid interest as "good copy." The worst elements of the English aesthetic school of the early '80s whose simpler sillinesses Gilbert and Sullivan satirized in "Patience" had their roots in admiration of Baudelaire, and in France the Decadents, with inflamed imagination and atrophied conscience, honestly earned their debased name as his successors. The lingering sweetness of Baudelaire's verse and its possibilities, all too grossly perverted, are shown in this poem.

CONTEMPLATION

(Translated by F. P. Sturm. Courtesy of the Walter Scott Publishing Company)

Thou, O my Grief, be wise and tranquil still,
The eve is thine which even now drops down,
To carry peace or care to human will,
And in a misty veil enfolds the town.

While the vile mortals of the multitude,
By pleasure, cruel tormentor, goaded on,
Gather remorseful blossoms in light mood—
Grief, place thy hand in mine, let us be gone

Far from them. Lo, see how the vanished years,
In robes outworn lean over heaven's rim;
And from the water, smiling through her tears,
Remorse arises, and the sun grows dim;
And in the east, her long shroud trailing light,
List, O my grief, the gentle steps of Night.

François Coppée (1842–1908), dramatist and poet, was a realist pure and simple, with charming poems of simple, country life. Not so Paul Verlaine (1844–1896), his contemporary, who was a true disciple of Baudelaire, a real genius, but distorted by a neurotic temperament and by the physical reaction of a body harassed by the degenerating power of absinthe. At first a friend of the Parnassians who admired his ability, he grew far away from their mental precisions in his own insistence upon grief and despair and sin and his own mental enjoyment of it. The poems below show Verlaine in the sadness with which he describes Autumn's decay and in the malice of his comparison of

THE WOMAN AND THE CAT

(Translated by Ashmore Wingate. Courtesy of the Walter Scott Publishing Company)

O she was playing with her cat,
And it was wonderful to see
The hand so white, the paw so white,
Meet in the dusk full shadowy.

The cat did hide, right treacherous,
Beneath her gloves of jet-black sheen
Her deadly, deadly agate points,
As razor clear, as razor keen.

And tender too the other grew
Her lance, her lance she hid from view.

But busy was the devil there,
The boudoir, where so sonorous
Her airy laugh did ring, was lit
By four bright stars of phosphorus.

SONG OF AUTUMN

(Translated by Ashmore Wingate. Courtesy of the Walter Scott Publishing Company)

The wailing note
That long doth float
  From Autumn's bow,
Doth wound my heart
With no quick smart,
  But dull and slow.

In breathless pain,
I hear again
  The hour ring deep.
I call once more
The days of yore,
  And then I weep.

I drift afar
On winds which bear
  My soul in grief.
Their evil force
Deflects its course,
  Like a dead leaf.

Beside decadence there have been other literary moods since 1880, the result of a profound mental restlessness succeeding, with the quieter days of the Republic, the political agitations of the '70s, and of an equally profound curiosity. The chief of these moods is symbolism, a reaction into vague rhetoric from the plain speaking of decadence. The movement brought only dimness to the brilliance of French letters.

Drama of real value has been of late combined with poetry of worth in the plays of EDMOND ROSTAND (1868–) and of MAURICE MAETERLINCK (1862–). The latter, however, is a Belgian, so that strictly his work is not included in the body of French literature, though he writes in French. Rostand struck a note of originality and charm in "Cyrano de Bergerac," a drama of action, full of humor and pathos,

expressed in free and adequate verse. Of his succeeding plays "L'Aiglon" was rather heavily pathetic, and "Chanticler" a daring revival of mediæval method which uttered wisdom through the mouths of birds and beasts, was too full of subtle political and literary localisms to be readily enjoyed "by the general."

A natural progression of the realistic novel was its growth on the psychological side as the naturalistic aspects fell away from their own grossness. Its chief employers were PAUL BOURGET (1852–) and EDOUARD ROD. Bourget's work is too analytical of trifles to be powerful, but he nevertheless is liked by the class of people whom he describes. His travels are written with good sense and good temper but, if his comments on other countries are like those on America, they show more observation than insight. His notes on American humorous journalism are entertaining.

I have just looked over a very great number of humorous journals which my New York friends pointed out to me as the best. Americans are wild over these publications. They are displayed in all the hotel halls. They are distributed in all the railroad cars. They encumber the tables at the Clubs. Without exaggerating the importance of these illustrated treatises one must recognize in them everywhere a certain documentary value. They characterize the humor of the race and the jesting they take pleasure in. Moreover you will meet in them a thousand details of manners noted in a lively way which this exaggeration makes more noticeable to the traveller. In running through a collection of these medleys, one foremost observation must be noted; the absence of allusions to marital misadventure. Don't suppose, however, that these caricatures profess any too great respect in regard to marriage; but though they see its faults, it is above all from a monetary standpoint as is suitable in the country of the almighty dollar. Family life is too dear and men are put to too much trouble. Such is their principal grief. . . .

. . . . "Your men work too hard in America," said a young foreign count to a young girl.—"Yes," she replies, "they have to support their titled relatives." When it is not the father who is overwhelmed with trouble it is the husband. Imagine on Christmas eve a

certain Popleigh returning from his office. He is aged before his time, thin and bent. His arms full of presents reveal his numerous family. A gentleman snug in comfortable furs, a cigar in his mouth, meets him and looks at him ironically. "It is Mr. Singleton," says the legend simply, "who was a suitor for the hand of the present Mrs. Popleigh." . . . As to the happiness of the wife, she herself scarcely expects it. "Yes," replies a fiancée, her eyes upraised. "I am happy. At least, I suppose so. But there's one great trouble: once married I shall no longer be able to flirt."

This jest is but a commentary on a very real fact which I shall attempt to explain, the social sovereignty of the young girl in the United States. A thousand little signs would scarcely indicate this sovereignty to the traveller until he finds testimony in these caricatures. . . . Listen to the conversation that the artist gives these admirable persons and you will be edified with their common sense. Here is a girl who is walking in the country with a sweetheart who is saying to her bitterly: "If I were rich, you would marry me at once!" "Ah! George, George," says she, "the devotion you show me breaks my heart." "What do you mean by that!" "That you have often praised my beauty but until now I did not know how much you appreciated my good sense." They know well, do these positive daughters of still more positive men, that marriage is an association where their partner will demand that they, too, bring money—lots of money. . . . Moreover the fine young men, companions and accomplices in the flirtations of these pretty children do not conceal from them their care for this interest.—"Had I been poor, would you have loved me?" asks one of them of a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, who replies while pressing her to his heart: "Ah! darling, I should not have known you." And you must not be indignant at seeing money ceaselessly mingled in affairs of the heart; the heart is itself so little mingled in it! The caricaturist takes care to warn you of it; these engagements which are tied and untied with such ease do not make any mark on the souls of the two elegant fashionable dolls, the young man and young woman of the world. . . . She herself does not attach a very deep meaning to engagements, if we believe this other dialogue between two young girls who are exchanging confidences: "They told me you were in love with him?" asks one. "No, indeed," replies the other energetically, "it is not so serious as that. I was only engaged to him." . . . *Lots of fun*, that is the best summing up of all the caricatures. Nothing resembles less the bitter and poignant acidity of our humorists. These jokes about young girls, which might easily be cruel, maintain a jovial

good humor. It is the same for those on the subject of the lower classes, notably the tramps, negroes, and Irish, those inevitable protagonists of every true Yankee farce. Certainly misery is more severe in the United States than elsewhere, under a climate so hard in winter, so burning in summer and in the midst of such crazing competition. Listen to this vagabond whom a piece of money given by a generous passerby permitted to enter a bar. He is before the free lunch table: "Haven't you eaten enough?" cries the proprietor startled at seeing the ham, salted fish, buttered bread and fried oysters disappear into the gulf of his rag-covered stomach. "Do I look like a man who has eaten enough?" replied the tramp snickering. This impertinent pleasantry gives the tone of the responses attributed by the caricaturist to these ramblers.

Nor does the caricaturist treat of the disagreeable and miserable traits of the negro. He is vastly amused by his vanity and familiarity. He pictures one, for instance, who goes to his master's house wearing a checked pair of trousers of the same stuff as his master's waistcoat. The latter says: "I told you, Tom, not to wear those pantaloons that I gave you during the week when I am wearing the rest of the suit." And Tom replies: "Why, Boss? Are you afraid that we'll be taken for twins?" It is the same way with the terrible Irish, so bursting with poetry and brutality, with patriotic ardor and vindictive rage, with eloquence and drunkenness, with the spirit of enterprise and of disorder. It is only the drunkenness and disorder that the caricatures display. Now they ridicule an Irish servant saying in her brogue to the immigration inspector that she is a French nurse: "Oi'm a Frinch nurse." . . . Policemen preside over this carnival of tramps, negroes, and Irish, Irish themselves, drinking deep and striking hard with "Take that" accompanied by a crack on the head. Not a tinge of bitterness corrupts this joviality. . . . Clearly they are good-humored people, very lucid, very positive, writing and drawing for readers who are lucid, positive and good-humored. . . . The American belongs to a world that is too active, too much in a hurry, and in certain respects too healthy for poisonous irony to be met there.

It is interesting to compare with this innocent and indulgent gaiety of the caricature of manners the violence of political caricatures. These same artists who are simple, careless jesters about the absurdities or the vices of daily life, when it is a question of party, manifest a frenzy of hatred almost unsurpassable. The appointment of an ambassador who does not suit them, the adoption of a bill against which they are making a campaign, or the rejection of a bill which they are supporting, a hostile candidacy, a high-sounding speech, give them opportunity for

extravagant charges whose severity of attack contrasts in the most unexpected fashion with the good humor of the sketches of manners. You are suddenly aware of calumny and its bitterness, anger and its insults. From amused and easy fancy you fall into low and brutal attack—an attack with no wit about it, which does not hesitate at the most grossly insulting personal allusion. It seems to me that both phenomena are logical and that it agrees with what may be seen everywhere as peculiar to the American. In the ordinary run of existence he is a good fellow, amiable, open, easy-going. As soon as you meet him in business you find him as harsh and as energetic in defense of his interests and in the conquest of yours as you found him previously affable and generous. A minute ago he was amusing himself; now he is fighting. Politics, it appears, is the most important business of all in this country where every triumph of a party puts at its disposal all the positions and public appointments. It is a matter which interests not a few ambitious men, but an enormous number of individuals enrolled under the republican or the democratic banner. Their antipathies must be satisfied, their enthusiasm stirred, their passions satisfied. . . . They exclude wit by virtue of the celebrated quip of Talleyrand's, "Everything that is exaggerated is insignificant." That is why Americans have succeeded in the caricature of manners which they make light and without hidden meaning, and why their political caricature is, without exception, mediocre.

Rod, who came to America a few years ago to lecture has a refinement of moral tone that is pleasant to encounter.

Quite apart from any other novelists is PIERRE LOTI, a naval officer whose real name is Julian Viaud (1850–). He has found his place in romances whose charm lies not so much in the movement of the story as in its setting among scenes which the author knew well and described with felicity. He has, moreover, a capacity for pathos which makes the waiting girl of the "Iceland Fisherman" and the deserted little Japanese wife, "Madame Chrysanthemum" beloved and lamented.

Another novelist, who is poet and critic as well, is ANATOLE THIBAULT (1844–) whose pen name is ANATOLE FRANCE. He belonged to the Parnassian group. His novels show a

wide range of descriptive power, from analysis of a simple childlike nature to the complexities of ancient religious enthusiasms and the subtleties of modern fashionable society. As a critic France is more agreeable than profound, opposing the deeper methods of FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE (1849–1907) who objected with consistency and firmness to the superficiality of a criticism based on emotion rather than law, and to the low basis and consequent futility of literary forms where art supersedes morality. Brunetière worked with enthusiasm a general field of which Pelissier has developed a section, the literature of the nineteenth century, with admirable sanity.

EMILE FAGUET, a scholarly critic of great ability, though given to the excusable fault of overpraising French activities, has summed up the achievements of the nineteenth century in the paragraphs which follow:

* The nineteenth century is, together with the seventeenth, the greatest literary period which France has seen. Between these two ages there are endless points of resemblance, notwithstanding their many differences. They are, both of them, centuries great in philosophy, in poetry, and, possibly for that reason, both of them great religious centuries—religious in the sense that religious questions have been considered by both to be of the first importance and have been investigated and explored by both in every possible direction—and both centuries reached the highest summits of thought and of art. . . . These are the two centuries which brought to France the greatest honour and gave her the supremacy among nations.

Considered by itself, the nineteenth century in France is singularly great by reason of what it revived and what it created.

It revived poetry in the grand style, which had been almost forgotten and misunderstood for more than a hundred years. It revived eloquence, which, though it had actually made its reappearance in Rousseau and one or two of the revolutionary orators, has only since the year 1815 been practised by any considerable number of men. It revived comedy on a large scale. . . .

* Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

The nineteenth century actually created that personal poetry in which the intimate emotions of the heart find expansion, in which we feel the pulsation of the heart of human nature itself and come into immediate contact with it. . . . We also owe to the nineteenth century—I will not say historic drama (for this is but another name for tragedy, differing from it purely in form), but certainly historic comedy, which had been but vaguely sketched in some tragi-comedies of the seventeenth century. . . . In creating the drama of middle-class life the eighteenth century had begun the completion of the framework necessary for the drama; in creating historic comedy the nineteenth century put the final touches.

The nineteenth century will also be admitted to have practically created criticism, which up to that time had rather attempted than achieved existence. . . .

It is therefore evident that the literary horizon has been enlarged rather than contracted during the nineteenth century, and this is true from almost any point of view. There is every reason to feel hopeful. The future of the nation is important in a different way from the future of literature, but literature has been through all the ages so considerable an element in the greatness of France that we must rejoice to find no signs of its decline among us.

CHAPTER X

TODAY

A LIST of noteworthy French writers of the moment reads very much like any similar list of 1900 except that it is scantier. Death has mowed the ranks relentlessly in the last half-dozen years, and the aspirants for the vacant places are self-nominated rather than called by popular acclaim. It will require another decade to prove which of these volunteers will have won his shoulder straps.

At the moment, too, there seem to be no new impulses, unless it is a groping toward a rather self-conscious idealism. The chief political events of the decade have been the Moroccan dispute with Germany and the dispersal of the religious orders. The former made no impress on letters; the latter will not show in any change of educational results until the present generation of young people steps into the world of affairs. Even then it is not likely that literature will be affected, for the religious bodies concerned themselves chiefly with the training of young girls and of small children. It is possible that the establishment of these teachers in remote countries where they are building up missions will have more effect in those places than their withdrawal from France will have at home. France's educational influence, indeed, is strong in many countries today as was her influence on manners throughout the Europe of Louis XIV's time.

The reaction against religion is regarded as being political rather than social, and the tone of literature seems to bear out this assertion.

Of the *isms* that ended the nineteenth century the survivor

is the one most immediately touching society—the feminist movement corresponding to the woman suffrage movement in other countries. Marcel Prévost is still the chief exponent of feminism.

It is characteristic of the trend of interest of the time that literature reflects the general attention that is given to one form or another of science. It may be mental science—for the French combine emotionalism with an intellectual curiosity about it which makes them take a "cerebral" delight in psychology. It may be physical science—for the nation is developing every aspect of aviation now as it worked out automobile problems ten years ago. The conquest of a new element is not only broadening the imaginative scope, but is adding new material to be written about and enlarging and enriching the vocabulary. The scientific interest appears not to be antagonistic to the prevalent idealism, but rather to be regarded as a sort of introductory materialization of the ideal.

Whether the output of the next ten years will show any continuity with the admirable work of the still writing survivors of the critics and novelists and poets of the splendid nineteenth century, or whether it will develop a new type and a new mode of expression is a matter of interest to every student of the spirit of French letters.

INDEX

A

Abélard, 53
About, Edmond, 344
Academy, French, 134
Agnes of Navarre, 25
Alembert, Jean-le-Rond d', 266
American Revolutionists, 271
Amyot, Jacques, 107
Anne of Austria, 126
Anne of England, 132, 133
Ariosto, 22
Aristotle, 205
Arnauld, Antoine, 167
Arouet, François Marie, 237
Aucassin and Nicolete, 29–38, 50
Augier, Émile, 356, 357
Augustus, Philip, 44, 53, 63

B

Bacon, 133, 252
Bacon, Roger, 53
Baif, Antoine de, 110
Balzac, Jean Guez de, 177
Balzac, Honoré de, 335
Banville, Theodore de, 339
Basselin, 79
Bastille, 271
Baudelaire, Charles, 357
Bavaria, Isabel of, 71
Bayle, Pierre, 265
Beaumarchais, 243
Belges, Le Maire de, 107
Bellay, Joachim du, 28, 110, 113
Belleau, Remi, 110, 114
Benserade, Isaac de, 152, 153
Béranger, Pierre Jean de, 318, 320, 322
Bergerac, Cyrano de, 150
Beyle, Henri, 331
"Bibles," 46
Black Prince, 65
Boccaccio, 40
Boileau-Despréaus, Nicholas, 154, 187
Boniface, Pope, 64
Born, Bertrand de, 19
Bourdaloue, Louis, 173, 182, 267
Bourget, Paul, 360
Bossuet, Jacques Benigne, 172
Brun, Ecouchard Le, 274
Brunetière, Ferdinand, 364
Bruyère, Jean de La, 180
Bryce, Ambassador, 318
Buffon, 247
Bunyan, 133
Byron, 281, 288

C

Cæsar, 1
Calprenède, La, 160, 182
Calvin, John, 87, 88, 89, 93
Capet, Hugh, 4, 44
Caxton, 74
Chansons de Geste, 6
Chapman, 133
Charlemagne, 2, 3, 4, 63
Charles, 2, 4

Charles I, 126
Charles II, 133
Charles IV, 64
Charles V, 71, 86
Charles VI, 70
Charles VII, 65, 73
Charles VIII, 74, 82
Charles IX, 88, 117
Charles X, 278
Charles, Duke of Orleans, 77, 79, 80
Charles the Fat, 4
Chartier, Alain, 75, 77
Chateaubriand, 279, 281, 283, 284, 313
Chatrian, 344
Chaucer, 40, 65, 71, 190
Chénier, André, 272, 273
Chrestien de Troyes, 7
Classicists, 299
Colbert, 130
Commynes, Philippe de, 82, 89
Comte, 171
"Condé, Great," 163
Condorcet, 270
Congreve, 133
Coppée, François, 358
Corneille, 134, 160, 187, 200, 202, 204, 206, 299
Cot, P. A., 279
Courts of Love, 22
Cousin, 318
Crébillons, 235, 236
Crusades, 21, 52, 53, 57

D

Daguerre, 326
Daniel, Arnaud, 22, 29
Dante, 19, 22
Danton, 274
Darc, Jeanne, 65
Daudet, Alphonse, 344
Decadents, 357
Deffand, Marquise du, 246
Delavigne, Casimir, 323
DeJoinville, 82
Descartes, Réné, 171
Deschamps, Eustache, 71, 72
Desperiers, Bonaventure, 106
Desportes, 121
Destouches, 235
Diaz, 73
Diderot, Denis, 235, 265
Dorat, Jean, 110
Dryden, 133
Dudevant, Madame, 324
Dumas, Alexander, 312
Dumas, Alexandre, 356
Duns Scotus, 53

E

Edward III (of England), 64, 66
Eleanor, 19
Elizabeth, Queen, 111
Enclos, Ninon de l', 164
Encyclopedia, 265, 267
Erckmann, 344
Espinasse, Julie de l', 246
Evelyn, 133

F

Fabliau, 39, 45
Faguet, Emile, 364
Fayette, Madame de la, 154, 164
Fénélon, 255
Flaubert, Gustave, 341, 342
Floral Games, 22
Fontaine, Jean de la, 157, 163, 187
Fontenelle, 180
Fouquet, 157, 163, 182
France, Anatole, 363
France, Île de, 3

Francis I, 86, 88, 89, 93, 101, 107
Francis II, 88, 117
Franklin, 253
Franks, 1
Froissart, 26, 66, 69, 70, 71, 82
Fronde, 127

G

Galvani, 253
Gambetta, Leon, 356
Gaul, 1
Gautier, Théophile, 299, 326
Gazette de France, 134
Gilbert, 357
Goethe, 281
Goncourt, Edmond and Jules de, 343
Gresset, Jean-Baptiste-Louis, 235
Grignan, Marquis de, 182
Gringore, Pierre, 81, 195
Guizot, François Pierre Guillaume, 314, 315
Gutenberg, 74

H

Halle, Adam de la, 16, 189
Héloise, 53
Henrietta Maria, 126
Henry II, 19, 88
Henry III, 88, 117
Henry IV (of Navarre), 89, 100, 117, 119, 120, 124, 125, 126
Herrick, 133
Hôpital, Michel de l', 88, 116
Horace, 200
Hugo, Victor, 284, 298–312
Humanist, 87, 89
Hundred Years War, 65, 72

J

James I, 126
James II, 133
Jodelle, Etienne, 110, 113
John, King, 65, 66
Joinville, De, 57, 58

K

Kant, 171
Kock, Paul de, 344

L

Lacordaire, 318
LaFontaine, 39, 40, 129
Lamartine, Alphonse de, 284, 288, 315
Lamennais, 318
Language, French, 1–3
Langue d'oc, 2
Langue d'oil, 3
Laon, 4
Law, John, 226
"legacies," 46
Leibnitz, 171, 252
Linnæus, 253
Lisle, Leconte de, 338
Lisle, Rouget de, 275
Long, Gautier Le, 39
Longueville, Madame de, 163
Lorris, Guillaume de, 61, 62
Lothair, 2, 4
Loti, Pierre, 363
Louis, 74
Louis IX, 44, 57, 63
Louis XI, 73, 75, 82
Louis XII, 77
Louis XIII, 125, 126
Louis XIV, 126, 129, 130, 132, 157, 163, 167, 226, 255
Louis XV, 178, 226, 241, 253, 255, 271
Louis XVI, 126, 268
Louis XVIII, 278

Louis the German, 2, 4
Louvois, 131
Lovelace, 133
Luther, Martin, 87

M

Macaulay, 89
Machault, Guillaume de, 24
Maeterlinck, Maurice, 359
Maintenon, Madame de, 154, 163, 179
Maistre, Joseph, 317
Maistre, Xavier, 317, 332
Malebranche, 171
Malherbe, François de, 122, 123, 152
Malot, Hector, 344
Margaret of Scotland, 75
Marie of France, 46
Marivaux, 232
Marlborough, Duke of, 132
Marmontel, Jean François, 267
Marot, Clément, 89, 107, 110, 232
Martel, Charles, 3
Mary, Queen of Scots, 88, 111, 126
Massillon, Jean Baptiste, 175, 267
Maupassant, Guy de, 344, 345
Mazarin, 126, 127, 129, 131, 151, 226
Medici, Catharine de, 88, 116, 117
Medici, Marie de, 125
Mérimée, Prosper, 332
Mendes, Catulle, 340
Meung, Jean de, 61, 62, 70
Michelet, Jules, 313, 314
Milton, 133
Mirabeau, 274
"miracles," 189
Mistral, Frederic, 287
Molière, 40, 135, 160, 187
Montalembert, 318
Montaigne, 87, 88, 89, 94, 100
Montesquieu, 252, 255, 256, 258
"moralities," 189
Montpensier, Mademoiselle de, 154
Montreuil, De, 182
Mothe-Fénélon, François de la, 174
Musset, Alfred de, 284, 289, 290, 298, 334
"mysteries," 189

N

Nadaud, Gustave, 324
Nantes, Edict of, 89, 125, 132
Napoleon, 278, 311, 316
Napoleon III, 312, 337
National Constituent Assembly, 271
Navarre, Marguerite of, 117, 119
Necker, Madame, 247, 271, 279
Nesle, Blondel de, 18, 19
Newton, 252

O

Ohnet, Georges, 344
Orange, William of, 132, 133
Orleans, Philip, of, 226
Ovid, 61

P

Palissy, 116
Paris, 4
"Parnassians," 337, 358
Pascal, Blaise, 167, 171
Pathelin, Lawyer, 195–199
Pelissier, 364
Pepys, 133
Pestalozzi, 261
Petrarch, 22
Peyrols, 21

Philip, 63
Philip the Fair, 64
Philippe, Louis, 278, 311
Pierre, Bernardin de St., 278
Piron, Alexis, 235
Pisan, Christine de, 70, 71
Pléiade, 200
Port Royal, 167, 170
Prevost, Abbé, 234, 243, 367
Proudhon, 318

R

Rabelais, 87, 89, 90
Racan, 123
Racine, 160, 187, 170
Raleigh, 133
Rambouillet, Angélique de, 164, 182
Rambouillet, Hôtel de, 134, 152, 246
Raoul, Comte de Soissone, 16
Realism, 326
Reformation, 87, 89, 195
Regnier, Mathurin, 121, 122
Renaissance, 86, 87, 89, 195
Renan, Ernest, 335, 336
Renard the Fox, 59, 50–52
Retz, Cardinal de, 127, 178
Revolution, French, 275
Richard the Lion Hearted, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21
Richelieu, 125, 126, 133, 206
Robert II, Count of Artois, 16
Rochefoucauld, François de la, 168, 178
Rod, Edouard, 360, 363
Roland, 247
Roland, Madame, 247
Roland, Song of, 7–13
Rollo the Northman, 4
Romance Language, 2
Romanticism, 278, 289, 299, 314, 325, 338
Ronsard, Pierre, 28, 89, 110, 111
Rose, Romance of the, 61, 62, 70, 108
Rostand, Edmond, 150, 359
Rousseau, Jean Baptiste, 228
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 244, 252, 256, 259, 260, 261, 265, 266, 270, 278
Rutebeuf, 45, 189

S

Sage, Alain-René Le, 229, 232
St. Louis, 45, 53, 63
St. Simon, 178, 227
Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, 204, 349
Saint-Gelais, Mellin de, 105
Saintine, 344
Sales, Francis de, 100
Sand, George, 334
Saracens, 3
Sardou, Victorien, 357
Satire Ménippée, 119
Scarron, Paul, 154, 163
Schiller, 281
Scott, 281
Scribe, Eugène, 325, 356
Scudéry, Mademoiselle de, 163, 164, 178
Sedaine, Michel Jean, 274
Segrais, Jean Regnauld de, 153, 164
Sévigné, Madame de, 163
Sévigné, Marquise de, 181
Shakspere, 40, 133
Sorbonne, 53, 74
soties, 195
Souvestre, Émile, 344
Spinoza, 171

Staël-Holstein, Baron de, 279
Staël, Madame de, 247, 279, 280
States General, 64, 74, 86, 125, 271
Stendhal, 331, 334
Strasburg Oath, 2, 4
Stuart, Mary, 322
Suckling, 133
Sue, Eugéne, 244
Sullivan, 357
Sully-Prudhomme, 338
Swift, Dean, 87
Swinburne, 29, 80

T

Taillefer, 7
Taine, Hippolyte, 355
Tennyson, 7
Theuriet, André, 344
Thibault, Anatole, 363
Thibaut IV, King of Navarre, 15, 16
Thierry, Augustin, 313
Thiers, Adolphe, 214, 315, 316
Thyard, Pontus de, 110
Tocqueville, Alexis de, 318
Tours, 3
troubadours, 14, 15
trouvères, 7, 14, 15
Turgot, Anne-Robert-Jacques, 268, 127
Turoldus, 8
Tyler, Wat, 65

U

University, 53, 74
Urfé, Honoré d', 160

V

Valois, Marguerite of, 101, 102, 105, 106
Verlaine, Paul, 358
Ventadour, Bernard de, 22
Verne, Jules, 344
Verse forms, 24–28
Vaiud, Julian, 363
Vidal, Pierre, 20
Vigny, Alfred de, 284, 288, 298
Villehardouin, 53, 82
Villemain, Abel, 318
Villon, 25, 80
Voiture, Vincent, 152, 153
Voltaire, 237, 244, 256, 257, 258

W

Wace, 7, 49
Walpole, Horace, 246
Ward, Mrs. Humphrey, 246
Werther, 288
Wycherley, 133
Wycliffe, 65

Y

"Ysopets," 46

Z

Zola, Émile, 342

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